

"Tis Christmas time,
Therefore warm greetings take."

Compliments of the Season to All

Victoria Gas Company, Ltd.

Corner Fort and Langley Streets.

Wishing Our Many Customers a Very Merry and Joyous Xmas

The Family Cash Grocery

Cor. Yates and Douglas Sts. Phone 312.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Co.

CLEARED LANDS

The Cleared Lots at Qualicum Beach, Newcastle District, are now on the market in tracts of from thirty to forty acres.

For plans and prices apply to L. H. Solly, Land Agent, Victoria, or L. E. Allin, Local Agent, Parksville.

Advertise in THE COLONIST Subscribe for THE COLONIST

CHRISTMAS HERE AT LAST

(Continued from Page One)

the way of toys, this Christmas, if Santa Claus were to ask you?"

Another long silence preceded the information that the little chap had dreamt of an engine that ran and a train of cars and perhaps, too, a racing horse. At this the older boy improved his brother. He was greedy to even think of so many things. The older boy had his eye on some water-color paints and brushes.

Dreams Fulfilled.

All this was vouchsafed to the interested stranger as one might tell of one's castle in Spain without the least intimation of expectation of realization. One demand of things impossible for amusement and when one entertained a stranger with descriptions of them one took it for granted that he understood that dreams are dreams.

The man strolled about with the two boys for some time before he spoke and when he did speak it was in a new tone:

"I've got a secret to tell you chaps. Santa Claus has deputed me to look after some of his work for him this year because he is very busy. I had you boys down on my list and that is why I asked you what you would like. Now, if you will come with me and pick out your toys I shall be much obliged to you because it will save Santa the trip out to your place tomorrow morning."

The two lads courteously agreed to save Santa the extra trip and five minutes later they walked wonderingly out of the store, their young eyes glistening, their faith in Santa Claus revivified an hundredfold.

Thousands and thousands of dollars were spent for Christmas gifts last week. To many the festival is, unfortunately irksome. The strain their purses beyond their endurance for pride's sake and when this is done much of the spirit of the giving departs from the gift. There are, however, many excellent precedents. At least a man, Swift, in his Journal to Stella, December 26, 1710, wrote:

Swift to Stella

"By the Lord Harry, I shall be unbroken here with Christmas boxes. The rogues at the coffee house have raised their tax, everyone giving a crown, and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half-crowns to great mere porters."

However, of the thousands of dollars spent it may be promised that many more thousands of hearts will be made to beat a little faster and givers and recipients will be made glad. Christmas time is the time of the giving and receiving of gifts. If everyone works on the advice that it is more blessed to give than to receive the receiving will take care of itself. There are many ways of giving. Some people give only with the hope of receiving. They invest their money in Christmas gifts and trust to Providence for the percentage of return. Others give to themselves by way of someone else thus hoping to accomplish unselfishness without the necessity for departing from self-interest. Among these are the women who give their loving husbands drawing-room lamps and another good instance of it is the incident of the lad who gave his revered grandmother a bicycle. But, nevertheless, Christmas is the time for giving. The giving is emblematic of the spirit that lies behind Christmas for the festival is

Christ's mass, a holy day. It has been so since time immemorial.

But some ancient customs it was the habit of the servants of the people to demand Christmas boxes and the custom prevails to this day. In 1712, in The Spectator Steele said: "The beadle and officers have the impudence at Christmas to ask for their box." By other customs those in high places appointed revels for the Christmas season and entertained all and sundry. According to Grafton's Chronicles ("King Henry did, in honor of Christ's birth on Christmas Day, refresh all the poor people with victuals.") This was not uncommon and it is safe to say that many an empty stomach was well lined and many a wayward, purposeless traveler became highly illuminated at Henry's expense.

Christmas Stockings

In hundreds of Victoria homes last night little stockings were strung from the mantelpiece. At midnight, when the scores and scores of children slept, the bells of Santa Claus and his reindeer rang over the city roofs and mingled their tones with the peals from the city's bells that called to one another that Christmas Day was come again. Down the many chimneys the Old Boy alighted with a spryness that belied his white beard and his wrinkled face, just as he has done on Christmas Eve for so many, many years. And by the time Papa or Mamma is reading this, this fine Christmas morning, the stockings will have been emptied again and hundreds of little eyes will be more than ordinarily bright.

For some there will be the Christmas tree, tonight. Tonight the Christmas tree will blaze in earnest from the back of the fireplace. The Christmas tree—borrowed by us many years ago from the Germans—will glint and gleam with its wealth of gifts and

Decorations, the candlesticks, the holly, will make bright the walls. It will be thus throughout Christendom,

for, although the celebration of Christmas itself was forbidden once by the Puritans, it is now generally observed throughout Christendom in public and social festivals.

In days gone by, in

England and Scotland, this would have

been the time for the appointing of the Christmas Lord—"The Lord of Misrule," or, as he was called in

Scotland, "The Abbot of Unreason."

This figure led the revels, but in 1555

by act of parliament the "Abbot" was

forbidden in Scotland.

No Boar's Head

The Christmas turkey will rule the table today throughout Canada. In

other days its place would have been

taken by a boar's head with orange

or apple in mouth and set off with

rosemary. There would be plum-

pudding too and mince pie. It was

such a pie that Little Jack Horner

found prodigal of plums. There will

be much eating of good things today

even though the character of the meal

has changed in some part. It would

not be too much to say that there are

yet boys who have, as other boys have

done before, "saved their appetites

for days past against this day. How-

ever, in this regard, one Mr. Swan, a

gentleman of letters who wrote many

years ago, once observed in print:

"It is also true that that hot Christmas

makeith a fat churchyard."

As for tomorrow night, the old

Customs will prevail. The mistletoe

will hang from the door and perform

its good offices as it did in the days

when Washington Irving wrote, in

The Sketchbook: "The mistletoe is

still hung up at Christmas and the

young men have the privilege of

kissing the girls under it, plucking

each time a berry from the bush.

When the berries are all plucked, the privilege ceases."

Christmas has come once more. The old customs shall prevail. Let the Yule-log blaze; let Christmas carols of the birth of Christ ring out; let the Christmas rose blossom and let us all "go Christmassing." The mother shall play her part, the father his part, sisters and brothers their parts. As for the grandfather, of him Lamb has said: "Christmasy, at night, hath he, doth he, shall he tell, after supper, the story."

Now, with bright hoity, all your temples strewed with laurel green and sacred mistletoe!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!

RUSSIAN ROBBER

Forces Two Countrymen to Give Up Money at Point of Revolver in Hotel in Vancouver.

VANCOUVER, Dec. 24.—A Russian hold-up man on Wednesday night succeeded in forcing two of his countrymen to give him \$80. He met the two Russians on the street and offered them work. Then he took them to the New Fountain hotel, and there to the point of a gun forced them to give him their money.

The men were walking along Cordova street, when they met a strange Russian who claimed to be an employment agent who would get them work. He asked them to go to his room and sign the papers. They agreed, and the three went to a room in the New Fountain hotel, and the transaction had proceeded about half-way when the alleged employment agent, whipping a revolver from his pocket, demanded that the two men give him their money or he would kill them. They obeyed the command, and were then ordered out of the room.

They immediately appealed to the police but the holdup man was not captured. He had packed up and left the hotel. The police have a good description of him, but now believe he has gone from the city.

TRADE FLOURISHING

Holiday Business in Canada Exceptionally Brisk—Heavy Increases in Bank Clearings.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Bradstreet's state of trade tomorrow will say: In Canada holiday trade has been of very heavy proportions, not only in the city but in the country districts. It is probable that a record volume has been done everywhere. Business failures for the week ending with Thursday number 23, which is compared with 33 for last week, and 23 for the like week in 1908.

Bank clearings for the week:

Montreal—\$45,256,000, increase 29.1.

Toronto—\$31,633,000, increase 11.6.

Winnipeg—\$20,799,000, increase 18.1.

Vancouver—\$7,924,000, increase 80.0.

Ottawa—\$3,776,000, increase 30.2.

Quebec—\$2,838,000, increase 25.8.

Halifax—\$1,186,000, increase 13.4.

Hamilton—\$2,042,000, increase 24.6.

St. John—\$1,622,000, increase 15.6.

Calgary—\$2,783,000, increase 52.7.

London—\$1,390,000, increase 24.4.

Victoria—\$1,930,000, increase 67.8.

Edmonton—\$1,114,000, increase .5.

The Best Equipped

Men's Store in Victoria

"Let every heart be joyous and every eye bright, for if the merriest portion of one year will soon pass away, it will leave behind the assurance that the revolution of time cannot fail to bring it back again."

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year To All Our Friends and Patrons

W. & J. WILSON
MEN'S FURNISHERS,
1221 Government St., and Trounce Av.

DEAD IN MINE

Searchers Recover Bodies of Six Men Who Were Killed Through Careless Use of Open Lamps.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 24.—Messages from Herrin, Ill., tell of the recovery early today of the bodies of the six men whose open lamps caused a gas explosion in the colliery last night, eight deaths resulting. The bodies are those of W. T. Pierce, his two helpers, Eugene Barrett, and Gordon Schaffer and Thomas Williams, one of the assistant managers of the mine.

Pierce, it was stated today, ventured into mine A of the Chicago & Carterville Coal company without a guide, with unprotected lamps and against the orders of the mine managers and the advice of the miners. It is thought that he reached the gaseous entry and was waiting for a "straw boss" to come and pilot him out when the gas ignited.

Schaffer was a stranger to the mine officials. He had been taken into the mine by Pierce as an emergency helper and his identity was not known until his body was recovered. Pierce had charge of 30 mines in the Herrin district. He was making a survey of an abandoned section where there had been a "squeeze" to determine the feasibility of retimbering.

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Winnipeg Bank Clearings.

WINNIPEG, Dec. 24.—With a three million dollar increase in the second half week of the year the bank clear-

ings continue to increase in record fashion, and the total at the end of the year will be over a hundred million dollars greater than last year. The figures for the week ending yesterday are within a million of being as great as the total for the entire month of December in 1902, when the clearing house was first started.

BIG PORTLAND DEAL

Options on Property Worth Two Millions Secured By Hill Group of Railways.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 24.—Options on North Portland property to the value of practically \$2,000,000, have been secured by the James J. Hill interests according to an article in the Oregonian today. The deal has been in progress for a week past, the paper says. The options were secured, the Oregonian says, by Jerome B. Gosage, and include 14 blocks, or about 12 acres of land.

The property abuts on the Westland, secured some weeks ago by the Northern Pacific. The total of the purchase price if the sale matures, the paper says, will be \$1,962,500. Additional terminal facilities are gained by the acquisition of this large piece of land.

Gosage, the Oregonian says, denied the connection of any railroad with the deal, but during a general discussion of the purchase, the paper states, Gosage made a slip, in which he definitely placed the Northern Pacific as the buyer of the tract.

Challoner & Mitchell

THE JEWELLERS

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

IN THANKING our fellow-citizens of both sexes for the magnificent Christmas business so spontaneously given to our store and merchandise—business which easily eclipses all our previous records—we beg to advise them that in the few short days between now and New Year's Day we shall maintain the same low special prices and give the same 10 per cent discount for cash on purchases from one dollar up, in order to give those who prefer to donate New year gifts the same price advantages as the multitude of Christmas gift givers who have honoured us with their patronage.

REMEMBER

From 25c up to \$1,000. We offer you a choice of New Year's Gifts supreme in quantity, quality and economy. It matters not what amount you desire to expend, we can, and always do, give you the greatest value in the West, carefully packed and promptly delivered.

DON'T FORGET

Our Gift Trade this season has been huge, but our systematic method of day-to-day replenishing of stock keeps our showcases filled with beautiful gifts right up to the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve. Simple engraving on New Year's Gifts FREE!

Challoner & Mitchell

DIAMOND MERCHANTS

1017 Government Street,

"The old, old wish once more we send you here:
A Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year."

Compliments of the Season to All

F. A. GOWEN

Amalgamated with T. B. Cuthbertson & Co.,
The Gentlemen's Store.

1114 Government Street.

THE STORK CHILDREN'S STORE

Xmas Gifts FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Our stock is full of dainty, useful and pretty articles that make a handsome present for the baby.
Infants' Wool Coats, up from 65c
Infants' Hand Crocheted Sets, beautifully made, pure wool and silk trimmings, comprising hood, coat, bootees and mitts. A splendid gift \$5.00
Children's Fur Sets, from 95c
Children's Fur Muffs, from 45c
We have on view the best selection of popularly priced Dolls in the city. Call and see our stock and prices. You will be pleased.

R. TUNNICLIFFE & CO., 643 FORT STREET

"Christmas Chimes break o'er the land,
Goodwill and love—goodwill—good cheer."

—Durbin.

A Merry Christmas to Friends and Patrons

CYRUS H. BOWES,

Chemist.

1228 Government St.

Christmas Cheer

OF THE MOST WELCOME SORT

TURKEYS, GEESE, DUCKS, FOWLS AND SPRING CHICKENS of that rare quality you have often longed for, but which can only be obtained at

The Big Meat Market

A Treat Victorians Will Relish.

SMOKED BACON BACKS, SMOKED BACONS, PICNIC HAMS, made right on our own premises, and which are vastly superior to anything yet produced. They are bound to become more famous every day, as improvements on the best you have ever tasted meet with spontaneous approval. Undoubtedly we have the goods which cannot be excelled anywhere. Just watch the demand for our Smoked Goods immediately they are known.

EVERY BODY WANTS MORE

Here you are—the Sausages you can't get at any other place than just here.

Home-made—All Pork Cambridge Sausages—the most delightful Breakfast Meat you can get.

THE VICTORIA MEAT MARKET

586 JOHNSON ST. TEL. 1923.

The Colonist Has All the News

CHRISTMAS AT THE HOSPITALS

Enjoyable Time for Patients and Nurses at Local Institutions

This Christmas is proving a happy time in the local hospitals. All that human endeavour can do to lighten the lot of the patients, to instill into their lives the happiness which is always inseparable from this season of the year is being done by the authorities governing both the Royal Jubilee and St. Joseph's hospitals. In both institutions decorations are profuse. Flags, bunting, holly, elaborate Christmas trees and entertainments of different kinds have marked the anniversary of the Nativity.

Much of the sadness which is the almost invariable concomitant of sick wards has been dispelled by the gladsome palliatives introduced. The metamorphosis of Stork is a most incident connected with the joy introduced by the festivities which have been prepared with elaborate care, and are being carried out with scrupulous exactitude.

An incident of peculiar value, as illustrating the gratitude of a former patient, is forthcoming in the decorations at St. Joseph's hospital which have been carried out by the sailors of H. M. S. Egeria by the orders of Captain Parry. Captain Parry has done a great deal to heighten the festivities, and has shown his appreciation of the solicitude which was bestowed upon him during his sojourn in the hospital.

In St. Joseph's the evening was both unique and enjoyable. A character play, illustrating many nations and characters, was introduced, the audience being furnished with a list of names and being called upon to guess who was who. Following this entertainment dancing and singing was indulged in by the nurses, who subsequently did ample justice to the supper which the kindness of Captain Parry had provided.

The Cast

The list of nurses, with the characters which they personated, follows: Aunt Sally; Miss Mary Jane; Miss Kennedy, holly; Miss Saunders, ghost; Miss Hagan, Greek lady; Miss Doubtless; Miss Hopkins; Miss Davidson, Highland costume; Miss Campbell, Dolly Varden; Miss Whitney, gypsy; Miss Horne, Japanese lady; Miss Blomquist, Dutch girl; Miss O'Keefe, black pierrot; Miss Bradens, Topsy; Miss Graves, Irish girl; Miss B. Mellon, Bo-Peep; Miss Sinclair, baby; Miss Downey, Spanish lady; Miss M. M. Mellon, Chinese lady; Miss Packenham, Mary Jane; Miss Locke, Dutch girl; Miss Huble, athletic girl; Miss Gillis, fencing girl; Miss Thompson, Pouvre; Miss Feker, white pierrot; Miss McBride, college girl; Miss Allan, witch; Miss Silversides, Daily Colonist; Miss Date, milkmaid; Miss Leonard, bathing girl; Miss Creech peasant; Miss Conlin, Chinese priest; Baby Gibbs, Santa Claus.

At the Royal Jubilee Hospital a Christmas tree was held last afternoon, the occasion being one of hilarity and enjoyment. The tree was of large proportions, the nurses and patients being interested spectators and participants in the festivities. The corridors and wards of the hospital were profusely decorated with evergreens and bunting, a feature of the evening's enjoyment was a large musical box, loaned for the occasion by Dr. Ernest Hall, which discoursed a number of popular melodies, to the great delight of the sufferers in the different wards.

Today at both hospitals the usual Christmas fare will be provided to those of the patients who are able to partake of it, and no effort is being spared to make the occasion one of rejoicing.

Pleasure for Prisoners.

To those unfortunates whose lot it is to spend the Christmas holiday behind the bars at the Provincial jail, out from their merry-making fellow beings today will be a day of days in the entire twelve months. The rigid discipline always enforced will, for this great occasion, be relaxed and the forty-nine prisoners will be made to feel as happy and contented as it is possible to do so. The daily bill of fare will be conspicuous by its absence and in its place will be spread all the dainties so customary at the Yule Tide. The breakfast will include articles which do not on other days of the year figure while the dinner, with roast beef and plum pudding, and all the trimmings, will gladden the hearts of those held in suspense.

The dining hall will be prettily decorated by the prisoners themselves who take a keen delight in making this one ray of their enforced incarceration as much different from the ordinary routine as possible. During the afternoon Mr. Tranter, who for years has been the fairy God Father of the unfortunates on Christmas Day, with other local talent, give an entertainment of vocal and instrumental numbers. As several of the inmates of the jail have talent in this direction they will doubtless find a place on the programme. Fruit and candies given by Hon. Dr. Helmcken, a yearly gift, will be distributed and everything possible done to make Christmas Day a day of brightness and gladness.

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In the evening the inmates will have it all to themselves and will be supplied by the provincial authorities fruit and other dainties, a sing-song and general free-and-easy time will be had. The forty-nine inmates, of whom four are women, will assuredly welcome the day of rest from prison discipline and enter into the spirit of the day which to a great extent at least makes them akin with the whole world and enables them to forget their unfortunate condition.

In the City Jail.

Special attention will also be paid to the inmates of the local jail. While many of those whose celebration of the Yule Tide may land behind the bars will doubtless secure the assistance of friends and gain their freedom under bonds there will be some whose fate it will be to drag through the long day without a touch of that good-fellowship shared in by their more fortunate brethren on the outside. For these some recompense will be made in the way of a more substantial and appropriate bill of fare than that usually served. A first class dinner of roast beef and plum pudding and other dainties will be served and the weed may be indulged in at all times during the day.

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Orphans Remembered

While the big annual event at the B.

A Word of Thanks

A WORD of sincere thanks is due this day to all who have helped to make this Xmas season the most prosperous we have ever had. It has reached far beyond our greatest expectation, and it is with a feeling of the highest gratitude that we tender you one and all an earnest wish for a joyous Xmas day and prosperity for the New Year.

The Ladies' Store

ANGUS CAMPBELL & CO.,

1010 Gov't St.
LIMITED

HOME FURNITURE

Xmas, 1909.

WE WISH everybody A MERRY CHRISTMAS and desire also to thank our numerous friends for their generous patronage which has made our December sales create a new record in our business history.

SMITH & CHAMPION.

SMITH & CHAMPION

1420 Douglas Street.

Near City Hall.

Phone 718.

above 50 degrees. In Paris the thermometer registered 60 degrees.

Destruction by Night Riders

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 24.—A dozen tobacco barns in Spencer and Warrick counties, containing many thousand pounds of old tobacco, have been destroyed by fire in the last few days, supposedly by night riders.

Farmer's Buy Autos

DETROIT, Dec. 24.—J. C. Coe, a Saskatchewan farmer, dropped into Detroit Sunday, and by the time he had finished his errand he had bought thirty automobiles for his farmer friends of the far northwest. He is not an agent. He told his neighbors he was going east and they gave him their orders, accompanied by bank drafts. The deals were mostly cash, and aggregated nearly \$100,000. Coe paid \$4,500 for his own machine. The cars were all high grade, several being in the \$4,000 and \$5,000 classes. Bumper wheat crops on the northwest were the cause of so much prosperity.

WEATHER VAGARIES

Sudden Advent of Warm Weather in Europe Brings Temperature to Summer Level.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—A meteorological phenomenon, which it is stated has not been known in 150 years, is being experienced in parts of Western and Southern Europe. The temperature has risen with astonishing suddenness under the influence of a southerly wind to a summer level. The contrast has been most marked in Spain, France and Switzerland. Concurrently with a gale on the coast of Great Britain yesterday the mercury in London rose in the course of a few hours from 27 to 55 degrees. Even last night the temperature was

manager of a manufacturing firm, an American, has been fined \$37.50 by the court of Boston for having sent an advertisement through the mail, heavily bordered with black, as though the communication were a death notice. The court held that such an advertisement was a gross misdemeanor, and stated that the punishment would have been more severe had the court not taken into account the fact that the accused was an American and had brought with him to Germany the advertising customs of his country.

King of Spain III.

PARIS, Dec. 24.—The *Globe* today prints a private communication from Madrid stating that the condition of King Alfonso has created the greatest anxiety in court circles. Another operation is imperative.

On Her Way to Be Married.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Miss Constance Goonet, who as maid-in-waiting to Queen Helena of Italy, accompanied her through the Messina earthquake tour, arrived here late last night on the steamer *Prinzess Irene* from Genoa. She was met by a represen-

tative of the Italian embassy from Washington and left today for the west. She is on her way to San Francisco to be married.

Fires at Winnipeg.

WINNIPEG, Dec. 24.—Fire which broke out at noon in the premises in the Veto Publishing company, 211 Rupert street, gutted that building and adjoining premises of the Steel Mitchell company, photographic supplies. The loss will be \$25,000 and possibly more.

One German's View.

BERLIN, Dec. 24.—Writing to the *Kreuzer Zeitung*, Prof. Theodore Schleemann says that in the British colonies very little attention is paid to the antagonism of Great Britain and Germany. Never has the matter been more clearly demonstrated than that Great Britain is a country standing by herself and that the colonies have grown into separate nations with their own interests. Canada's wish was becoming felt more and more that there should be a Canadian diplomatic corps to represent Canada throughout the world.

The Colonist.

The Colonist Printing and Publishing Company, Limited Liability, 27 Broad Street, Victoria, B.C.

J. S. H. Matson.

The Daily Colonist

Delivered by carrier at 85 cents per month, or 75 cents, if paid in advance. Mailed, postpaid, to any part of Canada, except the city or suburban districts, which are covered by our carriers, or the United Kingdom at the following rates:

One year.....	55.00
Six months.....	2.50
Three months.....	1.25
London Office, 90-92 Fleet Street	

Saturday, December 25, 1909.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. "And, lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around about them; and they were sore afraid.

"And the Angel said: "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be to all people."

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

"And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

"Glory to God in the Highest, and upon earth peace, goodwill to men."

For nearly two thousand years this story has been told. It is old, yet ever new. To people in these practical days, when we test everything by our own experience or the demonstrations of physical science, the story has an impossible sound. We ask all manner of questions about it which no one can answer very satisfactorily. And yet the story stands, and the likelihood is that it will stand forever. Perhaps we may understand it better by and bye.

The story, as we have it, was told by Luke the Evangelist, who wrote it perhaps two score years after the event therein referred to was alleged to have occurred. It has, therefore, come down to our times hand in hand with Christianity. To the early adherents of that faith it was one of the evidences of the divinity of Jesus. It would be profitless to speculate as to the inherent probabilities of the story. There it stands, and for nearly twenty centuries it has been a source of strength and comfort to human hearts.

The anthem of the Angel Choir has echoed down the corridor of the years, and it is stronger today than ever before. Possibly poetic fancy has dressed it up in simple sublimity; but this we all know: that the Babe, which lay in the stable in the city of David, set on foot the mightiest movement for the regeneration of humanity that the world has ever seen. Even those to whom the story of Jesus, His birth, life, death, and resurrection seem to be only a cunningly devised fable, cannot escape from the influence of that life. They may shut their hearts against His influence; but it is everywhere around them, making the world better and happier, so that they must admit that if there was no Angel Choir, there might well have been one, for the mission of Jesus and its effects upon individuals and mankind at large were worthy of being heralded by angels.

One thought for Christmas Day is the tremendous reality of Christ's influence in the world. We may deny every detail in the account of His life; we may dispute every item in His doctrines; but we cannot get away from Christianity. That stands to challenge all criticism. Doubtless it has not accomplished as much as it might have done; but we must remember that even divine powers are only partially efficient when they work through human instruments. To borrow a simile from the electrical world, we are not good conductors of the divine element. But with all that is wrong in the world, and all that is mean and unworthy, there is a steady upward advance. Mankind is emerging from its low estate into a stage that is more noble, steadily progressing towards that perfection when peace and goodwill shall be the keynote of our lives and of the progress of nations.

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS

The Colonist feels pretty well towards all the world this morning. It has had a splendid Christmas season, and it has come near the close of an exceedingly prosperous year. In wishing those, who purchase the paper and those who advertise in its columns, all the good things appropriate to the season, we want to thank them for the exceedingly generous support they have given us. Especially do we take pleasure in acknowledging the manner in which the merchants have stood by us, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that they have reaped a benefit from the free expenditure of money in printers' ink. The hearty patronage extended to the Colonist from all sides leads us to realize the importance of the work for the community that has fallen to our lot, and we hope to demonstrate in the year that is so soon to open that a newspaper, which places the true public interest above all else can serve its community well and enjoy a fair share

of the prosperity which it will strive to bring about.

We extend hearty Christmas greetings to Premier McBride and his colleagues. The admirable statesmanship which Mr. McBride has exhibited has already brought forth fruit. It is just a month since the electors of British Columbia ratified his railway policy, so we may look upon that as his Christmas gift to British Columbia. Victoria has already felt its vivifying effect. We ask the owners of real estate if ever they have known in the history of the city when there was such a demand for property at good prices. This is the first effect of the new railway policy, and the future holds much greater things in store.

Speaking of the business aspect of Christmas and while extending to the merchants the season's greetings, we must also send a like message to the army of clerks and attendants, who have, during the rushing days of the past few weeks, exhibited towards customers a courtesy and consideration that is beyond all praise. They have done much to render the work of shopping as little onerous as possible, and we know we voice the sentiments of the whole community when we say that we hope this Christmas may be the happiest in their lives.

We might have money in our purses, and the stores might be full of goods, yet without the street cars Christmas shoppers would find their labor of love pretty tiring. It has been rendered easy by the great kindness exhibited by the men in charge of the street cars, who, always courteous, have during the holiday season shown even more consideration than usual to the patrons of the street railway. As not many people have an opportunity, as they leave the cars, to wish the Conductors a Merry Christmas, and as you must not talk to the Man on the Front end of the car, we are going to speak for every one and wish them all the pleasures that go with the day.

We have all come and gone through the streets as we wished, none daring to make us afraid. We have known that our homes and our property were secure, and so it is right to wish Chief Langley and the Force under him all the good things which they so richly deserve. The absence of crime, which removes some of the unhappy features attending the holidays in other places, is largely due to the excellent work done by the Victoria Police.

And last but not least there are the Letter Carriers. Surely they, who have for days past been bringing to our homes so many tokens of love and esteem, ought not to be forgotten on this festal day, and to them we extend the old time greeting.

And that no one may be forgotten, we send out the same message to all sorts and conditions of men and women, and add, "God, bless us, everyone!"

A Merry Christmas.

The Colonist will not be issued to-morrow morning.

We devote some space this morning to a reference to the University School, an institution that is rapidly gaining in usefulness and popularity.

The boys have prepared a good programme of sports for today, and those who look for pleasure out of doors will, if the weather is propitious, have a good field to choose from.

Winnipeg has been offered \$2,000,000 by the railways if she will agree to postpone her big exposition until 1914. That's a good deal of money and it may be well worth waiting for.

Mr. G. H. Barnard's speech on harbor appropriations, which was to have appeared in yesterday's Colonist and for which at the last moment there was found to be no room, is reproduced this morning.

The compliments of the season to the Clerk of the Weather, He has certainly made up during the last week or two for all the tricks he played upon us during the latter part of November or thereabouts.

Victoria has been one great smile for the last ten days. We do not say that there were no pessimists in town; but if there were they must have crawled into holes and pulled the holes in after them.

Things are beginning to look as if all Vancouver Island were going to experience a general advance in prosperity. This fair Island will be properly discovered after a while, and then you will not be able to keep people out of it.

Mr. Bonar Law is unfortunate in his smiles. He says that if shouting can win a political victory, the Liberals have already won; but he adds that never was a great citadel won by shouting. He forgets Jericho, which by the way is the place to which the Liberals seem disposed to send the Lords.

We invite attention to the Supplement which accompanies this morning's issue. The Colonist does not follow the usual custom of newspapers and use syndicate matter in its Supplements; but depends upon its regular staff for contributions to accompany such miscellany as may be reprinted from other papers. We think today's Supplement will compare favorably with any that will appear this Christmas morning.

A little question has arisen over the Wharf street paving. We refer to it, not to comment upon it in any way, but solely to emphasize what we think is a very important matter with which the incoming City Council will have

to deal. That is the appointment of a successor to Mr. Topp. Victoria has grown greatly since Mr. Topp was given the office of City Engineer, and it is going to grow yet more rapidly. The duties of the Engineer will be more diverse and more onerous in the future than in the past, and the city needs as good a man as can be got. The matter of salary must not stand in the way. We want a man who will not put up with aldermanic dictation for a single moment. The Fire Chief, to whom we extend the season's greetings, has shown us what the right man can do in office. He came here and became Chief in reality as well as in name, and the result is that we have one of the best fire departments in Canada for its size, and it is big enough for the size of the city. We need a City Engineer who will take hold of things in the same spirit as Chief Davis took hold of the Fire Department.

Verses by Dudley H. Anderson of Victoria:

A Simple Earnest Word.
It was but a tiny seed interred
In a dark brown clod apart;
It was but a simple earnest word
Dropped into a wayward heart.

And the tiny seed sun-kissed did start
To grow in the dark brown clod;
And the earnest word in the wayward
heart
Bloomed forth 'neath the smile of
God.

And the dark brown clod was soon all
dressed
With blossoms of tender hue;
And the wayward heart was robed and
blessed
With a spirit sweet and true.

Thus as beauty fills the dark brown
clod
Because of the seed interred,
A wayward heart may be filled with
God
By a simple, earnest word.

The Lighthouse.
Out where the breakers roll and leap,
Peaceful or wild the night,
Forth, from the lighthouse o'er the
deep,
The light burns clear and bright.

When stars steal forth in evening skies,
And, edged with silvery white,
The languid waves sing lullabies—
The light burns clear and bright.

When stormy hangs the midnight
cloud,
And winds blow in their might,
And deep-voiced waves roar fierce and
loud,—
The light burns clear and bright.

Some men like ships that toss and roll
May, steer their course aright,
If, from the lighthouse of some soul,—
The light burns clear and bright.

May shun the rocks, which waves in
strike
Half cover from the sight,
If, from some strong and steadfast
life,—
The light burns clear and bright.

May reach those happy blissful shores
Where storms do never blight,
If, from some heart,—from mine, from
yours,—
The light burns clear and bright.

The Question.
Who is it lights the tiny gleams
Of glow-worms in the night?
Who trims the golden lamp whose
beams
Give to the world its light?

Who thins the fragile egg that lies
Upon its downy nest,
Or blends the blue and purple skies
As sinks the sun to rest?

Who is it trains the nightingale
To sing his matchless song?
And makes the glad and sounding vale
The melody prolong?

Who tunes the brooklet's treble splash
Along its pebbly floor?
The deeper note of waves that dash
Upon the ocean shore?

Who carves and shapes the tiny shell
Of every lagging snail?
Who molds and swings the bright blue-
bell
That silent tolls the vale?

One voice from nature do we hear,
From sky and sea and sod,
A voice emphatic, sweet and clear,
That speaks to us of God.

Homeless.

One Christmas Eve in a crowded street,
Crouched a little, childlike form,
Faint, footsore, hungry, pale and cold,
All drenched by the wintry storm.
"Move on! Move on!" thus a rough voice
spoke, calling forth a weary sigh
From the child's sad heart, who bent
his steps passing on afar to die;
But the God who cares for the homeless
Looked down with his eye of love
And the holy angels hovered near
From their heavenly home above.

And the little wandering, orphan waif,
who roamed through the drifting snow,
Was guided at last to a window, lit up
by a fire's bright glow.
He thought of his former happy home,
of his mother's tender care,
And the tenderness felt from his azure eyes
as he breathed a simple prayer,
To the God who cares for the homeless,
Who listened with ear of love,
And the holy angels hovered near
From their heavenly home above.

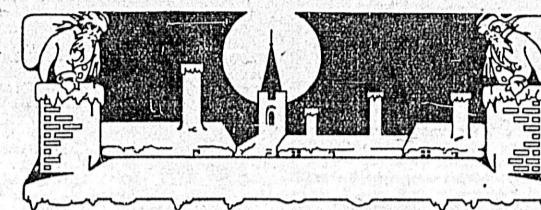
The gladome mirth from the room
within came to his heart like a
dream,
His mother's face in the pure snow-
flakes as an angel's seemed to beam;
And he heard the distant Christmas
bells, heavenly chimes that did not
cease.
Even when shadowed o'er by balmy
wings, as he slept at last in peace;
For the God who cares for the homeless
Looked down with His eye of love.
While the holy angels hovering near
Bore him to their home above.

—Nora Laugher.

Salut Du Soir.

I.
A wayward sunset shower weeps its
last;
Each cloud-brown of its passion now
has past,
Through swift transfigurations of the
mist,
Into vast sheaves of gold and amethyst.
II.
Night comes, with dusky sandals
treading slow;
She falters, grieves to dim the won-
drous glow;
She waits, before such beauty she
durst mar,
The silver clarion of the Evening Star.

WILLIAM STRUTHERS



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of the
"Last"
West

WE extend to all Victorians and
British Columbians, irrespective
of party, creed or purchasing power,
our heartiest good wishes for a most
enjoyable Christmas—for the happiest
Christmas you have ever known.

—And we thank you for having given
us the greatest Christmas business we
have known during the forty-seven years
we have been doing business in Victoria
B. C.



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BROS.
VICTORIA
B. C.



WEILER BROS., HOME FURNISHES, VICTORIA, B.C.

In all our forty-seven years of business in this city, we have never had a holiday season to equal the one just closed. This season's business has exceeded any we have ever enjoyed.

Of course "times" are good—prosperity smiles upon this grand Western Land—but there was another reason: Months ago, careful planning and expert buying laid the foundations. We never had such magnificent stock as this year, and it is gratifying to us that Victorians should show such a generous appreciation of our efforts to please.

The heavy buying has left many broken assortments, and during the last three days several shipments arrived which we were unable to place on display. All these lines must be cleared, so look for interesting values this coming week.

If you have received a gift from some unexpected source, or if you have forgotten some friend, why not send a New Year's gift? Here's the place to save on the purchase. Five floors of gifts at Victoria's fairest prices—always.

WEILER'S

FOR MAYOR

To the Electors of the City of Victoria
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I beg to announce that I am a candidate for Mayor at the approaching election. After having served as Alderman for three years I now respectfully solicit your vote and influence for the more important position, and promise to do my utmost for the progress and betterment of our city. My views have already been published, and will be ore fully explained from the platform. My principal objects are:

The securing of Sooke as a water supply.

The introduction of more efficient management of the public works department.

The stricter guarding of public morals.

A systematic improvement in making and beautifying our streets and parks.

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Boys' Best English Football Boots

Special price for the Holiday. Sizes 1 to 5. Price

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Lever's Y-2 (Wise Head) Disinfectant
Soap Powder is better than other powders
as it is both soap and disinfectant.

BUSY SERVITORS OF SANTA CLAUS

Post Office Staff Work All Night on the Christmas Mails

Of all the busy servitors of Santa Claus few are more hard pressed to assist the kindly old saint than the staff of the post office, who have been swamped with parcels, letters and small matter galore. The largest parcel mail brought into Victoria last night, 1,500 packages, was received from England last night, in addition to the local parcels, letters, etc., and those from Eastern Canada and other points. Five express gongs have been secured, and in order to facilitate delivery an arrangement was made in the post office to place racks of bags, each bag marked with a street name into which the parcels were placed and loads apportioned for each of the five express wagons which will go forth in the early morn to deliver the mails, parcels, etc.

The post office staff has been literally overwhelmed, the receipts of mails being from a third to a half more than received at any previous season.

Several remembrances have been received by the postal clerks. E. F. Knight and J. J. Shaller sent boxes of cigars.

AT THE CHURCHES

ANGLICAN

Christ Church Cathedral.

Christmas morning—Organ, Hallelujah Chorus; processional, hymn 60; venue, Dr. Crotch; special psalms, 19, 45, 55; Cathedral psalter; te deum, Henry Smart in F; benedictus, Dr. Garrett; anthem, "Blessed Be the Lord God;" Simper; kyrie and gloria, Smart; hymn 59; organ, Communion Interludes, Marzi.

Sunday Services—Morning—Organ, Pastorate, Guilmant; venue, Reinagle; te deum, Henry Smart in F; jubilate, Henry Smart in F; kyrie and gloria, Smart; hymns, 65, 59, 313; organ, Noé, Dante, Battiste. Evening—Organ, Noé, Guilmant; processional, hymn 60; psalms set, Cathedral psalter; magnificat, Henry Smart; nunc dimittis, Goss; anthem, "Worship Him and Sing of Him;" Simper; carols, Stainer; hymn 65; organ, Christmas Offertoire, Diezel.

St. Barnabas Church.

Corner of Cook street and Caledonia avenue. The services at this church commenced on Christmas eve. On Christmas day there will be a celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 8 a. m.; choral matins at 10:30 a. m.; Choral Evensong with sermon at 11 a. m.; Evensong at 5 p. m.; Christmas morning at 10:30 a. m.; organ, "The Silver Trumpets," Winans; venue-psalmus, Ca-

thedral psalter; te deum, Woodward; benedictus, Dr. Garrett; Almanashan agreed, Gregorian. At 11 a. m.—Professional, hymn 60; communion service from Simper; in D and Mauder in G; hymns, 55 and 61; offertory "God From on High Hath Heard," Rev. E. N. Hall; tenor solo, Mr. Barker; soprano solo, choir boys, in unison; nunc dimittis, St. John; organ, "For Unto Us a Child is Born," Handel.

On Sunday there will be a celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 8 a. m.; choral matins and litany at 11 a. m.; choral evensong, procession and carols at 7 p. m. The rector, Rev. E. G. Miller will be the preacher at all the services. The musical arrangements are: Morning—Organ, "There Were Shepherds," Handel; venue-psalmus, Cathedral psalter; te deum, Macpherson in E flat; benedictus, Rev. J. Troutbeck; anthem, "God From on High Hath Heard," Rev. E. N. Hall; hymns, 65 and 59; organ, "Glory to God in the Highest," Handel. Evening—Organ, "He Shall Feed His Flock," Handel; psalmus, Cathedral psalter; magnificat, L. Smart; nunc dimittis, Foster; anthem, "God From on High Hath Heard," Rev. E. N. Hall; hymns, 59 and 62; offertory anthem, Fitzgerald; professional, 60; carols, "Ring Out," "Wit Hand-Bell Interludes," "The Plains of Bethlehem," "Sing O Ye People," "Christmas Morn," "A Merry Noel," "The Star Divine."

St. James.

In St. James church on Sunday evening special Christmas carols will be sung by the choir, taking the place of the usual sermon. All the seats are free.

St. Paul's, Esquimalt.

Rector, Rev. W. Baugh Allen. Saturday, Christmas day services as follows: Holy communion at 8 a. m. and 10:30 a. m.; Sunday services as usual; Holy communion, 8 a. m.; matins at 10:30 a. m.; evensong and carols at 7 p. m. The rector will preach at services on Christmas day and Sunday.

PRESBYTERIAN

First Presbyterian.

Corner of Pandora and Blanchard streets, Rev. Dr. Campbell, minister. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible class and Sunday school at 2:30. Club meeting on Monday evening. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Sunday services will be largely song, with short sermons appropriate to the season, by the pastor. In the forenoon, besides the congregational hymn, the choir will sing an anthem, "Behold I Bring You Good Tidings," Stainer; trio by Misses Sexsmith and Cameron and Mr. R. Morrison, and a baritone solo by Mr. Morrison. In the evening an anthem by the choir, "The Star That Now Is Shining," Smith; solos by Mrs. Warburton, Miss Cameron and Mr. R. Morrison. Strangers are always cordially made welcome to all the services of the church on Sunday and week evenings.

METHODIST

Metropolitan Church.

Sunday evening, Christmas Song service. Doxology and Invocation. Hymn; prayer; Recit, "And the Angel Said," Handel; Miss Palmer; chorus, "Behold I Bring You Good Tidings," Goss, the choir; reading; solo, "Holy Night," A. Adams, J. H. Griffith; chorus, "Tho' Poor Be the Chamber," Gounod, the choir; reading; solo, "He Shall Feed His Flock" and "Come Unto Me," Handel; Misses Parfitt and Palmer; hymn; quartette, "O Little Babe of Bethlehem," Misses Palmer and Jones; Messrs. Dunford and Blakeway; address; collection; solo, "Star of Bethlehem," S. Adams, J. O. Dunford; chorus, "Blessed is the Nation," Stainer, the choir; hymn; benediction. An organ recital will be given from 7:10 to 7:30 when the following programme will be rendered: (a) March in F, Wallis; (b) Barcarolle S. Bennett; (c) Pastoral Symphony Handel.

Victoria West.

Victoria, West, corner of Catherine and Wilson streets. Special Christmas services will be held on Sunday, December 26th. The choir will render special musical services. In the morning the anthems will be, "Hark, What Mean These Holy Voices," Bissell, and "Praise to God, Immortal Praise." The programme for the evening services, commencing at 7 p. m., will be as follows: Anthem, "Fear Not," C. H. Gaebel; opening hymn and prayer; anthem, "The Birth of Our Savior," A. Colson-Rich; scripture lessons, organ and piano quartette, "That Some of Old," G. D. Emerson, Messrs. A. J. and S. G. Daniels, Webb and Greenwood; sermon, Rev. A. E. Roberts; anthem, "Sing O' Heavens," L. O. Emerson; closing hymn and benediction. Sunday school and adult Bible class at the usual hour; a hearty welcome to all.

CONGREGATIONAL

First Congregational.

Corner Pandora and Blanchard avenues. Public worship at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The pastor, Rev. Herman A. Carson, B. A., will preach. The theme of the morning address appropriate to the Christmas anniversary, "The Sovereign Prince Worthy of Many Crowns."

In the evening when the Sunday school and adult Bible classes in co-operation with the choir will give "The First Christmas" carol service, the pastor's theme will be "Wonderful Story and True." Sunday school and Bible class at 2:30 p. m. Y. P. S. of W. W.'s will join in a decorating social Monday at 8 p. m. Tuesday at 6 p. m. the Sunday school supper, Christmas tree and concert at 8 p. m. Thursday at 8 p. m. prayer and business meeting. The parents are especially invited with their children to the evening services on Sunday. Strangers and visitors are cordially welcomed. The music for the follows: Morning—Organ, "He Shall Feed His Flock," Handel; organist, Mr. J. Scott Ross; anthem, "Peace the Welcome Sound," F. A. Fillmore; anthem, "Hail to the King on Light," Cary-B. Adams, soprano solo, Miss Howlett; organ, "Behold the Lamb of God," Handel. Evening—All the old carol hymns also the following by the choir: "Nazareth," Gounod; solo, "Comfort Ye My People," Handel; Mr. N. Collins; anthem, "Rejoice O Daughter of Zion," selected; anthem, "Joy to the World," C. B. Adams, solo, Mr. J. Barton; organ, Hallelujah Chorus," Handel.

Church of Our Lord.

Christmas day, service at 11 a. m.; sermon by Rev. Thos. W. Gladstone; subject, "Great Joy;" sacrament of the Lord's supper. The offertory will be in aid of the clergy and widow and orphans fund. Morning service; organ, Pastorate Symphony, Handel; hymn 91; venue and psalms as set, Cathedral psalter; te deum No. 2; benedictus, 13; Mercier; anthem, "Behold I Bring You Good Tidings," kyrie, VI Moret; hymn 62; carol, "Once in Bethlehem," Mawnder; hymn 87.

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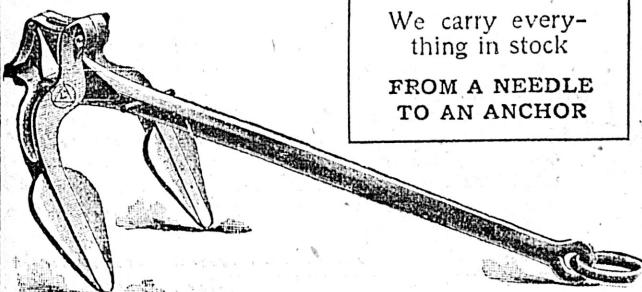
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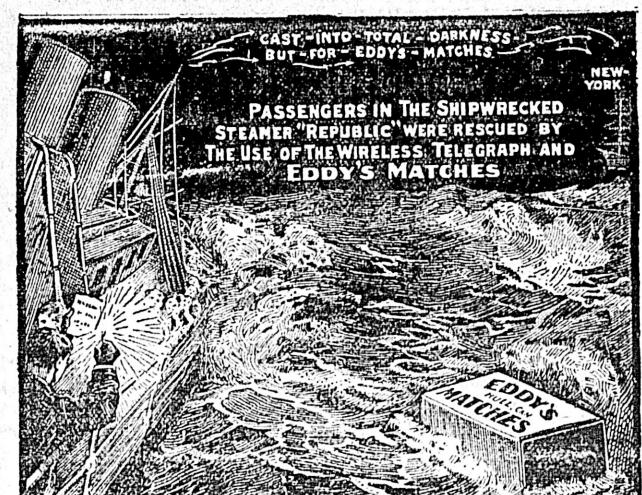


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EDDY'S MATCHES

FRESH EGGS FRESH EGGS

You can get them by using Sylvester Excelsior Meal, being a ground mixture of Corn, Grits and Egg Producer which is the ideal morning food. Try a sack and watch results. Per sack, \$1.75

SYLVESTER FEED CO. Tel. 413, 709 Yates Street

I TAKE this opportunity of thanking my many customers and the citizens of Victoria for their very liberal patronage and support during the past year, and extend to one and all the Compliments of the Season.

GILBERT D. CHRISTIE
CGRNER GOVERNMENT AND
JOHNSON STREETS

Advertise in the Colonist

NEWS OF THE CITY

No Socialist Meeting.

Tomorrow and next Sunday being holidays, the Socialist party have decided to hold no propaganda meetings.

Donation to Home.

William Scowcroft, secretary of the B. C. Protestant Orphans' Home, acknowledges with thanks the donation of \$21, the proceeds of a concert recently held at Sidney by the Sidney Basketball club.

More Permits Issued.

Building permits were issued yesterday by the building Inspector to E. E. Jones, for a butcher shop to be erected on North Park street, at a cost of \$600, and to Robert Hetherington for a dwelling to be erected on Bank street to cost \$1,950.

H. Young & Co., New Premises.

The alterations to the premises at present occupied by T. N. Hibben & Co. on Government street will be undertaken within a short time, the contract having been awarded to W. F. Drysdale. When the premises are renovated they will be occupied by Henry Young & Co.

One Little Inconvenience

Since the new telephone exchange has been established at the Provincial government buildings, only one objectional feature appears to present itself: the exchange closes too early. At 5:30 the operator departs, and communication with or from the offices is impossible, although as a rule there are workers busily engaged in the offices until evening. An extra operator will no doubt be provided to meet the real necessities of public and departmental convenience.

Want Road Improvements

Premier McBride and Works Minister Thomas Taylor were waited upon on Thursday by Professor Christiansen, of Quatsino Sound, who represents an important colony of Norsemen established on the northern end of the Island. In requesting certain road improvements and alterations in educational arrangements at the settlement, Professor Christiansen spends Christmas over the Sound, and will again meet the ministers on Monday.

For Fire Purposes Only.

A special telephone has been installed at the headquarters station of the fire brigade which will hereafter be used for fire purposes only. The phone, the number of which is 1286, will be the one used by anyone sending a telephone alarm and the numbers now in use will not be used for any purpose other than for merely daily routine matters. Telephone users are requested to keep the new number, 1286 posted up in a conspicuous place to be used in cases of emergency.

Gift For the Chief.

Yesterday afternoon Fire Chief Davis and Mrs. Davis were the recipients, from the men of No. 4 hall, Victoria West, of a handsome tea set, a Christmas gift, which the chief and Mrs. Davis will prize highly. The men at the hall, Messrs. Marrant, Richards and McLean, waited upon Chief Davis at his office, the presentation being made by Driver Marrant, who on behalf of himself and fellow-members of the force stationed at No. 4, extended best wishes for the coming twelve months. Chief Davis, for himself and Mrs. Davis, cordially thanked the men for the gift and good wishes.

Fire Laddies Will Entertain.

All preparations for the New Year's eve entertainment to be given by the fire department have been made and the event promises to be a most successful one. Many of the members of the brigade are talented musicians and the concert programme will be one of the best. After the rendition of the various numbers dancing will be indulged in. The fire laddies are working hard to make this the first of the end-of-the-year events to be given by the department, a success in every particular. A large attendance is looked for. The proceeds will be devoted to the firemen's fund.

A. O. F. Christmas Tree.

The members of Court Victoria, No. 930, A. O. F., as usual at this season, do not forget the children, who will enjoy their annual Christmas tree in the A. O. F. hall, Broad street, on Wednesday next. Gifts are to be provided for members' children, and refreshments will be served during the evening. An interesting programme, contributed by children and adults, will be submitted, and Father Christmas will be there in person to distribute the gifts. This will be the first Christmas tree to be held in the new A. O. F. hall, and a large attendance of members and children is anticipated. As on former occasions of a like nature, the proceedings will conclude with dance.

GOLDSTREAM SCHOOL CELEBRATES XMAS

Enjoyable Concert Programme is Ably Rendered By Scholars.

The scholars of the Goldstream school held an enjoyable Christmas tree celebration on the evening of the 22nd instant. A concert programme was a feature of the evening, special credit being due to Miss Irving for her able singing of "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Miss Edith Irving also was loudly applauded for her singing of "Smarty," while Messrs. Wilson and McKenzie of the Niagara Canyon, Glee Club acquitted themselves well in various solos, the latter in Harry Lauder's "I'm Fou' the Noo" acting his part to the satisfaction of everyone.

The full programme follows:

Programme.
Chorus, "Welcome Song";...Scholars Recitation, "Xmas Carol";...Eva Payne Song, "Silver Threads Among the Gold";...Mary Irving Recitation, "When I'm a Man";...E. Burnett Duet, "Bells of Dreamland";...Eva Payne and M. Burnett Recitation, "Jolly Old Christmas";...Elizabeth Brown Song, "Miss Fogarty's Xmas Cake";...Miss P. Payne Song, "Smarty";...Edith Irving Song, "Queen of the Earth"; W. Wilson Recitation, "H. H. Clark"; Brown Trio, "Will You Love Me When I'm Old";...Lily Wadsworth Recitation, "Jolly Old St. Nicholas";...Lily Wadsworth Song, "For the Noo";...J. McKenzie Encore, "Lose of Drumming Castle"; "Bronco Buster";...Edith Irving Song, "Mona";...W. Wilson Dialogue, "King Santa Claus"; School God Save the King.

THE WEATHER

Victoria, B. C., at 8 p. m., December 24, 1909:
SYNOPSIS.

An ocean disturbance is approaching the Vancouver Island and Washington coast and a moderate southeast gale prevails on the outside waters, and storm warnings have been issued for the mouth of the Columbia river. Light rain has fallen at Tatoosh, and west of the Rockies there has not been much change in temperatures during the last 24 hours. In the Prairie provinces the weather continues fair and cold.

TEMPERATURE.

Min. Max.

Victoria	30	39
Vancouver	28	36
New Westminster	28	31
Kamloops	12	18
Barkerville	10	12
Fort Simpson	32	34
Atlin	22	28
Dawson, Y. T.	6 below 6	6
Calgary, Alta.	4 below 24	24
Winnipeg, Man.	8 below 2	2
Portland, Ore.	28	31
San Francisco, Cal.	42	52

FORECASTS.

For 24 hours from 5 a. m. (Pacific Time) Saturday:

Victoria and Vicinity: Northerly and easterly winds, chiefly cloudy with showers today or Sunday.

Lower Mainland: Easterly winds, chiefly cloudy with showers today or Sunday.

FRIDAY.

Highest 39
Lowest 30
Mean 39

IS INCORRIGIBLE

New Westminster Police Have Trouble With Girl Who Figured Here.

Seventeen-year-old Mable Severn, who recently gave the local police authorities trouble in ascertaining her whereabouts, following her escape from the Children's Home here, and who was caught in Vancouver and taken to the reformatory but after her release again took to her devious ways is again in trouble at New Westminster. The girl appears to be of the incorrigible type and what will be done with her is a question. She was brought down from Kamloops to the city and placed in the children's home whence she ran away. After getting out of the reformatory at New Westminster she worked in a Japanese restaurant in Vancouver where she felt herself in sympathy with whom later she has been living in New Westminster. Superintendent South of the Children's Aid Society, at the latter city, does not believe that the society can do anything for the girl who will be left to the police to be dealt with.

NICE HAIR FOR ALL.

Once Destroy the Dandruff Germ, and Hair Grows Luxuriantly.

Any one can have nice hair if he or she has not dandruff, which causes brittle, dry hair, falling hair and baldness. To cure dandruff it is necessary to kill the germ that causes it, and that is just what Newbro's Herpicide does. Cornelius Grew, Colfax, Wash., says:

One bottle of Newbro's Herpicide completely cured me of dandruff which was very thick; and it has stopped my hair from falling out. It makes hair soft and glossy as silk; delightful odor, and refreshing hair dressing. It permits the hair to grow abundantly, and kills the dandruff germ. Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c in stamps for sample to The Newbro Co., Detroit, Mich.

One Dollar bottles guaranteed. Cyrus H. Bowes, Special Agent, 1228 Government St.

Decorated China suitable for Xmas gifts. Regular prices cut in two, at 558 Johnson street. A. J. Clyde.

Heating Stoves and Steel Ranges, the best quality and at reasonable prices at Clarke & Pearson's, 1313 Wharf street.

Heating Stoves, fancy or plain, at Clarke & Pearson's, 1313 Wharf street. Get one and make the house warm and cosy for Xmas.

Books that are selling: Ralph Connor's "Foreigner"; Service's "Sourdough" and "Cheechako"; Hichen's "Bella Donna"; Kipling's "Actions and Reactions"; Page's "John Marvel, Assistant"; "The Master," by the author of "Eber Holden"; "The Silver Horde," by the author of "The Spiders," Victoria Book and Stationery Company, Ltd.

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Victoria, Xmas 1909

"Now the mist has hidden the mountains
And the frost has flecked the shed,
So we will hang the mistletoe
An' show the holly red."

WE WISH OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Capital City Wine Store

1327 Douglas Street. Cor. Johnson. Phone 1974



\$2.50 each

**NO GRINDING
NO HONING**

No Smarting After Shaving.
Buy a "CARBO-MAGNETIC" Razor, shave with it thirty days, then, if you would rather have your money back than the razor, we will refund it.

The Hickman Tye Hardware Co., Ltd.

Phone 59 Victoria, B. C. Agents. 544-546 Yates St.

For Xmas Day

MINCE PATTIES
MINCE PIES
FRESH PASTRY
AND CAKES

FRESH TODAY

CLAY'S

Tel. 101.

P. & B.
Deadening Felt

Used between floors and partitions for warmth and deadening sound.
Made in three weights. Samples and prices on application.

R. ANGUS

1105 Wharf Street

FOR SALE

PANDORA ST.—Good six room House, sunny side, close in, cheap at—

\$3,600

FINE MODERN HOUSE

At terms never before offered. Lot 90 x 110 feet, \$500 cash, \$4,000 payable \$50.00 per month, without interest, and assume mortgage of

\$4,000

Ask to see it.

LARGE DOUBLE CORNER

On Douglas Street. A splendid buy at

\$8,500

Heisterman, Forman and Company

1207 Government St.

Phone 55

CHRISTMAS MERRIMENT

"Let the little Stockings be filled and let us all bear with equanimity the blowing on toy-trumpets and the tooting on mouth organs and the drumming on two-bit drums which are sure to follow! The boys can be boys only once, and what is a boy if he cannot make a noise?"

A RIGHT JOLLY XMAS TO ALL OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS

FLETCHER BROS.

1231 Government St.

Christmas Greetings to Our Friends and Patrons

We wish you a Merry Christmas And if we could have our way,

We would drive all care and sorrow Out of your life today.

This beautiful Christmas morning Should be brightest of all the year,

We would bring you peace and gladness, Lots of jollity and cheer.

W. H. Wilkerson

THE JEWELER

915 Gov't St. Tel. 1606

TRAIL LEADS TO FAR-OFF TURKEY

Imposter Who Operated in Victoria Lands Finally in a Turkish Dungeon

It is a far cry from the police cells of Victoria to a dirty dungeon in a Turkish prison but the distance has been made by Stephen Georges, self-styled missionary and appointed collector for the good work of advancing Protestant religious work among his followers in Asia Minor, but now an acknowledged imposter and a member of a professional class of beggars active in his home land.

Georges about three months ago figured largely in the local police circles. Of pleasing manner evidently well educated and speaking English with considerable fluency, he arrived in this city from the east. He had been making a tour of the prairie section as well as of the northwestern states and was well supplied with credentials which in some cases were genuine enough, though secured from credulous individuals who were caught by his story, but in most cases were rank forgeries. Everywhere he went he posed as an emissary of the missionaries in Asia Minor, his mission being to collect funds to advance the religious work being prosecuted in that far distant country. He met with considerable success and it is believed he forwarded considerable sums to his associates in the far east.

Operates in Victoria.

When he arrived here he called upon Mayor Hall who believed his story so far as to give him a letter of recommendation and a contribution of \$2.

Georges then started out on his collecting campaign but from one or two suspicious circumstances which arose he was finally arrested at the instance of A. J. Brace and ultimately arraigned in court here. The case was afterwards withdrawn the police handing the matter over to Dr. Milne local immigration officer. Georges tarried in the police cells for over a month while Dr. Milne was communicating with Ottawa relative to the question of deporting the man and finally he was ordered to leave the country which he did though he was not actually deported.

The photograph of Georges taken

in the courtroom.

Another valuable portion of waterfront in the inner harbor has just changed hands in the purchase of Porters wharf for the sum of \$35,000. The property comprises some sixty feet on the harbor front, adjacent to the E. & N. railway station.

Mrs. F. N. Clay has sold the lot on the corner of Douglas and Pembroke streets to Robert Scott of Oak Bay. The consideration was \$18,000 cash, the sale being negotiated by Grant and Lincham.

The Cameron and Caldwell stables on Yates street, situated above the A. O. U. W. hall, have been sold by A. G. Sargison and T. D. Veitch for a consideration in the neighborhood of \$18,000.

Among other sales reported are three waterfront lots on St. Lawrence street at the foot of Michigan for \$10,000, and a lot on Douglas street, beyond Bay street, for \$3,500.

Bond and Clark report the following sales: A house and waterfront lot on Erie street for \$5,000; a piece of View street property for \$7,000; another piece on View street for \$5,000; and a third piece for \$3,000.

The Northwest Real Estate Company reports the sale of the Douglas street livery stables for \$25,000; a lot on Cormorant street for \$7,000; a lot on Michigan street for \$3,000; a house on North Park street for \$3,000, and a number of lots in Rockland Park and on Hillside avenue.

CITY WILL SEEK NECESSARY POWER

here was sent by Dr. Milne to Ottawa along with a recital of the facts of the case. These in turn were referred to London, to J. Obed Smith superintendent of immigration, who in turn sent on the papers to the head of the missionary movement in Turkey. The photograph immediately connected Georges, the supposed helper in the work of evangelization, with one of the most notorious members of the "Julia Beggars" an association of professional and crafty beggars.

In the meantime, while the official red tape was slowly unwinding Georges wandered back to his native land as a result of representations made to the authorities by the missionaries was arrested and cast into jail where he now lies.

Just how much money he collected while in Canada will probably never be known but men of his stamp and pretensions who have come to this country soliciting money for so-called evangelization purposes are known to have reaped a golden harvest, many thousands of dollars having been contributed by the charitably inclined.

PORTERS WHARF CHANGES HANDS

Valuable Waterfrontage Realizes Thirty-Five Thousand Dollars

Another valuable portion of waterfront in the inner harbor has just changed hands in the purchase of Porters wharf for the sum of \$35,000. The property comprises some sixty feet on the harbor front, adjacent to the E. & N. railway station.

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Act Must Be Amended Before Agreement With B.C.E. Co. is Completed

Following the agreement entered into between the city and the B. C. Electric Company relative to the development of the Jordan river power scheme the city solicitor, at the next meeting of the city council, will be instructed to proceed and secure the necessary amendments to the Municipal Clauses Act giving the city the power to carry out the arrangement with the company whereby the city binds itself not to pass any bylaw to raise money to assist any competing concern either by grant of money or bonus of any kind and not to enter into competition itself with the company until first an offer is made to the company for its system here, which offer, if refused, shall be arbitrated on.

At present the city has not this right to so bind itself but when the agreement was considered the city bound itself to apply to the legislature for the necessary power. Ald. Henderson will bring the matter up at Monday's council meeting and the necessary instructions will be issued to the solicitors.

School Bylaw.

The bylaws raise \$174,000 for school purposes as requested by the school board, will also be introduced and passed as far as possible and will then be submitted to the raters on the date of the forthcoming civic elections. Of that amount \$150,000 is wanted to purchase a site and erect thereon a new High school; \$14,000 for addition for four rooms to the Victoria West school and \$10,000 for the purpose of erecting a frame school on the site recently purchased by the board at the corner of Bank street and Leighton Road.

The approval of the petition of the owners interested in the pavement on Government street between Belleville street and Superior street will be given. The owners will be called upon to pay four-fifths of the cost, including the cost of laterals to sewers and surface drains and the moving of poles if necessary. While the provincial government is not liable for any part of the cost it is stated that it will contribute liberally towards the improvement scheme.

Drug Stores Will Close.

The drug stores of the city will close today at 1 o'clock and remain closed for the balance of the day, not reopening until Sunday morning.

May Regain Sight

If the operation which Dr. Proudfoot has recently performed on the eyes of Ian St. Clair proves successful, and it is expected it will to a great extent, at least, Mr. St. Clair, who is well known to Victorians, will recover his sight sufficiently at least to permit him walking without any assistance. For years Mr. St. Clair has been practically totally blind and his many friends will rejoice at the possibility of his improvement, an improvement which almost smacks of the miraculous. Dr. Proudfoot, when he examined Mr. St. Clair's eyes, was convinced he could give his patient great relief and Mr. St. Clair's friends are awaiting the outcome with intense interest and hope.

LEAVES THIS CITY

Secretary of Fire Underwriters' Society Resigns—Appointment Made.

G. V. Lawry, secretary of the Vancouver Island Fire Underwriters' Association has resigned his position to accept a similar one with the Board of Underwriters in Salt Lake City.

The position in a city of the size of Salt Lake is a most responsible one. Mr. Lawry has spent the last three years in Victoria coming here from Vancouver.

The vacancy here has already been filled, H. R. Page or Winnipeg who for some time has been connected with the Western Canada Fire Underwriters' Association has been appointed. He will assume his new duties some time in January.

OBITUARY NOTICES

Sprague.

The remains of the late David K. Sprague were laid at rest yesterday afternoon. The funeral services were held in the Congregational church, Pandora street, at 2:30 p.m., the church being well filled with sympathizing friends, the late Mr. Sprague being widely known and well respected. The Rev. H. A. Carson conducted a very impressive service and was assisted by the Revs. Dr. Reid and Joseph McCoy who made touching reference to the Christian character of the deceased. The hymns sung were "Nearer My God to Thee," "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" and "Peace, Perfect

LOST LIFE UNDER WHEELS OF TRAIN

David Bennett Killed By Being Run Down By E. & N. Train at Koksilah

Run down by an E. & N. work train a few hundred yards from the hotel at which, a few minutes before, he had been drinking, David Bennett, for the past few months employed at the C. P.R. stone quarry near Koksilah, was killed and badly mangled shortly before midnight on Thursday night.

The body was found yesterday morning lying between the rails, which were spattered with the man's blood. Provincial Constable Morton, at Koksilah, and the coroner, took charge of the body which was brought down yesterday to Duncan, where it is now lying.

The Victoria provincial police department was notified of the occurrence yesterday morning and an effort is being made to locate friends or relatives of the deceased, but beyond believing that at one time within the last year he had been in this city for a short time, no trace of any connection of his has been secured. Unless some friends or relatives can be located the body will be buried at Dunexis on Monday.

Bennet was in the Koksilah Hotel about 11 o'clock on Thursday evening. He left after having several drinks and started down the track. A work train pulled through at 11:30 and doubtless Bennett failed to hear it coming and was run over and instantly killed.

From papers found in the possession of the deceased he has been a world traveller, for the papers showed he had been in Australia, Europe, South America, the United States and other countries. He had been in this province about a year and for several months past had been employed in the quarry at Koksilah.

Two vagrants, one Bill Kane and one Bill Thompson will never again believe that there is good-will toward men. They were sentenced to three months each at hard labor by Magistrate Jay in police court yesterday morning.

Kane and Thompson were charged with vagrancy, which oft-times covereth a multitude of sins. Kane had bitter things to say of the police. He charged one of the detectives with having kicked and abused him. However, the weight of much evidence was against William and he was sent away.

Thompson had not much to say and it is likely that he will eat Christmas dinner today in prison.

One gentleman who had celebrated the gay festive season with a trifle too much exuberance was fined \$6 and then came the turn of the two lads against whom five charges of breaking and entering had been preferred. They pleaded guilty without more ado and it came to be Magistrate Jay's unpleasant duty to sentence them.

There was a strange lack of sentimentality on the part of the boys themselves and their parents as well. Parents of both lads were in court. Magistrate Jay prefaced his sentence with an explanation of his purpose. One lad, being older than the maximum age admitted at the reformatory would have to be dealt with under the criminal code. He would therefore this boy a lighter sentence than would have been meted out to him were he an older criminal. The younger boy shall be treated as a juvenile.

Then, only a few hours before the dawning of the morning when they should have been in warm homes searching stockings, innocently, for the largesse of Santa Claus, the two boys were sentenced to incarceration.

The older lad was sent to prison for one month at hard labor.

The younger boy will go to the reformatory for two years. Here he will be given an opportunity to learn a trade and he will also be given some education and moral training which he apparently is much in need of.

Prior to the opening of the court H. W. R. Moore, county prosecutor, extended to Magistrate Jay on behalf of the police force and the court staff the compliments of the season. Magistrate Jay replied felicitously saying that during his time as magistrate he had always received from both police and court staff valuable assistance. He reciprocated their good wishes.

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OBITUARY NOTICES

Emery.

The funeral of the late John Emery

We Wish Everybody

A Most Happy Xmas and
A Prosperous New Year

Hinton Electric Co., Ltd.

THE MARKET THAT SERVES YOU BEST

Christmas Greeting TO ALL

WE HAVE much pleasure in wishing a Merry Christmas to our numerous patrons, thanking them one and all for their hearty support during the past year, and hope to merit a continuance of the same during the year upon which we are about to enter.

Yours very truly,

Douglas Market

TEL. NO. 1701. 1423 DOUGLAS STREET.

THE MARKET THAT SERVES YOU BEST

Just Arrived a Large **ISLAND MILK-FED CHICKENS**

Consignment of

Price 30 Cents Per Lb.

TURKEYS, per lb.30¢
FRESH BOILED HAM, per lb.40¢

Pork Sausages, Crumpets, and Muffins, Fresh Daily.

Windsor Grocery Co., GOVERNMENT ST.
Opposite Postoffice.

Y. M. C. A.

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

Give your boy a Y.M.C.A. ticket. He will get a whole year's healthy fun out of it.

Boys 12 to 14, per year \$3.00
Boys 14 to 18, per year \$5.00
Men's Membership full, per year \$7.00

Telephone Communication Restored

Call "Long Distance" for Vancouver, Seattle and Intervening Points.

TALKING PERFECT

ROBIN HOOD FLOUR IS DIFFERENT

IMPRESS UPON YOUR MIND THESE TWO SPECIAL FACTS

Robin Hood Flour must satisfy you in two fair trials or you can have your money back—it is the guaranteed flour.

Robin Hood Flour absorbs more moisture than other flours—therefore add more water when you use it and get a larger, whiter loaf.

Saskatchewan Flour Mills Co.
Limited
MOOSE JAW, SASK.

In Woman's Realm

Here and There

What can be said about Christmas that has not been said over and over again? And yet how should a woman's page appear on Christmas Day without some word about that festival which means so much to women.

The story of the Nativity itself is a glorification of Motherhood. In all Christian countries the mother with the babe in her arms is the ideal of innocence and purity. During all His life the Founder of Christianity loved and revered women. They were among His most intimate friends and they returned His love and confidence with the deepest devotion. But He went further than this. Those whom men scorned and despised He uplifted and redeemed.

Not less should women be gratified for what Christianity has done for children. He who said "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven" gave childhood a new place in the world. There are deeper mysteries not to be touched on here but even since the boy Jesus trod

the Galilean hills the world has been learning that the redemption of the world lies in its children.

Nothing that would add to the innocent pleasures of home, that mean so much to the hearts of women, received a rebuke from Jesus as He went in and out among the homes of the people.

So let us keep our Christmas with all gladness of heart, remembering that in every kind thought, in every loving deed, may in all joyous laughter and happy festivity, He may be honored who once "Dwelt among us."

A Lost Letter

Dear Santa Claus:—Would you please bring me a sword, a gun at a time, a drum, a twenty-dollar bill, a hundred pounds of candy, a pony and a bike. Two pounds of apples, a pair of skates, a sled, a fishing line, and some hooks, a turkey for dinner, a belt, a pair of boots, and a doll for

S. P.—Please take these things to Billie Brown and his sister.

JAN MCLOURIE.

Age 11.

It is hoped that the little boy who wrote this letter will have a Merry Christmas and as many presents as will make him perfectly happy.

Famous Canadian Christmases

In the following paragraphs an effort has been made to look back over the past and to see how Christmas days have been spent by those who have won this vast country from the wilderness.

More than three hundred years ago a little band of gentlemen kept the first Christmas in Canada. Where the little old city of Annapolis now stands they had built the fort of Port Royal. The leaders were the great soldier and explorer, Champlain, his friend, the lawyer and author, Legeatot, and Pontremont, to whose industry and faith in the country it was owing that the settlement was a permanent one.

To cheat exile of its terrors, they had founded L'Ordre de Bon Temps, and with merriment and good cheer spent the long nights of the winter. We may fancy that on the Christmas night of 1606 venison and game, cooked with the skill of which the members of the order boasted, graced the board. The great fire roared in the chimney, and with merry tale and pleasant jest they whined the hour away. Perchance their voices blended in some outburst of the wars so lately ended, or sweater chanson of their boyhoods days. But ere they parted the hearts of all turned homeward, and quiet settled upon the little group as in the flickering shadows the vision of wife and children or mother and sisters filled the thoughts of the brave pioneers. For once the vow of the order was forgotten, as with teardimmed eyes the members drank to La Belle France and the loved ones there.

Behind the little fortress of Quebec, where the soldiers and the fur-traders kept their guard against the savages that peopled New France, Monsieur and Madame Hebert cultivated their little farm. How did they spend that first Christmas in the keen bright air of their new home?

First, we may be sure, the devout pair, with their older children, attended the service in the little chapel, and worshipped the Babe in whose honor the day was kept.

Then from cellar and store was brought whatever was best, and the busy, skillful mother prepared the Christmas feast. With dance and song and merry tale the evening passed, for neither toll nor want nor hardship was able to rob these simple people of the light hearts that made their lives endurable.

Near an old French fort on Prince Edward Island, more than a century and a half later an English lord and lady, with their fair-haired children, sat around the table on Christmas night. Outside the wind swept across the ice-covered bay, and arid the forest. An Indian encampment lay at a little distance, and along the shore were a few cottages of French fishermen. But none of their own blood and speech were near. But tonight no feeling of loneliness was allowed to interfere with the merriment of the children. They had sought in the boxes long unopened for the silver candlesticks and chimes that reminded them of their old home. Mother wore her most beautiful dress, and father the bright uniform they loved to see. Pretty frocks and brave suits made the little ones forget the bare floors and the rude furniture. Carols were sung, and stories of the old home. Then, with a merry romp the evening ended, and father and mother were left to comfort each other with the perfect love that ingakes of the humblest home an earnest of heaven.

Something like this we may suppose were the early Christmas days spent by Captain Holland and the gentlemen landowners of the little colony.

The strong stern Puritans, to whose lot fell the task of conquering the forest, thought not of keeping Christmas.

It was many a year before they learned to tolerate the innocent merrymaking that endears the day to children.

More than three score years passed away and already men of the same sturdy stock were finding their way on foot or with ox team into the valley of the Saskatchewan. The Red River rebellion was over and some of the disappointed Metis, still dreaming of future independence had gone to pursue their trade as trapper beyond the bounds of civilization. The Indian tribes, disbursed and suspicious were moving east and north. But neither sullen Metis nor the wandering savage was feared by the simple, brave Ontario man who came to make his home on the fertile banks of the Qu'Appelle. Carefully he gathered together a small band of cattle and with what rude appliances he could gather cultivated the land on the river bank. Christmas was a festival that appealed to his hospitable nature and on a Christmas day in the early seventies he was ready to welcome his guests. One was already with him. A Hudson Bay official had timed his trip so he might spend the night with his friend. As the day drew on a German farmer, who had shut up his mud cabin and traveled for sixty miles to hear his hearty greeting and share his good cheer, drew near and after a mounted policeman, who found that his duty called him in that direction came in. As with many a jest and much loud laughter the friends prepared to sit down to the plentiful

if somewhat rudely served meal, and door quickly opened and a woman carrying her baby rushed into the room. She was the wife of a settler whose husband had been forced to leave her alone, and the sight of a party of Indians had frightened her so that she braved the cold to seek safety. How she was welcomed and with what gentle kindness she was treated the men who have lived lonely lives in the wilderness know.

Before the dinner was over, however her fears proved groundless. The Indians rode up to the door and were soon receiving their share of the feast for they had learned to love and trust this man who had no room in heart for aught but peace and goodwill.

A Merry Christmas! A Merry Christmas! How the words resound through every corner of the house where the first governor of the Northwest, the Hon. David Laird, lived at Battleford, with his family. The stockings were emptied, letters and parcels received weeks before were opened and messages and tokens from relatives and friends far away brought smiles to the lips and tears to the eyes of the gentle lady who had come to share her husband's care and cheer his loneliness and of the devoted sister and aunt who accompanied her.

The days that had passed were not free from anxiety. The office was no sinecure. Pow wows had been held and treaties made. But gradually ladies and children had grown used to the sight of the figures blanket clad and befeathered while the savages learned to trust the tall white man who never deceived them. So the Christmas dinner was eaten and the night spent with all fitting merriment by the party in the little town near the frontier of what will one day be two great states.

The due observance of Christmas in Victoria has been as old as the fort itself.

Little, indeed, was left to them of those things which had graced their hospitable home in the old days. Their table was well provided with meat, for the lads were good marksmen. But there was much else that was wanting. Yet, unlike many of those who had made homes in the colonies, these descendants of English country gentlemen had preserved the old traditions, and to them Christmas was the holiest and happiest day in the year.

For this one day they would rest and be merry. Then they would share the task of clearing the land and squaring the timber and of building the vessel that would carry it away and bring back to them the wherewithal to make their new homes the abodes of plenty and comfort. Full of hope and courage were the youths, and it is to the skill and enterprise of such as this that New Brunswick owes her prosperity.

O Thrills of Comfort and Joy, Comfort and Joy."

So sang a sturdy farmer as he passed over the sparkling, crackling snow from the little barn to the low built house near Grand river in Upper Canada one Christmas eve, near the close of the eighteenth century. As he opened the door a pleasant sight met his eyes. Around the fire on which hung the crane with its gaudy load of pots and pans, played three rosy-cheeked children. In the cradle lay a curly-haired baby sleeping sweetly beneath the patchwork quilt. On the dresser cups and saucers and plates were neatly arranged and the shining pewter covers were ranged against the wall. The settle in the chimney corner shone with much rubbing and the sanded floor was almost as white as the snow outside. Strong chairs and a few footstools were ready for the family that were expected on the morrow to come from their home in a distant settlement to spend the Christmas day with their old friends from their Devonshire home. Passing backwards and forwards to lay the supper on the table was a rosy-cheeked, buxom matron who with a smile took up the old card as memories of climbing bells and the visits of the waits on Christmas eve in other years passed through her mind.

Long Metre Doxology.

Invocation Prayer. Rev. F. T. Tapscott

Hymn. "This stone to Thee in Faith we lay."

Scripture Lesson (1 Kings 8, 22-30) Rev. T. W. G. Astone

Solo. "He shall feed His flock"

"Come unto Me"

From Messiah—Handel Mrs. Gideon Hicks and Mrs. Harry Briggs

Address. Rev. Joseph McCay

Reading of Declaration and Deed of Gift. Rt. Rev. Bishop Perrin

Presentation to Trustees

Dedicatory Prayer. Rt. Rev. Bishop Perrin

Solo. "It with all your hearts"

From Elijah A. T. Goward, Esq.

Address. Rev. A. Henderson Solo. "O rest in the Lord"

Mrs. Gideon Hicks

Hymn "Rejoice today with one accord"

Benediction. Rev. H. A. Carson

Musical service led by Ladies Choir

Organist—Miss Fox

Violinist—Mr. Jesse Longfield

Solo. "The Secret."

Wife (reminiscing)—"Well, I very nearly didn't marry you, John."

John (absent-mindedly)—"I know—but who told you?"—The Sketch.

Physical.

"Effie," said Margie, who was laboriously spelling words from a first reader, "how can I tell which is a 'd' and which is a 'b'?"

"Why," replied Effie, wisely, "the 'd' has its tummy on its back."—Tit-Bits.

Like an Opera.

Olelimper—"Is your married life one grand sweet song?"

Newlywed—"Well, since our baby's been born it's been more like an opera, full of grand marches, with loud calls for the author every night."

"Musical America."

Carrying It Far.

"So when Belle rejected John, he went immediately and proposed to Maud." "Yet; but that wasn't the best of it. What do you think?"

He gave Maud an order on Belle for the engagement ring."—Boston Transcript.

A New Attachment.

The editor of the magazine was somewhat dubious. "Curious," said he, "that this anecdote of Napoleon has never been in print before."

"It has been in print before," explained the space writer, "but not attached to Napoleon."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gold of the world when the sun is up,

And the bloom of the gorse bounds everywhere.

As the amber lamp on the buttercup

So is her hair.

Moon of the night when the stars are hid.

And her silver beams are on every place;

As a lotus lily that opens its lid

So is her face.

Soft as a dream when the shadows fall,

When the toil and heat of the hours depart.

And the gray doves coo in the ivied wall.

So is her heart.

—Pall Mall Gazette

XMAS GREETINGS

ONCE more old Time has brought around its Christmas time of pleasures. We wish Victorians, every one, all joys, in fullest measure.

M. W. WAITT & CO., LTD.
Herbert Kent, Manager

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS

In a tumbler of excellent "wassail," we wish you all possible happiness at this

CHRISTMAS SEASON

We feel convinced that you will pledge us in return and drink success to

The West End Grocery Company, Ltd.
1002 Government St.

Tels. 88 and 1761

XMAS TURKEY

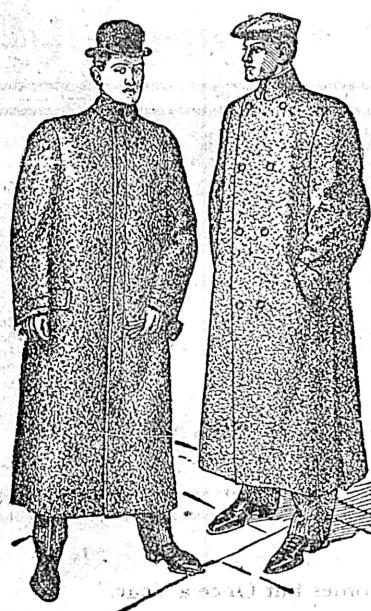
ISLAND TURKEY, per lb.	30c

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Christmas Greetings

We sincerely wish
you all a very
Merry Christmas

FINCH & FINCH



There Is Real Economy

IN
Sovereign Brand
Motor Over-
Coats
CLOTHING

Their cost is extremely low when compared with the materials of which they are made, their style and superior workmanship.

Ask your dealer for Sovereign Brand. Write us if he does not keep it.
W. E. SANFORD MFG. CO., LIMITED
Hamilton Winnipeg

FOLEY'S PREMIER

GRAHAM WAFERS

FOLEY'S FANCY BISCUITS

No fancy biscuits could be more pleasing either to the taste or in appearance than Foley's "Fig Newton" and "Sultana Fruit" biscuits.

These biscuits have established a demand for themselves in thousands of Western Canadian homes—and there are thousands of other homes where they will be equally popular just as soon as they are once tried.

Next time you buy fancy biscuits, ask for these by name. Tell your dealer to send you either "Fig Newtons" or "Sultana Fruits". You will find them richly flavored and unusually pleasing and satisfying to the taste.

Whenever you buy biscuits, the name "Foley" will be a guarantee of perfect purity, finest flavor and greatest freshness. Ask for Foley's.

FOLEY'S OATMEAL WAFERS

The immense popularity of our oat-meal wafers has been won distinctly by Foley quality. They have had a steady growth in popular favor.

Do you know the exceptionally pleasing features of these wafers—their highly nutritious value as a food? Nothing healthier for the family to eat than Foley's Oatmeal Wafers.

As in the case of the sodas, after securing a perfect wafer by using pure ingredients and the highest skill in baking, we also make sure that they will reach the buyer fresh, crisp, in perfect condition.

Shipped the day made, in air-tight boxes and tins—never taken from made-up stock. Just as delightfully flavored when placed on your table as when they leave the factory.

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The immense popularity of our oat-meal wafers has been won distinctly by Foley quality. They have had a steady growth in popular favor.

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FOLEY BROS. LARSON & CO.

EDMONTON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

EASY VICTORY FOR STANLEY AT TACOMA

TACOMA, Dec. 23.—Running easily all the way and finishing with a fine burst of speed, William Stanley, the San Francisco runner who has been running in Victoria, last night won the 10-mile indoor race at Dreamland rink, distancing his nearest competitor by 13 laps, or almost a mile! Louis Heidinger, the Alaskan, was second, 13 laps behind Stanley, while Rinaldo Wilson of Tacoma was third, four laps behind Heidinger. Cleary, another Tacoma runner, who began the race dropped out in the seventh mile.

The time as announced by the judges was 52 minutes and 14 seconds, which breaks Alfred Shrub's record for indoor running by a minute and one second. However, there is little likelihood that the record will ever be recognized as the course has not been measured with a steel tape and there was a difference of opinion among the timers as to the time. Stanley believes he can beat any man in the world and issued a public challenge after the race.

There was no question about Stanley's superiority. He gave Wilson and

Cleary a handicap of one lap and started from scratch with Heidinger, who refused the handicap. Stanley set a stiff pace at the start and soon took the lead, overcoming the handicaps of the other two men. The spectators expected to see him slow up as the race wore on, but he kept going at the same pace, gaining a lap on the other runners in about every eight. Long before the race was over it was evident that Stanley would win unless he collapsed. He finished strong and his last lap gained half the distance around the rink in one circuit.

MANY CURLERS TO PLAY AT NELSON

ROSSLAND, Dec. 23.—The British Columbia Curling Association held its annual meeting here at which the most important matter was the decision to hold a bonspiel in Nelson on January 24th, weather permitting. It was ascertained that a large number of rinks would be prepared to enter.

The following officers were elected: H. P. McCrory, Rossland, patron; J. G. Bunyan, Nelson, president; W. G. McMynn, Greenwood, first vice-president; James Buchanan, Trail, second

vice-president; A. McCowan, Cranbrook, third vice-president; Rev. F. H. Graham, Nelson, chaplain; George A. Hunter, Nelson, secretary-treasurer.

Executive committee: C. D. Blackwood, D. Guthrie, F. A. Starkey, Nelson; J. A. Hartley, Phoenix; J. S. C. Fraser, Rossland; Judge Wilson, Cranbrook.

Representatives were present from Nelson, Rossland, Trail, Phoenix, Greenwood and Cranbrook.

ATTELL AND MOWAT

FIGHT ON MONDAY

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 23.—Abe Atell and Tommy Mowatt, of this city, will box ten rounds before the Twin City Athletic club here next Monday night. The match will be at catch weights. Interest attaches to the bout because Mowatt has been out of the ring for four years, and upon his showing in this fight largely depends whether he will re-enter the boxing game.

Stanley, the Swedish distance runner, known to all Victorians, won at Tacoma. At last he has succeeded in taking premier honors. That is the reward of perseverance.

It looks as though the southerners would win again. They are trained to

TODAY'S ATTRACTIONS

Road Race.
Empress Club's annual handicap, starting at 10 o'clock from the hotel.

Association Football.
Victoria West vs. A. O. F., starting at 10 o'clock at Oak Bay. (Island League match.)

North Ward vs. Baraca, starting at 10 o'clock on Beacon Hill upper grounds.

Y. M. C. A. vs. Regiment, starting at 10 o'clock at Beacon Hill lower grounds.

Esquimalt vs. Beacon Hill, starting at 10 o'clock at the Canteen grounds.

Golf.
Men's foursomes competition at Oak Bay links.

First of I. L. Series Between Local Teams Takes Place This Morning

WESTS TO MEET A. O. F. TODAY

BIG MATCH AT OAK BAY GROUNDS

Three Excellent Second Division Games Will Be Played on Different Grounds

Victoria West vs. A. O. F.

To sacerdote the above is today's banner attraction. It is an Island League game; the first of a really local character; starts at 10 o'clock; and the conflict's scene is the Oak Bay arena.

Words would be wasted in an attempt to show just how inevitable it is that the contest should be worth the money paid at the gate and the time exhausted in watching it. Hence let it suffice to say that the Wests are the holders of last year's city league championship, that they are well in the lead in the race for the prize of 1909-10, and that they have visions of the Island plum and, after that, the premier British Columbia place. With all that at stake it goes without saying that they are going to do their "durndest" to turn the aces. And, in behalf of the A. O. F. it should be added that with a strong combination—one of the finest that has been assembled here since the day of the old Victoria-Columbia potlatches—they may be relied upon to give the mors from across the harbor more than a mere Christmas dinner appetizer.

Second Division Games:

Here they are:

North Ward vs. Baraca.
Y. M. C. A. vs. Regiment.
Esquimalt vs. Beacon Hill.

There's a great variety there for the choice of the enthusiast. After glancing over them should any prove tempting all that is necessary is to scan the summary of today's attractions to find where and when they will be played. Two of the teams indicated have more than a win to think of—that is a victory will mean more to them and a defeat more serious than to the others. These are the Beacon Hill and North Ward aggregations. Both are making a strong run for the championship. The Hills are at the zenith and the other eleven follows closely. Among the followers of the series the struggle is being closely watched. Every fixture finds them out in force to see whether the Hills slip a cog and drop or whether North Ward meets with a similar mishap. Without a doubt the competition is one of the most interesting that has been brought off among the second divisioners for years.

After Seniors' Scals.

And the boys who work in that section aren't at all fearful of the seniors. They regard them with a complacent feeling of equality—perhaps superiority. In order that it may be decided just how they stack up against those associating with the firsts the suggestion has been made that, on the completion of the league an eleven be chosen from the best of the organization to meet the winners of the Victoria trophy.

When that comes watch the sparks fly!

VANCOUVER PLANS A MODERN YACHT CLUB

The destruction of their club house by fire hasn't discouraged members of the Vancouver Yacht club.

A new home costing \$10,000—quarters that may be utilized by both the yacht and rowing organizations—is planned.

Already the preliminary steps have been taken in that direction. Work will begin without delay and it is hoped early next spring the club will be ready for occupancy.

The misfortune has had only one bad effect: it has induced the club to decide not to undertake the construction of a yacht to enter the Alexandra Cup competition. In the next annual international meet to be held here next July Had the Terminal City shoudered the responsibility it is possible that Victoria would have done something along the same line in order that the race might be a three-cornered affair. Now the consensus of opinion locally is that this city will march time, deeming it sufficiently heavy a duty to prepare for the regatta, to entertain the thousand or more visitors who will be here at that time, and to provide entries for the other events included in the programme.

CALIFORNIANS MEET CANADIANS TODAY

After months of training, fresh from a try-out on the campus of the University of Washington, ruddy with the glow of health and keen to get in the game, the California student rugby team meets Vancouver's best at the Terminal City today in the first of a series of matches for the possession of the Keith trophy, which bears with it the Pacific Coast championship.

It looks as though the southerners

would win again. They are trained to

THORPE'S OLD ENGLISH GINGER BEER has a smack of its own

BOWLING

Fort Street Alleys now open.

Ten Cents Per Game

the minute and they are keen, while the team's personnel is just as worthy as that which wrested the honors from the British Columbians a year ago. The Canadians haven't these advantages. They are weaker than in the past. Of that there can be no doubt. Still, within the last three weeks they have bucked up remarkably and it is the hope of those who have been anxiously watching them that they may be able to more than cope with the formidable array that has come with visions of the silverware.

JAMES BAY BALL

NEW YEAR'S EVE

The dance to be given on New Year's Eve, under the auspices of the Rugby members of the James Bay Athletic association, promises to be one of the events of the season. The committee has been hard at work for some time past on the various details, and will be assisted in the table decorations by a committee of young ladies. Chaperones for the occasion will be announced later.

The musical programme, as arranged by Miss Heater, who has charge of the orchestra, will be as follows:

Extra waltz.

1—Waltz Amoureuse

2—Two step O Pichie

3—Waltz Up in My Aeroplane

4—Two Step...Don't Take Me Home

5—Barn Three Twins

6—Waltz Cribribin

7—Two Step Cubanca Glide

8—Waltz Oriental

9—Two Step Wild Cherries

10—Waltz Easter Lilles

11—New Year two step...Big Night Tonight.

Extras. 1, 2, 3.

12—Waltz Old Vienna

13—Two step Corn Shucks

14—Waltz Marsovia

15—Three step Lucky Morn

16—Two Step...Black and White

17—Waltz Dolores

18—Two Step Dixi Jungle

19—Waltz Jolly Fellows

Another week and the 1909 shooting season will be at an end.

While probably there are none who enter into the festivities of Yuletide with more whole-hearted abandon than the sportsman, because the coming of Christmas means the close approach of the close season, his joy is tingued with regret.

There are many genuine enthusiasts who will even forego their Christmas dinner in order that they may have an opportunity of spending the holiday with nature's favorite shot gun and dog. Never does the 25th of December roll around but that the morning E. & N. train carries a few of these disciples of Nimrod to some little log cabin—their country headquarters in and out of season, the point from which they are prone to peregrinate in search of the fleet-winged willow, the more clumsy blue grouse, and the wily gaudy-garbed pheasant. Some of these loyal votaries of the chase will be out today.

On New Year's day the storm arm of the law encloses the feathered game in an all-encompassing embrace, warning off all who would dare to trespass with an uncompromising countenance.

With the beginning of January the sportsmen will begin to look forward to the coming fall. During this period of hibernation it is thought that there will be revived the long dead Fish and Game Club. That there is a use for this organization and that it should be revived for certain purposes is the opinion of a number of those interested in British Columbia game protection and, likewise, in the safeguarding of the lives of those in the habit of finding healthy amusement in tracking down the denizens of Vancouver Island's forests when the law allows.

What are these important matters?

The game of the district round about Victoria is decreasing. Of that there isn't the slightest doubt. There are some who would be willing to forbear an onslaught on the birds for one year if they thought that, at the end of that period, there would be sufficient improvement to warrant the patience. And there are others who think that a nominal license fee should be imposed by the Provincial government in order that pothunters would be discouraged, the number flaunting firearms decreased, and the danger of accidents minimized.

These are the issues which remain for the sportsmen to deal with and it is for their consideration that many

CUTLERY

G. Wostenholm and Sons' "I X L" Brand
H. Boker & Co's "Tree" Brand

We carry the largest stock in the City, including over 500 styles of Pen and Pocket Knives.

Carvers and Table Cutlery in Great Variety

See our special souvenir Pocket Knife of Vancouver Island

E. G. Prior & Co., Ltd. Ly.

CHRISTMAS, 1909.

So the years flow on, and one Christmas follows another, and we eat and drink and are merry; we greet our Xmas friends and we speed the parting guest and look forward to another merry meeting when old Father Time has made another revolution of his wheel.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON TO FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

W. G. Cameron

The Cash Clothier.
581, Johnson Street.

AN XMAS JINGLE

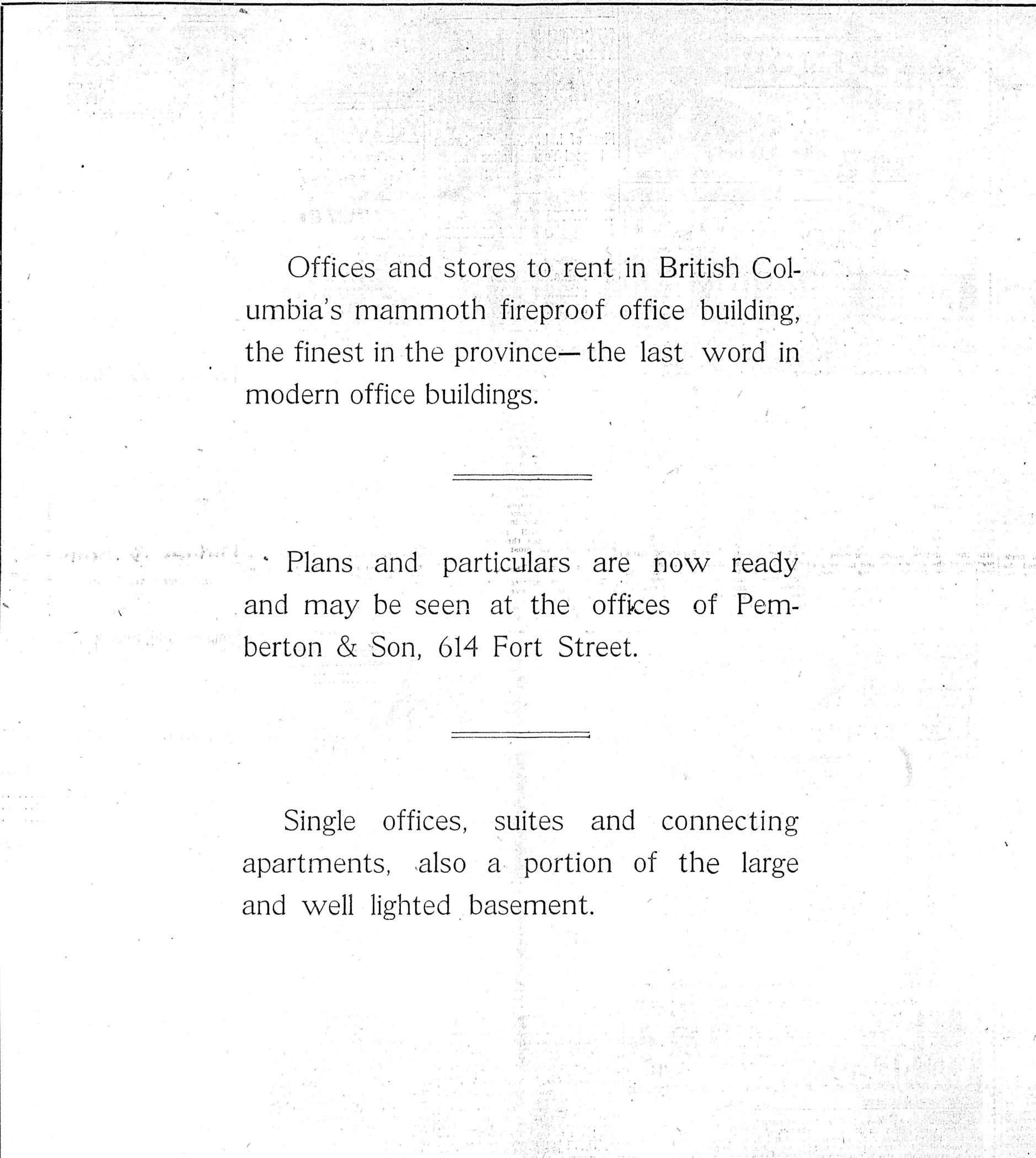
"Now Christmas has come, let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbors together,
And when they appear, let us make such good cheer
As will keep out the wind and the weather."

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON TO ALL.

J. R. COLLISTER
Successor to John Barnsley & Co.
1821 GOVT. ST.
PHONE 663

<img alt="Illustration of a bottle of Perfection Scotch Whisky." data-bbox="710

The New Pemberton Block



Offices and stores to rent in British Columbia's mammoth fireproof office building, the finest in the province—the last word in modern office buildings.

Plans and particulars are now ready and may be seen at the offices of Pemberton & Son, 614 Fort Street.

Single offices, suites and connecting apartments, also a portion of the large and well lighted basement.

The New Pemberton Block

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

F. W. Rolf, of Edmonton, is an Empire guest.

H. E. Newton went over to Seattle last evening to spend Christmas.

E. H. Fletcher left last night on the Princess Victoria on a trip to Seattle.

H. R. Houston went over to Seattle last evening on the Princess Charlotte.

D. L. T. Leavay, from Port Townsend, is a visitor in town.

Mr. F. W. Rolf, from Edmonton, is a Christmas visitor in town.

Mrs. Pooley, Lampson street, was hostess at a very smart dance last evening.

Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Ewing, from Prince Rupert, are visitors in town for Christmas.

Mr. William Moscrip, from Prince Rupert, is in Victoria, and will spend Christmas here.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Creeden, from Calgary, are spending some little time in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Dundas are going up to Shawinigan to spend Christmas with Colonel and Mrs. Dundas.

Mr. and Mrs. John Peldien, from Seattle, are spending Christmas at Oak Bay.

Mr. T. M. Chatterley, from Tacoma, is spending Christmas in town, the guests of relatives in Fort street.

Mr. D. E. Fitzgerald, from Alberni, is spending Christmas in town, and is a guest at the Empress.

Mr. T. H. Hopwood and Mr. S. M. Godfrey, from London, England, are Christmas visitors in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Haywood, from Boston, Mass., are spending Christmas in Victoria.

J. D. Fraser, of Ladysmith, is relieving Chief Despatcher Armstrong during the holidays.

Mrs. George Winter and son Ronald have gone over to Vancouver to spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Winter's brothers.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Winkworth, from Fulham, London, England, are the guests of relatives in town for Christmas.

J. H. Brownlee, James Anderson, J. W. Givens and James W. Smith are the Vancouverites spending Christmas at the Empress.

L. V. and Mrs. Cuppage, of Vancouver, are spending Christmas with the latter's parents, Dr. and Mrs. I. W. Powell, of "Oakdene."

Building Inspector W. W. Northcott left yesterday for Ladysmith, where he will spend the Christmas holidays with relatives.

Miss Herma Wilson returned home yesterday from Seattle to spend the Christmas Tide at home with her parents.

Among the passengers on the Princess Charlotte last night for Seattle were H. Greenfeller, Miss Home, J. A. Gardner, Miss Anderson and W. T. Black.

Ovington Watt, Vancouver, and Archibald Watt, Seattle, arrived home yesterday to spend Christmas with their parents at Dunedin, Monzies street.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Denborough, from Ottawa, are spending Christmas on the coast, and are at present in Victoria.

Mr. Lyle B. Moss arrived in the city yesterday afternoon on the Princess Victoria from Seattle to spend the Christmas holidays with his numerous friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Penketh and Mrs. Penketh's sister of Bremerton, Wash., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Penketh, Frederick street.

Among Vancouver visitors at present in town are Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Greer, Mr. James Anderson, Mr. J. H. Brownlee, Mr. James W. Smith, Mr. S. W. A. Code, Mr. A. MacDonald, Mr. W. H. Goggins, Mr. S. P. Fontner, Mr. T. Russell, Mr. R. Power, Mr. D. S. Seater, Mr. Thomas Clouston, Mr. W. Eastmead, Mr. and Mrs. Chapelle, Mr. W. E. Dallyn, Mr. S. T. Marsden, Mr. R. T. Vyvyan, Mr. C. T. Ynell, Mr. W. F. Zack and Mr. Howard Albin.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Shaftesbury Society's Subscription
Sir:—On behalf of the society we wish to express our hearty thanks to the officers of Sunday Schools and the public generally who have so interested themselves and willingly subscribed to the Xmas Dinner Fund for poor children. When this fund was started in 1904 it never was intended to organize a canvass for subscriptions but simply accept voluntary offerings. Enthusiastic supporters of the cause have canvassed from time to time but always with the authority of the treasurer. The one hundred and sixteen pounds cabled on Friday will be expended on public dinners in the poorest districts of London. Invitations are given only to those most needy. Late subscriptions are being forwarded by mail and are used by the society for the benefit of crippled children.

We wish to express hearty thanks for the cordial co-operation of the Press.

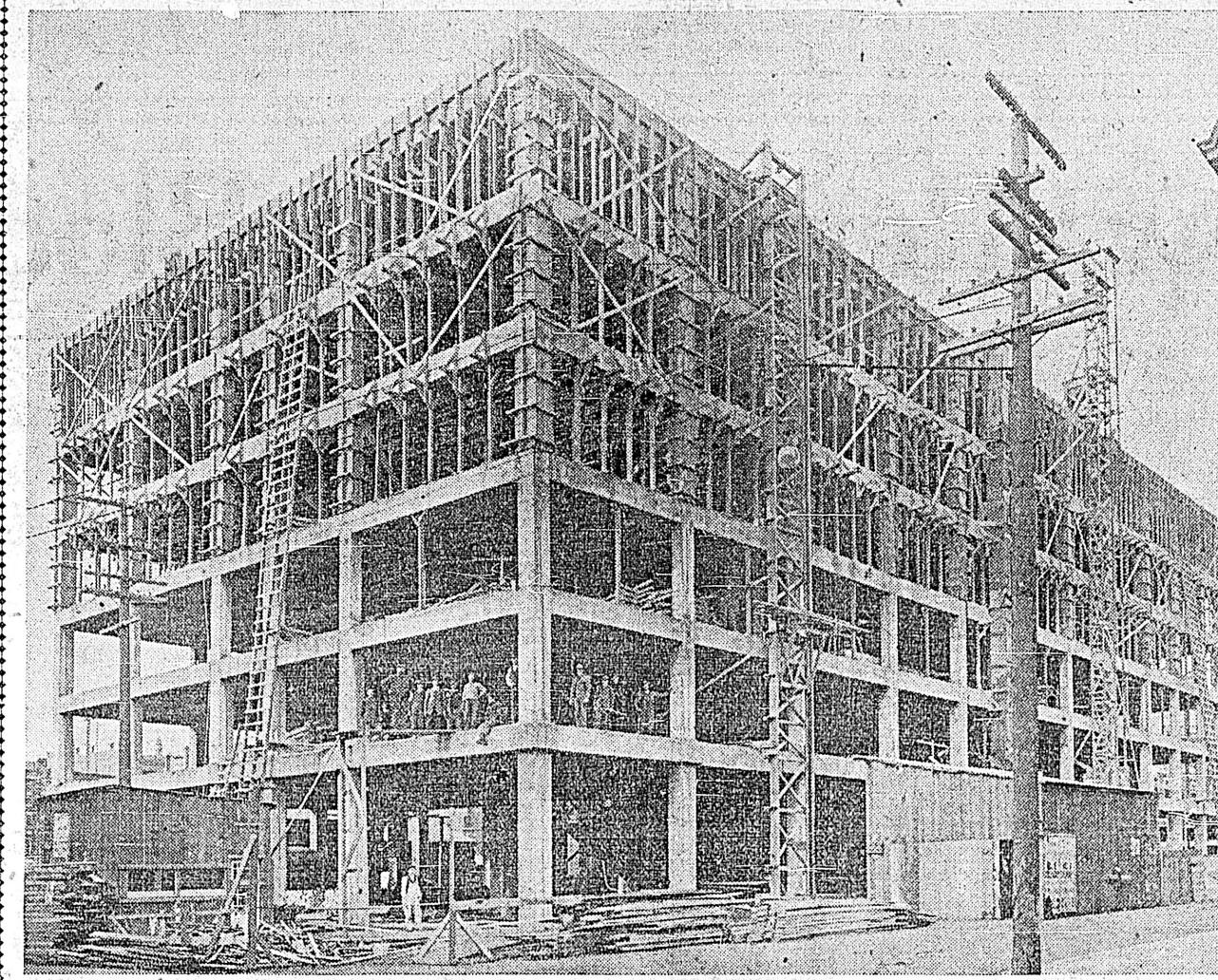
J. T. DEAVILLE, Chairman.
W. B. FISHER, Secretary.

A. J. GRACE, Treasurer.

Will Benefit Regina.

REGINA, Sask., Dec. 24.—The steel-laying gang has started work placing rails on the Regina-Bulyea extension of the Canadian Pacific. A large gang is at work, and only twelve miles remain to be connected up, the new road should be opened shortly after the first of the new year. Opening of the line will give Regina a new direct connection with Saskatoon via the Canadian Northern. It will also form a connecting link between the Kitchener branch and the Regina and Sheep branch, and Regina is thus adding greatly to the wholesale territory tributary to the city.

New Pemberton Block as it Appears Today



A Floor of the Pemberton Block, Showing the brick piled in centre to test its strength

Member for Dufferin

ORANGEVILLE, Dec. 24.—John A. Best of Mulmur, was elected by acclamation today as member of the Dominion house from Dufferin. The seat was formerly held by Dr. Barr, who died suddenly recently. No Liberal candidate was nominated.

May End Life in Prison.

CHATHAM, Ont., Dec. 24.—Fritz Diehn, alias Chapman, convicted a few days ago of switching a valise containing over \$1,000 at Tilbury over a year ago, was sentenced yesterday to ten

years in penitentiary. Diehn is now 64 years old, and is a noted crook.

W. J. Bryan III.

JACKSONVILLE, Dec. 24.—W. J. Bryan, who has been in this city for several days as the guest of his cousin, Ex-Governor Wm. S. Jennings, was too ill tonight to deliver his scheduled address at the Duval theatre for the benefit of local hospital. Mr. Bryan is suffering from a severe cold, and is threatened with pneumonia. He has cancelled all future dates and will remain here for several days.

Board of Conciliation.

OTTAWA, Dec. 24.—Wallace Nesbit, K. C., has been appointed to represent the company and W. T. J. Lee the men while J. E. Atkinson, managing director of the Toronto Star, has been appointed chairman of the board of conciliation in the case of the Grand Trunk railway telegraphers and station agents east of Detroit. Questions of wages, extra pay for Sunday work and annual vacations are involved.

British Capital in Canada

LONDON, Dec. 24.—Canada, in the

opinion of stock brokers, is greatly benefiting for the moment from the feeling of insecurity created by the political tension and threatened increase in taxation. Leading Canadian bank agencies here say that during the past few months \$36,000,000 has been deposited in the principal banks in Canada by British investors, with instructions to re-invest in Canada with interest as it accrues, and so avoid the British income tax and the super-tax.

Advertise in THE COLONIST

HER DEATH WAS HOURLY EXPECTED

Enterprise, Ont., Oct. 1, 1908.

"For seven years I suffered with what physicians called a 'Water Tumor.' I could neither sit, stand nor lie down. Hypodermics of morphine had to be given me to ease the pain."



MRS. JAMES FENWICK

My cure seemed hopeless and my friends hourly expected my death. I was so bad that I wanted to die, and it was during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of "Fruit-a-tives" to the house. After much persuasion I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was only when I had taken nearly two boxes that I commenced to experience relief. I kept up the treatment, however, and after taking five boxes I was cured, and when I appeared on the street my friends said: "The dead has come to life," and this seemed literally true, because I certainly was at death's door."

(Sgd.) Mrs. JAMES FENWICK.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50¢ a box—5 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25¢ or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

A DELICIOUS DRINK

BAKER'S COCOA



Registered
U.S. Pat. Office

Made by a scientific blending of the best tropical fruit. It is a perfect food, highly nourishing and easily digested.

52 HIGHEST AWARDS

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.

Established 1760 Dorchester, Mass.

Branch House: 86 St. Peter St., Montreal

The British Columbia
Dairymen's Association

Under the auspices of the Provincial Government Department of Agriculture, will hold a

Dairy Farm Competition

Running from

1st January to 31st Dec. 1910

PRIZES TO BE AWARDED.

CHALLENGE CUP

Cup to be won three times, not necessarily in succession, before becoming the absolute property of competitor.

A Gold Medal will be awarded to the successful competitor securing the cup each year, as also will Silver and Bronze Medals be given the next two best competitors in order of merit.

Entries close 1st January, 1910.

For further particulars and entry forms, apply to

R. W. HODSON,
Secretary-treasurer.

Live Stock Commissioner's Office, Department of Agriculture, Victoria, B. C.

N.B.—Competitors before entering competition must be duly enrolled as members of the British Columbia Dairymen's Association, the membership fee being One Dollar, which should be forwarded to the above-named Secretary-treasurer.

Davies & Sons

742 Fort Street, Phone 742

VIEW ST., between Quadra and Vancouver, 60 x 120, with 5-roomed house in good condition. Price \$4500

ROSE ST., 70 x 133, 6-roomed house. Good buy. Price

ONE ACRE, Burnside road, good ground, no rock. Price

TWENTY ACRES, near Alberni. Price

CORNER LOT, 50 x 135, cor. Shakespeare and Denman sts. Price

Terms and other information at

Davies & Sons

Auctioneers and Estate Agents

742 Fort Street - Phone 742

Stewart Williams & Co.

Duly instructed by the executor of the late Mrs. Wallace, will sell by PUBLIC AUCTION at

1116 FORT STREET

JUST ABOVE COOK STREET,

ON

Tuesday, Dec. 28

AT 2 O'CLOCK.

A QUANTITY OF

Household Furniture and Effects

including Large Range, Cooking Utensils, 3 Kitchen Tables, Kitchen chairs, Sewing Machine, Linoleum, Dinner Service, Tea Sets, Crockery, Glass Ware, Cutlery, Ex. Table, Walnut Sideboard, Chairs, Arm Chairs, a quantity of Books, several up. Arm Chairs, Oc. Tables, Jardinières, Settees, Sofas, Wicker Chairs, several double and single Iron Bedsteads, Spring and Top Mattresses, Blankets, Pillows, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Bureaus, Washstands, Toilet Ware, Jugs, Vases, 2 Lathe Mowers, Hose Tools, Lady's Bicycle, Curtains, Large Chest of Drawers, Jam Jars, Clock, Carpets, Matting, Rugs, and other goods too numerous to mention.

On view the morning of the sale.

Stewart Williams, The Auctioneer.

The Walker House

Toronto's Favorite Hotel

Adjoins Union Station. Cars to all parts pass doors. Spacious rooms, remodeled and handsomely furnished. The cuisine is unsurpassed. American and European plans.

Geo. Wright and Mack Carroll, Late of Winnipeg, Proprietors.

Convenient and
Comfortable

STUDY THE MATTER

of heat, and the quality and price of the appliances for producing both and then let us figure with you on

PLUMBING AND STEAM HEATING.

We can save you money. All our Heating Appliances are new in design and constructed on improved principles. Do not place your order until you have secured our prices. We will be pleased to give you an estimate.

HAYWARD & DODS

Sanitary Plumbing and Heating, Fort street.

To the Electors of Saanich
Municipality

Ladies and Gentlemen—Having decided to offer myself as candidate at the forthcoming election for Reeve, I beg to solicit your votes and influence.

H. PUCKLE

Subscribe for THE COLONIST

Important Sale of Curios, Naval Goods, Etc.

STEWART WILLIAMS & COMPANY

Duly Instructed by THE ALASKA BAZAAR, will sell by Public Auction at 1120 GOVERNMENT STREET

—ON—

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY

at 2:30 o'clock

MONDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY

at 8 o'clock

the whole of their valuable stock of

CURIOS CURIOS CURIOS

Including Brassware, Baneras Ware, Damascus Ware, Moradabad Ware, Vases, Fancy Goods, Leather Goods, Copper Kettles, Brass Candlesticks, Silverware, Mocassins, Shell Goods, Purases, Necklaces, Antiques, Souvenir Goods, Amber Goods, Spoons, Scarf Pins, Brooches, Walking Sticks, etc.; also a Walnut Desk, Electric and Gas Fittings, Shelving, Glass Cases, Picture Post Card Stands, Tables, Heater, and other goods too numerous to mention.

On view all the time.

STEWART WILLIAMS — THE AUCTIONEER

VICTORIA REAL ESTATE

A FEW BUSINESS SPECS.

GOOD CORNER, 90ft. x 140ft., already partly business, producing 10 per cent. gross. A bargain at \$9,500
 GOVERNMENT STREET, 120ft. x 60ft. Corner. At \$15,000
 FORT STREET; double frontage, 90ft. x 240ft., improved \$10,000
 HARBOR WATER FRONTAGE, with about 3 acres land. A bargain \$10,000

PANDORA STREET, three-story brick and lot, 50ft. x 120ft. \$15,000
 LANGLEY STREET, two-story and basement brick building \$15,000
 PANDORA STREET, close to Douglas Street, lot 60 ft. frontage improved \$12,000
 HUMBOLDT STREET, close to Douglas Street, full-sized lot \$12,000

B.C. LAND & INVESTMENT AGENCY

922 Government Street LIMITED

Victoria, B.C.

Fire Insurance Written—Phoenix of London.

Farms—Ask for Printed List

A Few Good Corners

Corner Niagara and Mepzies, 55 x 120	\$1,850
Corner View and Vancouver, 60 x 120	\$4,500
Corner Yates and Quadra, 60 x 60	\$10,000
Corner Yates and Vancouver, 60 x 120	\$15,000
Corner Douglas and Discovery, 60 x 120	\$17,500
Corner Fort and Blanchard, 60 x 120	\$30,000
Yates Street, 60 x 120, next to corner of Vancouver	\$7,000

Reasonable Terms.

For Sale, Suburban Hotel

Business derived from railway, steamboats, local industries; profits, \$5,000 per year. A snap for a few days only. Terms.

SOLE AGENTS.

P. R. BROWN, LIMITED

PHONE 1076.

1130 BROAD STREET.

P. O. Box 428.

Where Rail and Water Meet

270 feet on Waterfront, with Wharves and Storehouses at the junction of three of the city's main thoroughfares, in the heart of the wholesale district and close to railway facilities, an ideal site for large warehouse or manufacturing plant. \$25,000 cash handles this. Price \$75,000. Anyone looking for waterfrontage would do well to investigate this.

PEMBERTON & SON

614 FORT STREET

AT THE CITY HOTELS

At the Empress

T. E. Wilson, Vancouver; Thos. Jenkins, J. A. Shand, Vancouver; R. L. Blackburn, Ottawa; W. P. Gowell, A. T. Crighton, Vancouver; Mrs. Southgate, Fred Godman, London; Temple Godman, London; Chas. L. Holmes, wife and baby, Baltimore; A. W. McCallum, wife and baby, Elkhorn; H. P. Dickinson, Rossland; Mrs. W. H. Steers, Miss Lois Stevens, Miss Wynn Cowan, Portland; Frang G. Gardner, New Westminster; J. L. Mears, Seattle; Robert Cassidy, P. W. Elkington, Sidney; Mr. and Mrs. Porter Worsnop, Vancouver; W. H. Whittle, Namalmo; Stanley McLeod, Dr. T. Glendon Moody and wife, Dr. P. Moody and wife, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Johnson, Vancouver; T. S. Copinger, Minden; J. C. Coode, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. McNeil, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hill, E. W. Rawson, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. Maddox, Winnipeg; W. G. Mackenzie, William Frederick Gardner, Vancouver.

At the Empress

Mr. and Mrs. R. Dawson, Chemainus; G. D. Steedman, C. A. McKenzie, Seattle; C. N. Peters and wife, H. P. Gardner, Vancouver; G. Davison, San Francisco; John Taylor, E. Paul, W. Evans, Vancouver; J. C. Gates, Toronto; A. C. Finlay, J. Smith, Vancouver; J. Sampson, C. C. Andrews, W. Clark, W. G. Elkington, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. Newton, W. G. Bell, Seattle; J. Davis and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Marriott, Vancouver; W. E. Browne, J. B. Robertson, Edmonton.

At the Empress

Mrs. H. Howard, Metchosin; Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Reeve, Seattle; R. Fetterly, Chemainus; R. M. Oliver and wife, Nainaimo; Mrs. G. P. Pulp, San Francisco; H. B. Scharschmidt, Wm. McNair, W. P. Howard, S. J. Clarke, J. S. Muhall, Vancouver; E. Morris and wife, Calgary.

At the Dominion

S. S. Nicholas and wife, Portland; H.

GREAT FIGHT WITH FIRE

Expensive Efforts to Quench Flames in Valuable Mine Thought to Have Been Successful.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24.—There is a prospect that the fire which has been burning for fifty years in a mine at Summit Hill, Pennsylvania, at last will be extinguished. The mine contains one of the most valuable deposits of coal in the anthracite region, and millions of dollars have been spent in vain efforts to put out the fire. A Scranton construction company which had the contract for extinguishing the fire has completed its work. The company occupied a year in building a concrete wall 15 feet thick. This extends far below the mass of burning coal, and it is thought the work has had the effect of conquering the fire, but this will not be settled positively for some time.

Imperial Land Settlement

LONDON, Dec. 24.—At a conference of headmasters, Dr. Gray, headmaster at Bradford, proposed a resolution pledging their support to the public schools league for imperial land settlement. The resolution was enthusiastically carried.

Premier of Hungary

BUDAPEST, Dec. 24.—Emperor Francis Joseph today appointed Ladislaus Von Lukacs, former minister of finance, Hungarian premier. Von Lukacs will open negotiations with the various political factions with a view of forming a cabinet.

Got the Drop.

HELENA, Mont., Dec. 24.—Harry Rogers, a prominent Teton county ranchman, today shot and killed Don Correla, a Mexican, who had threatened Rogers' life because Rogers had refused to dance for him. Both drew pistols, but Rogers got the drop and killed Correla.

U. S. Immigration Vagaries

WINNIPEG, Dec. 24.—A citizen of the United States for 10 years was refused the right to return home from Canada today by the United States immigration officers. Prospero Gagnis, Fargo, N. D., came here six weeks ago on a visit to a brother. He started home yesterday and was stopped. He must remain until he

\$9,000

Is too cheap for a full sized lot on Yates street, close to Quadra, but I have a client who is willing to let one go at this price. The lots on both sides are held at \$10,000 each.

Yates is to be paved to Quadra and lighted with cluster lights. \$150 per foot is away below what similar lots in other cities bring.

For full particulars apply to

R. W. Coleman

Tel. 302. 1230 Government Street.

Victoria's charms as a residential city, and her natural advantages as a commercial and manufacturing centre, are being advertised far and wide. We want a share of the business of every progressive man and woman in the city, and we invite your attention to four particularly good buys, though they are small. They are sure winners.

A—Lot on View St., 60 x 120. A moneymaker at \$2,800.00

B—Two lots on Constance Cove, opposite Bullen's, the pair \$1,500.00

C—Two choice lots running from Belleville to Quebec. A snap at \$10,500.00

D—Seven room house and lot, 60 x 120, on Fort St., next to corner Vancouver \$6,100.00

Our list of good centre property is getting down. We invite owners to list without delay.

BOND & CLARK, Suite 8, Mahon Block, 1112 Government St.

Representatives for Victoria and District for The Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York

10 Per Cent

We have 3 houses on Vancouver St. rented for \$50.00 a month for which the owner will take \$5,000.00; 1/2 cash. This is over 10 per cent. on money invested. Buy now—tomorrow may be too late and you have lost another chance.

The North West Real Estate Co.

709 Yates St.

Buy a 1lb box CASCARETS—week's treatment—and have it handy to use every night, Xmas week.

We Have Sold Most of the REAL ESTATE

That was listed with us, and are now preparing a new list. If you want to dispose of your property give us particulars immediately and we will find a buyer.

GILLESPIE & HART

1115 Langley St. (Mahon Building).

Phone 2040

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.
 by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous membrane of the ear. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound in imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless this inflammation can be removed, and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous membranes.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send by D. Nichols, 75c.

F. J. CHENY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.
 Sold by Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

VICTORIA REAL ESTATE

Corner Lot On Fort Street

Two stores and two dwellings, fronts on three streets

\$15,500 PRICE—QUICK SALE \$15,500

SOLE AGENTS

Established 1890 **R. S. DAY & B. BOGGS**

620 FORT STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

For Sale

**PRICE
\$5300**

Lot 60 x 120 with cottage situate on Fort Street.

Four street car services on Fort St. This is bound, now and in the future, to influence the business growth of Fort St.

**SWINERTON & MUSGRAVE
1206 Government St.**

ALL GOOD INVESTMENTS

YATES STREET—Between Douglas and Blanchard, 60 x 120	\$39,000
QUADRA STREET, corner 120x120 close in, three two-story houses in good repair. Rents \$65 per month. Quadra street has a good business future. Only.....	\$7,500
FORT STREET, corner of Cook street, double corner. A good speculation at.....	\$10,500

DOUGLAS STREET, corner of Bay, 108 x 108. Will be on new Esquimalt car line built via Douglas. Only	\$7,000
DOUGLAS STREET, between Chatham and Discovery, 60 x 60.....	\$9,000
FORT STREET—Six-roomed house, stone foundation, well rented. Lot 60 x 120. Between Vancouver and Cook	\$6,300

E. C. B. BAGSHAWE & CO.

Phone 2271

1212 Broad Street

TWO GOOD BUYS

James Bay

Two-roomed House, on Boyd street, on 2 lots. Tennis lawn and garden. Large music room 42 x 22, on ground floor. Easy terms

Three Large Lots on Grant St., for quick sale at, each... \$550

Easy Terms.

GREEN & BURDICK BROS.

Real Estate, Insurance, Agreements of Sale Bought

Cor. Broughton and Langley Sts.

PHONE 1518

Start the New Year With One of These for a Christmas Present to Yourself

BEAUTIFUL 8 ROOM BUNGALOW, new, just completed. Panelled Hall, Pressed Brick Fireplaces, Closets off every room, Bathroom, Scullery, Toilet, Pantry. This is a model house, has a fine view of the sea from large Verandah and Windows. The ceilings are high and airy, and the rooms are large, it is heated with a new Furnace just installed. Situate in 2 lots, cleared, one block from the Street Car, in Hollywood Park. This place is worth easily \$8,000. But in order to have it occupied at once we will sell for \$4,500. Terms, \$500 cash and the balance at \$50 per month.

BUSINESS PROPERTY, situate on Johnson Street, close to Government Street. Lot 33 x 120. Improvements worth \$6,000. Rented on 5 years' lease to pay 10 per cent. on \$18,000. Price \$18,000. Terms, 1-3 cash, balance arranged.

BEACHWOOD AVENUE—Two cleared lots, one block from Car, fine view of sea, all cleared, on terms. \$75 cash and \$20 per month. Price \$900.

SIX ROOM BUNGALOW, on good clean street, Boulevards, etc., Stone Foundation, Full Basement, Cement Tubs, Furnace. Price \$3,600. Easy terms.

McPherson & Fullerton Bros.

TELEPHONE 1377

618 TROUNCE AVENUE, VICTORIA

NO WORD OF PLUMMER'S CREW

Fate of Fourteen Men Who Sailed on Derelict is Unknown—Tugs Seek Wreck.

No word has been received of the fate of the fourteen men of the crew of the wrecked schooner Susie M. Plummer, which is drifting, abandoned, a waterlogged derelict, menace to navigation, off the entrance to the straits. The hope is held that Captain Ihansen and his crew, may have been taken off by a passing steamer.

The tug Tyee, of the Puget Sound Tugboat company, and the United States revenue cutter Snohomish are searching for the wreck. Since the report of the Minnesota nothing has been heard from the derelict.

The following wireless message, signed by Captain Garlick, from the steamship Minnesota on Thursday, gave the last news of the derelict:

"10 a. m., passed derelict schooner 49°20 north and 138°30 west, dismasted, waterlogged and, no sign of life aboard; a dangerous derelict."

The position of the derelict as given by the Minnesota's wireless would have been intercepted by the wireless instruments on both the Snohomish and the Tyee, and in that event the derelict should be reported towing into the strait early today, if the hull is in any condition to stand the strain of a tow.

HUNDRED MILLIONS

U. S. Steel Corporation Plans Great Extension of Plants in Chicago District.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—About \$100,000,000 is to be spent by the United States Steel Corporation and its subsidiary companies in the steel-making territory from South Chicago to Gary, Ind. This sum is to be expended between plants and enlarging existing shops during the coming year.

E. J. Buffington, president of the Illinois Steel company, last night confirmed the rumors. Formal announcement of the estimates will be made in due time from the main offices of the United States Steel corporation, said Mr. Buffington. The extensions mean the employment of possibly 5,000 additional men. From sources other than President Buffington it is stated that the Illinois Steel company expect to erect blast furnaces

to be very strong during the next month or so, estimates furnished by different masters running from three and a half to four miles an hour, which would account for the difference in position. It is not thought probable that the derelict reported by the Minnesota can be other than the Susie M. Plummer as reported by the Japanese liner the day before.

The position of the derelict as given by the Minnesota's wireless would have been intercepted by the wireless instruments on both the Snohomish and the Tyee, and in that event the derelict should be reported towing into the strait early today, if the hull is in any condition to stand the strain of a tow.

It is in time of sudden mishap or accident that Chamberlain's Liniment can be relied upon to take the place of the family doctor, who cannot always be found at the moment. Then it is that Chamberlain's Liniment is never found wanting. In cases of sprains, cuts, wounds and bruises Chamberlain's Liniment takes out the soreness and drives away the pain.

at South Chicago, and that the Iroquois Steel company has planned to erect at least one new blast furnace.

Promen Try Again.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 24.—A ninety-two pound mince pie, a creation of the pie-bakers' association of this city, is today on its way to Washington, where the bakers hope, it will decorate the Christmas dinner table of President Taft. The pie-makers are determined that no such fate shall befall their production on this occasion as was the case with their Thanksgiving pie, which mysteriously disappeared before reaching the White House.

G. T. P. Bonds in London

LONDON, Dec. 24.—The London stock exchange has accepted and will list \$10,000,000 of Grand Trunk Pacific 3 per cent bonds, issued not long ago, with the intention being to tie the steamer in at Lower Labarge for the winter as was done a year ago last fall. Captain Langley had a very successful season with his steamer.

Captain Wallace Langley, formerly of this city, now engaged in steamboat traffic on the Tanana, has purchased another sternwheeler to add to his fleet. A letter received at White Horse from Capt. Langley tells of the hardships of a long mush from Fort Gibbon, where the Tana, while on the way out from Fairbanks, was frozen in for the winter, to Valdez where he took a boat for Seattle. Langley writes that he has purchased another steamer, the Peep, which he will operate on the upper waters of the Innoko river in connection with the Tana in handling trade between Fairbanks and the Iditarod.

Captain Jack Green, who has been with Langley for the past several years, remained in the Iditarod country for the winter.

When the Tana was frozen in at Gibbon she was on the way to this place, the intention being to tie the steamer in at Lower Labarge for the winter as was done a year ago last fall. Captain Langley had a very successful season with his steamer.

GOVERNMENT ST.

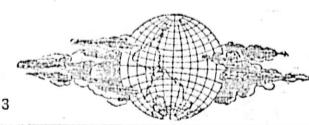
Near Weiler Bros'.

Double Frontage, 22½ feet, depth 133 feet through to Gordon street. New 2-storey Brick Building. Early possession.

GLOBE REALTY CO.

Room 7, Mahon Building

Phone 1613





On the Waterfront

FOR INCREASED HARBOR WORK

G. H. Barnard, M.P. for Victoria Striving For Increased Expenditure

COMPARES AMOUNTS EAST AND WEST

Votes for Victoria and Vancouver Meagre Compared With Eastern Harbors

G. H. Barnard, M.P. for Victoria, who has returned from Ottawa for the holidays, is making a fight for further expenditure by the Dominion in harbor improvement, which is needed for the port of Victoria. In a recent speech in the House of Commons in this regard, he called attention to the meagre amounts spent in British Columbia for this purpose in comparison with the expenditure in Eastern Canada.

He said: "Last session I gave to the House some figures as to the general expenditure by the government on harbors east of Port Arthur as compared with the expenditure on harbors on the Pacific Coast. In those figures I find that in the period from 1898 to 1909 there have been expended on eastern harbors \$7,396,446, while during the same period there have been expended on the west coast of the Dominion only \$256,178. I find from these same figures that the city of Halifax, up to the year 1908 had expended on the harbor the sum of \$1,695,732, and that the city of St. John had expended on its harbor \$988,442. In the year 1909 St. John harbor received a further appropriation of \$475,000, and in the estimates for 1909-10 there is a sum, made up of three items, amounting to \$538,500 for that harbor; so that at the end of the year 1910 there will have been expended on the St. John harbor the sum of \$1,993,142. In the estimates for the present year I find that the province of New Brunswick is to receive, in addition to the \$335,500 for the harbor of St. John, a sum of \$375,850 for harbor and river improvements generally. I find also that there is provided for the two provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick a sum of \$760,000 for dredging, and assuming that one half of that will be spent in each province, the total amount appropriated for the province of New Brunswick in the present year for this service amounts to \$1,241,550."

"Now, in these same estimates I find a general appropriation for the province of Nova Scotia of \$649,000, and adding to that half of the dredging vote (\$327,500) there will be a total of \$1,076,500 for the province of Nova Scotia. But, when we come to the province of British Columbia, we find a very different condition of things. We find that the harbor of Victoria is receiving \$65,000; that the harbor of Vancouver is receiving \$90,000; that the province of British Columbia generally is receiving for dredging \$225,000; that there is a general appropriation for harbors and rivers of \$139,850, making \$418,650 in all for the province of British Columbia. That is to say, that the province of British Columbia is to receive on account of these expenditures a sum amounting to a little less than twenty per cent of the appropriations for the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In trying to find out a reason for this, which appears to me unjust discrimination, I have examined the tonnage tables, and I find that the tonnage of sea-going vessels entered and cleared in 1909 is as follows:

Tonnage of Sea-Going Vessels Entered and Cleared, 1909.

	Tons.
Nova Scotia	4,367,946
New Brunswick	2,099,189
British Columbia	6,386,315

"This shows that the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia combined have only \$9,600 more tons than the province of British Columbia, and that the British Columbia tonnage is more than three times that of New Brunswick. But, notwithstanding that fact, the province of British Columbia receives for its harbors only forty per cent of the amount that is to be expended by the government in the province of New Brunswick. I have also taken the figures relating to the vessels engaged in the coasting trade, and I find the following result:

Tonnage of Vessels in the Coasting Trade.

	Tons.
Nova Scotia	4,136,656
New Brunswick	1,727,320
British Columbia	8,320,616

"That is to say, that the province of British Columbia has a larger coasting tonnage than the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick combined by 2,956,730 tons, or the coasting tonnage of British Columbia is more than double the coasting tonnage of the provinces of Nova Scotia, and more than five times that of the province of New Brunswick. These figures relate to the steamships only. The sailing vessels are a very small proportion, and the foreign vessels, while I am not taking into consideration only amount to ten per cent. The figures in connection with sailing vessels and foreign vessels make no change in the result.

"Now, it occurred to me that possibly this was a new condition of affairs, and, therefore, I thought it would be advisable to take the tonnage of ten years ago and to compare it with the tonnage of today, and see which province was increasing the most, and the proportion of increase. This gave me the following results:

Tonnage, Sea-Going Vessels.

	Tons.
New Brunswick	1,490,243
"	1,098,189
Increase	608,946

"—or an increase of 40 per cent.

Lame back comes on suddenly and is extremely painful. It is caused by rheumatism of the muscles. Quick relief is afforded by applying Chamberlain's Liniment.

Nova Scotia	1899.....	2,173,250
"	1908.....	4,367,946
Increase		1,694,746
—or an increase of 57 per cent.		
Tons.		
British Columbia	1899.....	6,386,438
"	1908.....	6,386,315
Increase		2,780,877
—or an increase of 75 per cent.		

"I find that the increase of tonnage for the provinces of British Columbia in that period is 2,780,877 tons, and it is not only greater than the increase of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick combined by some 500,000 tons, but the increase of tonnage for the province of British Columbia is greater than the whole of the present tonnage of the province of New Brunswick. Now, in case it should be said that the figures with regard to tonnage are not a fair criterion of the amount of business that is being done at the ports of these provinces, I have taken the figures relating to the revenue received by the Dominion from imports and exports from the different provinces, and the following is the result:

Year 1908-9.

New Brunswick, exports	\$27,214,741
"	imports..
Total	\$36,723,047

Nova Scotia exports

" imports.....

Total

British Columbia exports

" imports..

Total

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A Few of Our Good Things

Waterman Fountain Pens, best made, Red Cross style pen, each \$1.25
 Tom Tit style, each 55¢
 Bridge Sets in great variety
 Writing Portfolios, from \$1.00 to \$20.00
 Music Cases in many styles.
 Splendid line of Gentlemen's Wallets, Pocket Diaries from 25¢ to \$3.00
 All the new books that are good books, Poet's in Padded leather and other bindings. Books for Boys and Girls from 25¢ to \$1.75
 Raphael Tuck's Cards and Calendars.

Victoria Book and Stationery Co., Ltd.

WALL PAPER

We are in receipt of a few of the advance styles of Wall Paper decorations for season 1910, which we will be pleased to show.

These goods are right up to the minute and must be seen to be appreciated.

MELLOR BROS., LTD.

Phone 812 708 Fort St.

The Dominion Bank

Paid Up Capital \$ 4,000,000
 Reserves 5,400,000
 Deposits by Public 44,000,000
 Total Assets 59,000,000

Victoria B. C. Branch C. E. THOMAS, Manager
 Temporary Premises, Cor. Fort and Broad Sts.

WANIBE'S STORE

A Tombola Ticket and a Great Reduction

30 BIG PRIZES

Will be presented for every 50 cents' worth purchased from Either Store

I have spent in Japan about half a year, and brought back last month all kinds of Silk Goods and Curios.

Call and See Goods for Xmas Presents

Yokohama Bazaar, 1422 Government Street and Oriental Bazaar, 1322 Douglas Street**XMAS GIFTS AT COST PRICE**

To clear a quantity of JEWELRY AND DECORATED CHINA, both ornamental and useful articles. All these goods are good value, and absolutely marked down at cost. Store open every night until 9:30.

A. J. Clyde

58 Johnson St.

The B.C. Trading Co.'s Old Stand

\$2,600

will purchase outright an excellent EIGHT ROOMED HOUSE, bath, pantry, H. and C. water, electric light, sewer connections, within one minute of the Fountain Hillside avenue. You can make almost your own terms on this.

Winnipeg Old-Timer Dead

WINNIPEG, Dec. 24.—Word was received here of the death of Robert Patterson, one of the best known western old-timers, at the home of his brother at Kitchener, Que. He came west in 1868 and was for a long time associated in the business ventures of Lord Strathcona. For years he lived at the Manitoba Club. Only a fortnight ago he sold his farm adjoining Silver Heights, Lord Strathcona's property, a few miles west of the city, for over \$1,000 an acre, totalling close to a quarter of a million dollars. He was otherwise very wealthy. He had been in failing health for some time.

Harman & Apperton
 534 Yates Street.

**FUEL
WOOD AND COAL**

R. DAVERNE, FORT STREET

Abreast With the Times

We have secured the sole agency for the Bleriot Monoplanes, and we are able to offer the machine identical to the model in which

BLERIOT CROSSED THE CHANNEL FOR \$3,500 F.O.B. VICTORIA

In paying your Xmas calls next year why not travel through the air?

It will be necessary to act quickly if you wish to secure one of our first consignment of the popular 1910 Buick Motor Cars.

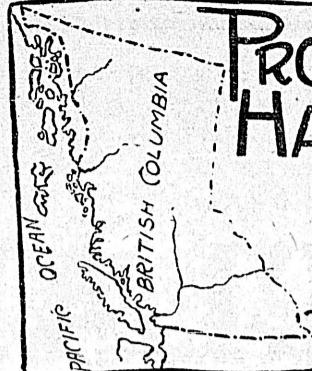
Western Motor & Supply Co., Ltd.

R. P. CLARK, Gen. Manager

Successors to Plimley Auto Co.

Cor. Government and Superior Sts.

Phone 695.

**PROVINCIAL HAPPENINGS**

it must be assessed for such reclamation work. If either of these two factors be missing the appellant fails.

"Now, let us look at the facts. These are not in dispute. In 1889 the municipality of Surrey undertook a dyking scheme. The works were completed and the dyke stood for a time, almost a year, I understand, when the floodgate in the Serpentine river gave way. Nothing has since been done to replace that floodgate, and the tide-water flows upon the land as before. It is clear, therefore, that the land is not rescued from tidal overflow. It is, therefore, not reclaimed. There is no suggestion that it is being reclaimed."

"By the Surrey Dyking act, 1892, chap. 60, the appellant's lands, with others mentioned in the schedule thereto were to be rated as assessed for a sum sufficient to pay the interest and provide a sinking fund for the redemption at maturity of certain debentures issued in connection with the said dyking scheme."

"Sufficient sinking fund had been levied from year to year that the debentures in question are now matured and paid-off, and the lands of the appellant are no longer actually entered on any assessment roll for any annual assessment in respect of such dyking scheme. After maturity and payment of the debentures the lands cannot be said to be assessed for a sum sufficient to pay the interest and provide a sinking fund for the redemption at maturity of the debentures."

"The appellant's lands, therefore, do not come within the words of the exemption, and are subject to the wild land tax."

Little Girl Killed.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont., Dec. 24.—Sixty-year-old Louise Bray, of Ottawa, was almost instantly killed at a railway crossing here yesterday. She was coasting, and her sleigh became caught in the railway track. She returned to get it and was struck by a freight car which was being shunted. She had been here for about a month, having come from Ottawa to act as a flower girl for her aunt.

Vancouver Man Robbed

TORONTO, Dec. 24.—Henry H. Hubbard of Vancouver, was held up by two desperadoes last night near Union station on the open street. He was stripped with a billy and fists, and robbed of a diamond pin and a gold watch and chain. He was passing through on his way home and was on the way to catch a train. His condition is not serious. The assailants are unknown.

Baseball Championship.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 24.—President Hermann of the Cincinnati club said yesterday that "nothing would be allowed to interfere with the usual world's championship series, not even the desire to expedite with the schedule comprising 298 games." He said that the American League could drag their game off and make the schedule of both leagues end about the same time. "The people of the east need not worry about the world's championship series. They are going to be played next fall if we have to play them in sleep," said Mr. Hermann.

COAT SHIRTS

A Chinaman employed at C. H. Elia's camp in upper Cariboo accidentally shot himself in the thigh a few weeks ago while carelessly handling an automatic pistol. Although without surgical care for more than a fortnight, the Chinaman bore his torture with marvellous immobility of his race.

It is stated that the recent mayoralty election in New Westminster has been invalidated by corrupt practices on both sides, 22 repeaters being discovered. In the event of another election, former Mayor Keary will not be a candidate.

VICTORIA MEN BUY

Acquire Fifteen Acres of Land at Nainimo for Purpose of Subdivision.

NANAIMO, Dec. 24.—A deal in real estate has been consummated whereby a large section of land near the city limits becomes the property of Victoria investors. There are some fifteen acres in all, and the land is situated between the Nanaimo cemetery and Wentworth street. It is understood that it will be subdivided and sold in the early spring as city lots. The location of the property is admirably adapted for this purpose, as it possesses a magnificent view of the harbor and town and is but ten to twelve minutes' walk from the centre of the business portion of the city.

HOLD-UP AT NANAIMO

Young Man Knocked Unconscious With Revolver and Robbed By Some Unknown Thug.

NANAIMO, Dec. 24.—While returning home from Chase River on Wednesday evening, Alfred Wardell, of this city, was attacked by a highwayman near the outskirts of the city, who, after knocking his victim unconscious, relieved him of \$30 in cash and escaped. Wardell, who is a young man, was returning to the city after escorting his aunt, who lives at Chase River, safely home. Approaching a lonely turn in the road Wardell heard sounds of footsteps approaching from behind him, and upon turning round he was greeted with a gun at his head in the hands of a tall, powerfully built man.

"Hands up!" demanded the robber. "Go chase yourself," was the response, but instead of complying, the highwayman struck his victim on the head, knocking him to the ground, after which he proceeded to relieve the victim of his money. Wardell was ordered to proceed to the city, which he did and reported to the police. So far no arrest has been made.

"To be exempt the land must fulfill two conditions, it must (1) be reclaimed or being reclaimed, and (2)

"Hands up!" demanded the robber. "Go chase yourself," was the response,

but instead of complying, the highwayman struck his victim on the head,

knocking him to the ground, after

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victim of his money. Wardell was

ordered to proceed to the city, which he

did and reported to the police. So far

no arrest has been made.

TEHUANTEPEC LEADS

MEXICAN RAILROAD at Present Carrying More Freight Than Road at Panama

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Wm. E. Curtis, writing for the Record-Herald, says:

"Notwithstanding the difference in distance, the railways owned by the Mexican government across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is carrying more freight between the two oceans than the railroad owned by the government of the United States across the Isthmus of Panama.

The Tehuantepec railroad is 190 miles long, the Panama railroad is 47 miles long, and the freight rates are the same, which is undoubtedly the reason for the difference. Another difference is that the Tehuantepec road is seeking business and the Panama road is not. The latter is maintained at present to aid in the construction of the canal, and its ordinary commercial patronage is sacrificed for that reason, being maintained as a public service rather than for profit. When the canal is completed there will be little use for the Panama railway as a freight carrying railway."

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carrying railway."

WE SINCERELY THANK OUR CUSTOMERS

For the hearty support they have given us this season, and we wish them every possible happiness.

LEE DYE & CO.
 Next Fire Hall
 Cormorant Street
 Victoria, B.C.

TO ALL those who either regularly or occasionally favor this space with a glance we hope this day may be one of pleasure unalloyed,

Island Investment Co., LIMITED
 Bank of Montreal Chambers - Phone 1494

A Gold Watch Free

Our Bicycle Sale has been a success and we are satisfied, but there are a few wheels left, and a Gold Watch will be given free with each.

We have two snaps in new Drop-head Sewing Machines for Christmas

THOS. PLIMLEY

posite Spencer's 1110 Government Street

P.S.—We sell the celebrated Oliver Visible Typewriter, also Mirroscopes.

Northern Crown Bank

HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG

DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 6

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two and one-half per cent upon the paid-up capital stock of this institution has been declared for the half year ending December 31, 1909, being at the rate of five per cent per annum, and that the same will be payable at its banking house in this City, and at all of its Branches, on and after the 3rd day of January next, to shareholders of record of the 15th day of December, 1909.

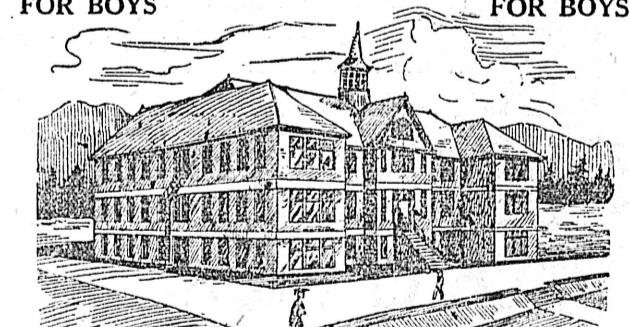
By order of the Board.

R. CAMPBELL,
 General Manager.

Winnipeg, 23rd Nov. 1909.

University School

VICTORIA, B.C.

FOR BOYS

Next Term Begins January 11th

in Spacious New Brick Building.

Fifteen Acres of Playing Fields

Accommodation for 120 Boarders, Chemical Laboratory: Organized Cadet Corps: Musketry Instruction: Football and Cricket: Gymnasium and Indoor Rifle Range.

RECENT SUCCESSES AT MCGILL AND R.M.C.

WARDEN: Rev. W. W. Bolton, M.A. (Cambridge).

TELEPHONE 1092

TELEPHONE 1092

BOND & CLARK

Business Property

In Victoria is a really First Class and Sure Investment. It is our business to bring buyer and seller together. We ask a trial.

1. Business Block in heart of City, on corner lot, 60 x 60. Net returns about 6½ per cent. A 1 buy at \$4,000
2. Ten Stores on corner of Store and Fisguard, 120 feet frontage on Store St. and a depth of 90 feet. This is worth your while looking into.
3. One Hundred Feet on Yates St., and very close in. If improved would bring in a net return of at least 10 per cent. Price \$75,000
4. One of the Choicest Corners on Fort St. \$30,000
5. A very fine Double Corner, 120 x 120. Ideal site for an Apartment House \$15,000
6. A very fine piece of property, 60 x 120, on Fort Street, close to Government Street. This is a specially good proposition and anyone who is looking for central property would do well to see us.
7. A very Choice Property in the heart of the City, with 200 feet frontage on two streets.
8. Four Lots, 120 x 240, running from Belleville Street to Elliott Street. A very choice location for a hotel. \$21,000
9. Four Full-sized Lots, running from Belleville St. to Quebec St. This property will shortly be worth 50 per cent. more than present figures. \$10,500
10. Eighty Feet on Yates St. and very close to Douglas. No better buy in the City and only \$700 per front foot. \$56,000
11. A Large Brick Building, costing over \$20,000, on full size lot and very close in. \$35,000
12. One of the Choicest Corners in the City, 60 x 120, and one that will make the buyer splendid returns. Price..... \$35,000
13. Very Choice Lot on Yates Street and close in, 60 x 120.... \$21,000
14. Choice Corner on Fort St., fronting on three streets. If improved with stores and flats would bring in a sure return of 12 to 14 per cent. A first class buy at \$10,500
15. A very fine buy on corner of View and Cook Street, 60 x 120, only \$4,500
16. For a few days only, corner of Yates and Cook St., 60 x 120..... \$8,500
17. Courtney Street, close to Government, 29 feet frontage..... \$12,500
18. Fort Street, about 90 feet immediately to east of Turkish Baths, on south side of Fort St. near Blanchard, with good 6 room cottages. Depth 120 feet. Price..... \$22,500
19. Douglas St., N. E. corner Douglas and Discovery, 60 x 120. Store and three cottages \$17,500
20. S. E. Corner Cook and North Park Sts. Two Stores, Ovens, Stables and Suites of Rooms. A good buy at price offered \$7,250
21. Government St. A very Choice Corner, fronting on three streets. If improved would make one of the finest properties in the City.
22. One Hundred and Twenty Feet Square, on corner of Fort and Vancouver Streets \$16,750
23. Corner Quadra and Fort Sts., 60 x 120. \$16,000
24. Corner Quadra and View Sts., 60 x 60. \$5,000
25. Two Large Corners (four full-sized lots) on Menzies, Belleville and Quebec Streets, with a total frontage of 480 feet. No better location for a thoroughly up-to-date Hotel.
26. Queen's Hotel, corner of Johnson and Fort Sts., over 50 rooms \$60,000
27. Brick Block at foot of Johnson St., 3 stories. First-class location and an A 1 buy. \$17,500
28. Fort St., near Douglas, Ninety Feet at the reasonable figure of, per foot \$500
29. Three Stores on Fort St., and running through to Kane St. \$60,000

To Owners of Real Estate

We think it is to your advantage to keep in close touch with us, and to keep us posted in regard to changes in your property.

WE invite all of Victoria's citizens, who are looking for gilt-edge investments, to call or write us and give us the opportunity of putting them in touch with some money-makers.

During the ensuing three years over \$7,000,000 will be expended on Public Works in the vicinity of Victoria.

Have you thought what this means to the future of Victoria and Vancouver Island?

Our sales the past three weeks have been nearly \$300,000.

Our offices are at the disposal of our friends to make appointments and transact any business. Make use of them and us in anyway you wish.

Choice Vacant Residential Property In and Around Victoria is Worth the Attention of All Who Have Money Lying Idle

1. Two lots on Government near Toronto Street. Each \$1750
2. Corner Government and Manfield Ave., opposite Bishop Cridge's \$2000
3. Corner Niagara and Medina Sts. \$300 cash \$1600
4. Niagara St., just below Menzies. Two lots, 48 x 125. Each \$1350
5. ¼ acre lot, next to Dallas Hotel \$2450
6. Six Choice Lots at foot of Moss St. \$600 and \$625
7. Linden Ave., three lots, just below Fairfield Road. Each \$1100
8. Corner Chester and Hilda, the two \$2100
9. McClure St., two lots, 50 x 120. Each \$2000
10. Corner Richardson and Linden, 120 x 120. \$3750
11. Corner Hillside and Blackwood \$400
12. Burleith Park, two lots, 48 x 120. Each \$700
13. Burleith Park, four lots \$2500
14. Burleith Park, four lots \$3000
15. Dunedin St., three Choice Lots, 60 x 120. Each \$675 and \$700
16. Yates St., between Vancouver and Cook, ½ lot, 30 x 120 \$3000
17. Rockland Park. Choice buys, up from \$350
18. Superior St., four lots, 60 x 120. A 1 value at \$800
19. Garibaldi Road, two A 1 lots. \$750 and \$800
20. Two lots, Constance Cove, opposite Bullen's. A bargain at, the two \$1500

Victoria Homes

are worth looking into at present values. We can suit you in anything you require from \$1,000 up to \$100,000 and over

- A. Niagara St. Two Large Lots, over ½ Acre, 6 room house, new plumbing, recently papered and painted. \$3,000
- B. Menzies St. Eight room House on large lot. \$4,500
- C. Menzies St. Eleven room House on lot and a half. \$8,500
- D. Dallas Road. Ten room House, with 1 ½ Acres of ground. \$18,000
- E. Dallas Road, looking over Ross Bay, six room House on two large lots. Chicken Houses \$2,800
- F. Government St., near Toronto, eight rooms, new house, never occupied. A first class buy. \$5,750
- G. Erie St. Cottage and Full-size. Waterfront Lot. Price. \$6,000
- H. Trutch St. New seven room House. Lot 60 x 120. An A 1 buy. \$4,750
- I. Alfred and Chambers Sts. Five room Cottage. Price. \$2,100
- J. Fort St., near Vancouver. Six room Bungalow. Lot 60 x 120. \$6,200
- K. Cook and View Streets. Three Houses rented for \$52 monthly. Lot 60 x 120. \$7,500
- L. A Choice six room House on large lot, near Cook and Rockland Avenue. \$5,500
- M. Craigflower Road. Six room House and an Acre of Ground on Gorge Road. \$6,000
- N. Fairfield Road. Finest view in City. Ten room House, 1 ½ Acres Land. Built last year. \$13,500
- O. Dunedin St. Six room House, built last year. \$3,000
- P. Fort St. and Fernwood Road. Nine rooms, basement, Furnace, Stable. A 1 buy at \$5,500
- Q. Rock Bay and Bay St. Six room House on large lot. \$2,500
- R. Milne St. Eight room House, beautifully finished. Price \$4,500
- S. Good House and Sixty Foot Lot on Yates Street. Price. \$8,400
- T. Yates St. (1039), 11 room House and Basement. First class shape \$10,000
- U. Richmond Avenue. Seven room House, good garden. All conveniences \$3,800
- V. Richmond Avenue. Seven room House, two Large Lots. Very desirable location. \$8,000
- W. Richmond Avenue. Seven room House, Furnace, all conveniences. Lot 60 x 135. \$4,000
- X. Douglas St., end of Car Line, 6 room House on two lots. \$2,100
- Y. Corner Belmont Avenue (1924), 10 room House, fine shrubbery, 2 dozen fruit trees. All kinds of small fruit. A bargain \$6,000
- Z. Beacon Cottage, facing on Douglas, Battery and Olympia Avenue. Beautifully laid out grounds, ten rooms, two baths, new stable. Altogether this is a unique spot and contains about 1 acre. No finer view in the city. \$13,000

To Owners of Real Estate

We are anxious to keep up our lists, and invite owners to keep us posted with their offerings.

AGENT FOR MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY., OF NEW YORK

SUITE 8, MAHON BUILDING

III2 Government Street

Victoria, British Columbia

THE VICTORIA TRANSFER CO.

Tele 129 phone

CABS

Do you know that our glass front carriages are at your disposal at the following charges—

FOUR PERSONS, single hour.....\$2.00

FOUR PERSONS, an hour and a half or over, at per hour.....\$1.50

In four hours a party of four can see the principal points of interest in the City of Victoria for the moderate charge of \$6.00.

VICTORIAS

If you wish, we can furnish a Victoria, at PER HOUR\$2.00

SINGLE HOUR\$2.50

These vehicles carry three and are most suitable for ladies doing afternoon calling.

TALLY-HOS

We have the only six-horse turnouts in Victoria. Driven by men who have had a life-long experience on the Cariboo Road and the White Pass & Yukon trails. These coaches leave the hotels at half past nine for the morning drive and two o'clock for the afternoon. All points of interest are covered and those in charge give the passengers a full explanation of everything that is considered of value to the tourist. The drive is about fourteen miles and takes from one and a half to two hours.

The fare is one dollar.

We have a small Tally-Ho built to carry a party of twelve, including the driver. For rates apply at the office.

FURNITURE TRUCKS

Furniture moving is an important undertaking. We have men who do nothing else. Our charges are—

BY THE HOUR\$1.50

With an extra man to help, per hour \$2.00

BAGGAGE AND EXPRESS

In this department prompt delivery is the important factor. If you are catching a steamer or train you like to know that your luggage or packages will be at the wharf or station in good time to depart with you. What is more annoying than searching for your belongings a minute before your steamer sails or your train pulls out. This is offset by our claim checks. Our drivers check your baggage at your residence. You present the claim check to the baggage-master—show your ticket—he then gives you the railway or steamer check and that is all. You then go on your way rejoicing. If we cannot attend to your order we will tell you and thus avoid suspense.

EXPRESS AND GENERAL DRAYAGE

We have 27 express and delivery wagons. For one of these we charge—

PER HOUR\$1.00

LIVERY

Better single or double traps cannot be found on the Pacific coast.

SINGLE HORSE AND TRAP—

Morning\$2.50

Afternoon\$3.00

TEAMS

HALF A DAY\$5.00

SATURDAY, SUNDAY and HOLIDAYS, half a day\$7.50

For long distances the office will furnish particulars.

PARCEL DELIVERY

We gather parcels in all parts of the city. In this branch of the business we charge according to weight and distance, but the usual charges are from ten to twenty-five cents per package. If you miss the morning delivery, catch the afternoon.

Morning leaves at 9 o'clock.

Afternoon leaves at 3 o'clock.

BOARDERS

We board your horse, look after your trap and harness—

PER MONTH\$25.00

Our object is to please our patrons. We are responsible to them as to safety or damage done to furniture or goods. Our drivers, we believe, are civil and careful and seldom knowingly overcharge. If by any chance a mistake occurs come to the office or notify us at once. In other words, give us an opportunity to put right anything that displeases you.

Open Day and Night

HAPPENINGS IN WORLD OF LABOR

Notes of Interest to Trades Unionists Gleaned From Many Sources

Cigarmakers1st Friday
Electric Workers2nd and 4th Friday
Garment Workers1st Monday
Laborers1st, 2nd and 3rd Mondays
Leather Workers1st, 2nd and 3rd Mondays
Laundry Workers1st and 3rd Tuesday
LongshoremenEvery Monday
Letter Carriers4th Wednesday
Machinists1st and 3rd Monday
Miners1st, 2nd and 3rd Mondays
Mountaineers1st Monday
Shoulders1st, 2nd and 3rd Tuesdays
Musicians3rd Sunday
Painters1st and 3rd Tuesday
Printing Trades CouncilLast Sunday
Printing Pressmen2nd Monday
Shipwrights2nd and 4th Thursday
Sewing Workers1st and 3rd Tuesday
Steam Fitters1st and 3rd Tuesday
Stonemasons2nd Thursday
Street Railway Employees1st Tuesday 2 p.m., 3rd Tuesday 8 p.m.
StereotypersMonthly
Tailors1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays
Typographical UnionLast Sunday
T & C. Council1st and 3rd Wednesday
Theatre Stage Employees1st Sunday
Waiters2nd and 4th Tuesday
Secretaries of Labor Unions will confer a favor upon the Labor Editor if they will forward any items of general interest occurring in their unions to The Colonist.

Allied Printing Trades Council2nd Friday
Barbers2nd and 4th Monday
Blacksmiths1st and 3rd Tuesday
Bakers2nd and 4th Tuesday
Boilermakers' Helpers1st and 3rd Monday
BookbindersQuarterly
Bricklayers2nd and 4th Monday
Bartenders1st and 3rd Sunday
Cooks and Waiters2nd and 4th Tuesday
CarpentersAlternately Wednesdays

The New Westminster Trades and Labor Council is to ask the incoming city council to rescind the \$2 road tax.

Over 1,200 miners work at Michel, B.C., and pay dues to a union.

Victor Grayson, Socialist M. P. for Colne Valley, England, will address the Chicago unemployed in January.

C. H. Chamberlain presented his credentials as a delegate from the Cooks and Waiters' union at the last meeting of the Trades and Labor Council, in place of M. Garland, who retires.

Samuel Gompers says: Demand for reform coming from the people is generally distasteful to those entrenched in power and privilege.

Six hundred blacksmiths and boiler makers employed by the American Locomotive company of Schenectady, N.Y., struck on December 7th.

The wages board of the Cleveland district, England, at its meeting recently, advanced the wages of the blast furnace men 1 cent for the current three months.

A compromise was arranged between the employers and employees engaged in the laundry business of Fresno, and the scale signed for twelve months.

King Gustav of Sweden disguised himself and went to work as a stevedore. He said he wanted to ascertain the wishes and conditions of his subjects, and that his experience with cargo was but a beginning.

The Canadian Gazette says that at Prince Albert, a new centre in Saskatchewan, many civic improvements are at a standstill for want of labor, and it adds, there is practically a "labor famine" there.

Weinstock, Lubin & Co.'s Sacramental employees were recently notified that the board of directors had decided to allow summer vacations with pay, ranging from one to two weeks, according to length of service with the firm.

The 1910 A. F. of L. convention will be held at St. Louis. W. B. Wilson, delegate of the United Mine Workers and a member of the United States congress, and T. V. O'Connor, president of the Longshoremen's Organization, were chosen fraternal delegates of the federation to the British Trades congress next year.

The "American Flint" is the name of a new monthly issued by the American Flint Glass Workers' union. President Rowe is the editor, and the forty-eight pages show more than a passing acquaintance with the trade-union movement.

J. P. McMurphy is the new president-elect of the New Westminster Council of Labor. R. E. Monteith being vice-president, R. A. Stoney, secretary, and H. Schofield, treasurer.

The recent meeting at Cincinnati of the general executive board of the United Brewery Workers' Union developed the fact that the total membership of the union at the present time is 45,233, composed of 366 local unions and 187 branches. During the last nine local union charters were granted. During the same time 4,954 new members were taken into the organization and paid their initiation fee. The membership of the organization is divided as follows: Brewers, 14,100; apprentices, 478; masters, 2,070; coopers, 266; brew drivers and stablemen, 14,160; bottlers, 9,759; engineers, 1,573; fremen, 1,512; laborers, 1,078; distillery workers, 202; making a total of 45,233.

Andrew Domareski is suing the Wellington Colliery company for \$50,000 damages for bodily injuries occasioned him by the fall of a mass of rock while he was working in the company's mine at Cumberland. His contention is that the roof was not properly timbered, and that there had not been an inspection within 24 hours, as required by the act.

Bradstreet's Index is authority for the statement that food costs more today than ever. On November 1st the commodity prices reached the highest notch. It now costs to live more than twice what it did thirteen years ago. What wage earner can show that his wage scale has doubled in that time?

By a vote of 11,203 to 1,738, the A. F. of L. convention adopted the recommendation for the amalgamation of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and

Joiners and the Amalgamated Woodworkers' Association. Both sides are affiliated with the federation, but the latter is the much smaller organization. The amalgamation will mean the cancellation of the charter of the smaller body.

One of the first of the large surface transit lines in the United States to follow the example of several of the railroads and large industrial corporations and adopt a pension system, is the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company, which today announced the adoption of such a system for its veteran employees. The road employs 13,000 men, and a large number are said to be in line for participation in the benefits of the plan.

The faith of the Canadian public in the postal savings bank plan is indicated in a recently published report of the Canadian postal service for the last fiscal year. The report shows that there was an increase of eighteen banks during the year, making the total 1102. The balance to the credit of depositors was \$45,190,484.

Declaring that labor unions are doing a great deal of good work for the public, Dr. Frank J. Warne, of the New York University, addressed the students of Pennsylvania and showed how this good work was being accomplished. "Labor unions," he said, "are a check to poverty. Each year they distribute about ten millions of dollars in death and sick benefits, strike benefits and unemployed insurance."

A three years contract has been entered into between the publishers of Tacoma, Wash., and Typographical Union No. 170, calling for a wage scale of \$5 for day work and \$5.50 for night shifts of seven and one-half hours each, or a week to consist of forty-five hours. This reduces the day one-half hour and increases the old wage contract 50 cents a day. The book and job scale has been raised from \$24 to \$27 per week of forty-eight hours. Vice-President Tracy assisted No. 170 in the negotiations.

Work is brisk at Prince Rupert, B.C., and among none more so than the printers, who have sent away for a charter from the International Typographical Union.

The contracts, which have been signed by the proprietors, call for an 8-hour day, which started 1st December, and the scale of wages \$25 per week for three months, at the expiration of which time it increases to \$27.

Calgary Typographical Union has concluded negotiations for a new scale, giving increases of \$3 a week to machine operators and \$2 a week to hand compositors. Calgary is in the centre of the fast-growing Canadian Northwest, and the members of No. 449 seem to be abreast of the times, and now have a scale that compares favorably with the best in the jurisdiction. Under the new agreement the machine scale for night work is \$25 per week and for floor, ad and job men, \$22 per week, with the hours of work placed at seven and one-half. The pay for day machine work is \$23 per week, and for floor, ad and job men, \$20 per week, eight hours constituting a day's work.

Twenty-five doctors of Chicago met on November 18th to launch a plan for one of the largest sanitarians in the world, to be used exclusively for tuberculosis patients who are not able to provide for the travel and care they need. It is contemplated to buy between 100,000 and 200,000 acres of land in New Mexico, and to provide accommodation for more than 1,000 people.

The Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council will adopt a new plan for the election of president at the ensuing election. The local unions affiliated with the council will vote on the candidates at their meetings. The election will be conducted on the Hare-Spence system of voting, and a committee from the council will be present at these meetings and supervise the election. The votes will be placed in an envelope and sealed, and when all the unions have voted the opening of the envelopes and final stages of the proceedings will be carried out at an open meeting of the Trades and Labor Council.

The inequalities of lot we all must see and feel are great and often cruel; but they are originally consequences of the inequality of natural gifts, and if we could abolish them b y law today would be reproduced by nature tomorrow. The responsibility for them rests on the Maker of Man. To equalize gains and ranks you must equalize capacities, and how is this to be done? Roll the whole field of labor flat today and unless you can keep it so you will have the inequalities of earning and all that follows them tomorrow. Everything that can reduce and soften inequalities is good, and by good men will be embraced. Can more be said without raising false expectations and perhaps putting the torch to the mine of social w ay? Whatever may be said, there was Socialism in the French Revolution.—Goldwin Smith.

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Industrial accidents occurring to 439 individual workpeople in Canada during the month of October, 1909, were reported to the department of labor. Of these, 146 were fatal and 293 resulted in serious injuries. In addition three fatal accidents were reported as having taken place prior to the beginning of the month, information having been received by the department prior to October, 1909. In the preceding month there were 79 fatal and 225 non-fatal accidents, a total of 241. The number of fatal accidents reported in October, 1909, is therefore fifty more than in the preceding month and sixty-seven more than in October, 1908, although there were 123 more industrial accidents reported in October, 1909 than in the preceding month and 198 more than in the same month of the preceding year.

"All subordinate unions shall furnish the secretary-treasurer of the International Typographical Union on January 1, 1910, on forms provided for that purpose, a complete list of all journeymen active members, in duplicate, the names to be arranged alphabetically. The secretary-treasurer shall also furnish local unions, as soon as the numbering of members has been completed, a blank for the use of each member in giving his age, date of ini-

tiation and such other statistics as are necessary to show clearly the length of his continuous membership at the time of the filing of said statement. The record of each member thus obtained shall be verified by the secretary-treasurer, and then transferred to the membership record at headquarters, and said record shall govern in the payment of all future benefits contingent upon continuous membership."

The effect of the Eight Hours Act on the extent of the production of coal is being only slowly ascertained. South Wales shows a considerable fall in the exports of coal—probably due largely to the operation of that Act—but the latest figures obtainable seem to prove that the fall was the greatest in the first two months or so after the Act began to operate there. It would thus appear that in some degree the effects of the Act are being overcome, either by more miners being employed, or by some improvements in working. At the same time there is no doubt the Act has added to the cost of working. Attempts are being made to define the methods of operation in this district, but the negotiations proceed slowly.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided on December 6th to review the Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison cases. The defendants were present when the decision was handed down. The courts may consider the issues involved within sixty days, or it may be a year before the hearing. In the meantime the labor officials will not have to go to jail. Samuel Gompers says: "To say that the decision pleases me, would be putting it mildly. The granting of our writ of certiorari means that the Supreme Court will review the Buck Stove and Range Company controversy and the merits of the injunction proceedings. It means that we will get a decision on the question of free speech and a free press. If the Supreme Court decides against us, we will know that to get our rights our forefathers thought they secured for us we must have new laws and possibly must amend the constitution itself."

At a recent meeting of the Joint Conference Board of the various printing trades unions, held at Toronto, a proposition was presented from the representative of the International Stereotypers' Union which contemplates the arrangement whereby the annual conventions of all printing trades unions shall be held in the same city at the same time. It is urged by the proponents that such action would prove advantageous to all of the unions concerned. Some of the benefits would be the securing of better railroad rates; the inauguration of plans permitting of unanimity of action for the betterment of the craft interests; that the commingling of representatives of the various branches will tend toward a more tolerant attitude toward each other, and would be a practical step in bringing about concerted action. It is proposed, if the scheme carries, to set aside one day of the convention week for a monster joint convention to discuss the common good.

A recent issue of the Bricklayers and Masons' Journal contains an editorial under the heading "Ethics of Unionism" and the subject matter says: "Recently we received notice of the death of Brother Wm. Morris in Calgary, Alberta, the following being an extract from the letter conveying to us the sad news: 'We regret to inform you of the sad death of Brother Wm. Morris a stonemason who held a travelling card from Fernie, B. C., and came into Calgary on September 26. Before he could hand in his card for deposit he was taken very ill and died before meeting night. His travelling card was accepted by this union, however, and a committee was appointed to attend his funeral and inquire into the financial circumstances of his widow. She was left with two small children. The Fernie union gave a donation of twenty-five dollars, besides a personal subscription to the widow, while our union defrayed the funeral expenses, amounting to \$5. Brother Morris was a most highly esteemed union member.' The above account is but one instance of the great number of similar cases that are happening daily in the trade union movement but which are never heralded forth to the sound of the trumpet and cymbal, nor proclaimed from the housetops. Hundreds of deaths occur in our smaller unions, where the widow and fatherless children are left in destitute condition, and in many cases there is not sufficient money with which to give the deceased brother a respectable burial, but rather than have the body placed in a pauper's grave, our union men go down in their pockets, and by small donations from each one, the brother is given an honorable funeral and burial."

COAL TO NEWCASTLE
Belle of Scotland Will Take Japanese Coal to Australia on Account of Strike.

The British steamer Belle of Scotland, which left here for Morro Bay on Thursday, in ballast, has one of the most unusual charters made in years, namely, to carry a cargo of coal to Sydney, one of the biggest coal ports in the world. It is truly a case of carrying coal to Newcastle, and one of the first occurrences of its kind since the development of the Australian coal fields.

Have you seen them, if not, Why?
The "G BRAND" GRAINED CLOGS
(Cozily lined with Thick Felt)

MEN'S OR WOMEN'S YOUTH'S OR GIRLS
\$1

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One cent a word each insertion, 10 per cent discount on 10 words. No advertisement accepted for less than 25 cents.

Business and Professional Cards—of four lines or under \$1.00 per week.

No advertisement charged on account for less than \$2.00.

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C. ELWOOD WATKINS, ARCHITECT—Room 15, Five Sisters Block, Victoria, B. C. Telephones: Office 2188, Residence 1388.

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PACIFIC TRANSFER CO., PHONE 249, 606-608, Fort St.—We issue reclining bags, boxes, furniture, moving and storage a specialty.

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CLAYS—BEST KNOWN TEA ROOMS ON THE Coast. Our bread, cake and pastry cannot be beaten. Store 205 Fort St. Phone 101.

SCOTCH BAKERY, 1411 DOUGLAS: THE reliable place for first-class cakes and pastry; prices reasonable. Wedding cakes a specialty. Geo. Florence.

BLUE PRINTING AND MAPS.

PRINTS, ANY LENGTH IN ONE PIECE, six cents per foot. Timber and land maps. Electric Blue Print and Map Co., 1718 Langley St.

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VICTORIA BOAT & ENGINE CO., LTD.—Boats and launches built; estimates, repairs, designs. Shop, 424 David street. W. E. Buck, manager. Phone 205.

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THE COLONIST HAS THE BEST equipped bookbindery in the province; the result is equal to proportion.

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STANDARD STATIONERY CO.—SOUVENIR post cards, latest books, newspapers of the world. Agents Remington Writers. Store 96 Govt St. Phone 276.

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TAKE YOUR SHOES REPAIRED AT Hibbs' 3 Oriental Aves., opposite Pan-
tages Theatre.

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ALL KINDS OF BOTTLES WANTED—
Gum price. Victoria Junk Agency, 1629 Store St. Phone 1332.

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JUNY BROS., BUILDERS AND CON-
TRACTORS, are prepared to give prices on all kinds of building and job work. We attend to your order.

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VICTORIA BUSINESS COLLEGE—PUT-
man's shorthand, Touch typewriting,
bookkeeping, etc., unlimited duration pro-
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CAPITAL CARPENTER AND JOBBING
factor, Alfred Jones. All kinds of alterations, jobbing work. 1003 Vancouver and Yates street; office phone 2011. Tel. 1799.

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jobbing, call on J. W. Holden, carpenter
and joiner, corner Fort and Quadra.
Tel. 1752.

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beaten for durability. Warehouse 717 John-
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O'BRIEN BROS., CHIMNEY AND FUR-
nace cleaners. Mossy roofs cleaned.
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GORE & M'GREGOR, CIVIL ENGINEERS,
Dominion and British Columbia Land
Surveyors, Engineers, Architects, Langley St.,
Victoria, B. C. P. O. Box 152. Phone 1604.
A. B. Holland, Vancouver representative.
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F. ALDOUS, C. E.—All kinds of civil
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Railroad location and construction. Spec-
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GENTS' SUITS SPONGED AND PRESSSED,
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Cleaning Works, 813 View St. Phone 1129.

GENTS' CLOTHES CLEANED, DYED,
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Guy W. Walker, 708 Johnson St. Just east
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A. LLEN & SON, DEALERS IN ALL
grades of coal, lowest prices. Orders
promptly attended. Put in your supply and
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BURT, GEO.—DEALER IN ALL KINDS
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GO TO THE PRICE TO GET YOUR FALL
leaves well piled in yard or lot before
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HALL & WALKER—WELLINGTON COL-
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WE SELL ONLY THE VERY FINEST
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PAUL'S STREAM DYE WORKS—319 FORT
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YOUR TABLEWARE REPAIRED AS
YOU GIVE IT TO US—hand-burnish-
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PROFESS. TURSON, ELECTRICAL CON-
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Streets; telephone 717. Electricians all
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CUTHBERT, HERBERT, & CO.—"BAR-
GAINS" VICTORIA, Real Estate, Investments
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Phone 1610. Cable address, "Cuthbert," 1155.

CURRIE & POWER, 1214 DOUGLAS ST.—
C. Real estate, life, fire, livestock, accident,
employers' liability insurance. Telephone 1406.

DETACHABLE SCREENS

DETACHABLE SCREENS—100% COTTON
and wool. Made to order. Phone 624.

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NOTICE

NOTICE
PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE
ASSEMBLY.

PRIVATE BILLS.

"Navigable Waters Protection Act."

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Cameron Lumber Company, Limited, having its office in the City of Victoria, British Columbia, is applying to His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada in Council for approval of the area plans, site and description of works proposed to be constructed in that part of the waters of Victoria Harbour known as Saltair water, between Point Eliza, Bridge and Halkett Island, being on the lands situated lying and being in the City of Victoria, British Columbia, and known numbered and described as Lot "D," Garibaldi Estate, and has deposited the area and site plans of the proposed works and a description thereof with the Minister of Public Works at Ottawa, and a duplicate thereof with the Registrar-General of Titles in the Land Registry Office in the City of Victoria, British Columbia, and that the matter of the said application will be proceeded with from the expiration of one month from the time of the first publication of this notice in the "Canada Gazette." Dated this 14th day of December, A. D. 1909.

CAMERON LUMBER CO., LIMITED.
Per D. O. Cameron,
Secretary.

In the Matter of the Estate of John Irving, late of Goldstream, British Columbia, Deceased.

All persons indebted to the estate of John Irving late of Goldstream, B. C., deceased are required to pay to the amount of their indebtedness forthwith to C. Arthur Ren. Law Chambers, Bastion Street, Victoria, B. C. and all persons having claims against the said estate are requested to send particulars duly verified, to the said C. Arthur Rea, before the 15th day of January, 1910, after the said date the estate will be distributed amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard to the claims only of which the executors had notice.

Dated the 11th day of December, 1909.

FRANK HIGGINS,

Law Chambers, Victoria, B. C. Solicitor for C. Arthur Rea and Isaac Poole, Executors.

STEAM HEATED OFFICES

Also entire third floor, suitable for office or club purposes, to let in new brick building, 541 Yates Street. Apply to

F. R. STEWART & CO.

PART IV
"WATER CLAUSES CONSOLIDATION
ACT, 1897"

1. This is to certify that the "Vancouver and Lower Company, Limited" originally incorporated pursuant to Part IV of the above mentioned Act, on the 16th day of January, 1907, for the purpose of exercising the rights, powers, privileges and priorities in and by Part V of the same, have been granted and conferred, has applied under section 47 of the above mentioned Act, to the Lieutenant-Governor in Council for approval of the proposed undertakings and works as shown by the said documents and plans, have been approved, and that the same are as follows:

(a) The construction of a dam and storage reservoir on respectively Bear Creek and Aligator Creek, tributaries of the Jordan River; the construction of main diverting works at a point on the Jordan River about 21.3 miles northeast of the town of Esquimalt, and the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway Land Grant; the construction of a storage reservoir at the headwaters of the Jordan River, known as the Jordan Meander, and the construction of a storage reservoir on Y Creek, a tributary of the said Jordan River, and the construction of diverting works on the said "Y" creek, as also the construction of a flume or ditch from the said diverted works to the said Forebay Reservoir; the construction in and upon some portion of Lot 5 Renfrew District, of a power-house and the installation of the electrical machinery for the generation of power, the construction of a pipe-line from the said Forebay Reservoir to the said power-house; the construction of a transmission line about thirty miles in length to the said power-house, and the erection of suitable sub-stations and apparatus to carry out all things necessary for the proper transmission of power to the said City of Victoria, and throughout the surrounding districts, and in and throughout the areas as defined in the Memorandum of Association of the Company; the construction of roads, trails and bridges, and all other works necessary for the undertakings and works of the said Company hereinbefore set out, the erection of poles for the transmission of power, as also telephone pole lines and telephones when and where deemed necessary, including the right to erect such poles along the said paths, highways, roads, streets and re-cross said public highways and bridges, and the stringing of wires along the said poles not less than twenty feet from the ground, and generally, the construction of such further and other works as may be necessary for the complete carrying on of the aforementioned undertakings;

(b) The water power so to be generated, and the electricity and power so generated, to be sold, either to the power chiefly to the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, Limited, which operates the street railway system of the City of Victoria and adjoining and surrounding municipalities, and also supplies public and private lighting, and all necessary and contemplated extensions to this system; it is also proposed to furnish power, heat and light to manufacturing, industrial and other plants situated in the said area authorized in the Memorandum of Association of the Company. The power will be developed by the use of Pelton Wheel, or by the best and most economical method, and converted into electrical energy and transmitted by copper or other wires to the required point of user.

2. Provided, however, that the Company shall not contract the sale and receive rents for the retention of water until the plans and specifications for the said works shall have been first filed in the office of the Chief Engineer of the Public Works Department, and the said plans and specifications have received the approval of the said Chief Engineer.

3. And this is further to certify that the "Vancouver Island Power Company, Limited" shall at their sole duty subscribe to one-half of the costs of the construction of its undertaking, and works or exercises any of the powers in that behalf conferred by the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," Part IV, ten thousand shares of one dollar each. The amount of capital required to fully complete the undertaking and works to be provided by the issue of first mortgage bonds or debentures of the "Vancouver Island Power Company, Limited" up to the maximum amount of \$300,000, the principal and interest thereof to be guaranteed by the "British Columbia Electric Railway Company, Limited" or otherwise guaranteed and floated.

4. And this is further to certify that the time within which the said capital, namely, to the extent of at least ten thousand dollars is to be subscribed, before the expiration of thirty days from the date hereof, and the time within which the said undertaking and works are to be commenced is before the expiration of sixty days from the date hereof, and the date by which the said proposed works shall be in operation is fixed at three years from the date hereof.

Dated this 4th day of November, 1909.

A. CAMPBELL REDDIE,
Deputy Clerk of the Executive Council.

Corporation of the City of Victoria

NOTICE is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 28th day of December, 1909, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, I shall call my public audience the following animal, viz.: One aged black horse, white stripes on face unless the said animal is redeemed and the pound charged paid at, or before, the time of sale.

W. H. CRAIG,
Poundkeeper.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 23, 1909.

Tenders For Ferry Steamer

Tenders are invited by the North Vancouver City Ferries, Limited, for the construction of a double end Steel Ferry Steamer, 165 feet long, with 29 foot beam. For further particulars apply to the office of the company, where plans and specifications may be seen.

All tenders must be lodged before 12 o'clock noon of the 28th day of January, 1910. The lowest or next tender not necessarily accepted. All envelopes shall be addressed to the Secretary of the Company, and marked "Tender for Ferry Steamer."

H. E. KEMP,
Secretary.

Vancouver, B. C.,
December 15th, 1909.

NOTICE

IN THE MATTER OF the Estate of William Hassard, late of the city of Victoria, in the Province of British Columbia, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the "Trustees and Executors Act" to the Trustees or Executors to deliver to the undersigned before the 28th day of December, 1909, full particulars of claims, verified by Statutory Declaration. After such date the executor will proceed to distribute the assets according to law.

Dated at Victoria this 22nd day of November, 1909.

McPHILLIPS & DAVIE,
Or Dave Chambers, No. 545 Bastion Street, Victoria, B. C. Solicitors for the Executor.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made at the next session of the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia for an act transferring all the assets, rights and property of The Great West Permanent Loan and Savings Company with the British Columbia, being the Great West Permanent Loan Company, being a company incorporated by an act of parliament of Canada, being Chapter 89 of the Statutes of 1909, also ratifying all acts done pursuant to section 41 of the said Act of Incorporation, and declaring the powers of the company to have been empowered since the 1st day of January, 1909, to exercise within the Province of British Columbia all the powers, rights and privileges provided for in its Act of Incorporation.

Dated at Victoria, B. C., this 12th day of November, A. D. 1909.

A. P. LOXTON,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

IN THE MATTER OF THE "NAVIGABLE WATERS PROTECTION ACT" (BEING CHAPTER 115 OF THE REVISED STATUTES OF CANADA, 1909)

TAKE NOTICE that John Raymond, of the City of Victoria, in the Province of British Columbia, in pursuance of Section 7 of the above Act has deposited the plans of a wharf and description of the proposed site thereof to be constructed upon part of land in front of lots 542A and 543A, Victoria City, in the Province aforesaid with the Minister of Public Works at Ottawa in the Province of Ontario, and a duplicate of such plans with the Registrar-General of Titles at Victoria, British Columbia, being the Registrar of deeds for the district in which each work is to be constructed.

And take notice that at the expiration of one month from the date hereof application will be made to the Governor in Council for the approval thereof.

Dated at Victoria, British Columbia, this 14th day of December, 1909.

JAYNES & JAY,
Solicitors for the Applicant.

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session on behalf of The Corporation of the District of Oak Bay for an act conferring upon the council of the said corporation the following powers in addition to those conferred by the Municipal Clauses Act, namely:

(1) Power to make, alter and repeal by-laws for the following purposes:

(a) For charging a frontage rate against all property past which water-rate run, and making such water-rate a lien on the real property.

From borrowing money for purchasing, laying out and constructing water-mains, gas mains, electric lighting trunk or main wires and connections, subject to the provisions of Sections 68 and 69 of the "Municipal Clauses Act," but without the restrictions contained in Section 81 of the act.

(b) For regulating the obstruction of streams, water-courses, drains and authorizing the municipal officers to enter on private lands for the purpose of clearing streams, water-courses or drains; and for laying drains or sewerage pipes in any stream or water courses; for entering into agreements with other municipalities for any watercourses or streams, water-courses, drains and maintaining sewers and drains.

(c) For regulating the speed of street cars, automobiles and other vehicles.

(d) For licensing hacks, cabs, automobiles, trolleybuses and other vehicles, hired with or without or without the municipality, passing over the roads and highways within the municipality.

(e) For regulating the class of buildings to be erected in any particular section or district of the municipality.

(f) For prohibiting, regulating and licensing the carrying of firearms within the municipality or on any waters within one mile of the shore of any part of the municipality.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

F. C. GAMBLE,
Public Works Engineer.

Public Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 22 December, 1909.

CIVIC NOTICE

The Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City of Victoria, having determined that it is desirable to execute the following works of local improvement, namely:

1. To pave Fisgard street from Government street to Store street with wooden blocks, treated with creosote and placed on a concrete foundation.

2. To construct curbs, gutters and boulevards (including maintenance) on both sides of Fisgard street between Queen and Government streets.

3. To pave Douglas street from View street to Cormorant street with wooden blocks, treated with creosote, and placed on a concrete foundation;

4. To pave Douglas street from Humboldt street to View street, with wooden blocks treated with creosote and placed on a concrete foundation;

5. To grade the surface and drain St. Andrew street from Simcoe street to Niagara street, and to construct permanent sidewalks on both sides thereof, with curbs, gutters and boulevards (including maintenance);

6. To construct permanent sidewalks on both sides of St. Lawrence street, between Erie and Niagara street, and to grade and level surface the roadway of said street;

And that each and all of said works shall be carried out in accordance with the provisions of the "Local Improvement General By-Law" and amendments thereto, and the City Engineer and City Assessor having reported to the Council, in accordance with the provisions of Section 4 of the said by-law upon local improvement, giving statements showing the amounts estimated to be chargeable in each case against the various portions of real property to be benefited by the said works, and the reports of the City Engineer and City Assessor as aforesaid having been adopted by the Council.

(2) Power to purchase or otherwise acquire water and waterworks wherever situated and to deal with and enter into agreements with any person or corporation for the acquisition of any waterworks or water supply, and power to construct and lay pipes and tanks for carrying such waterworks, or from any point where water is supplied to the municipality through any lands, roads, streets or highways, whether provincial, municipal or private, and full power to pass the necessary by-laws for such purposes.

(3) Power to enforce all by-laws on the foreshore adjoining the municipality.

(4) Power to ratify and confirm the agreement to be entered into between the corporation and William Hicks Gardner and ratifying the by-law to be submitted by the proprietors embodying such by-law, and giving the power to adopt and carry into effect the said agreement and carry out and confirm all the rights, franchises and privileges in the said agreement mentioned.

And that the said agreement was submitted to the Council within fifteen days from the date of the first publication of this notice, the Council will proceed with the proposed improvement upon such terms and conditions as to the payment of the cost of such improvement as by the Council may by by-laws in that behalf regulate and determine.

(5) Power to carry on local improvements for all municipal work under a new system, with full power to pass the necessary local improvement charges chargeable against the property concerned thereby and to assess for such improvement and representations at least one-half of the value of the said land or real property, is presented to the Council within fifteen days from the date of the first publication of this notice, the Council will proceed with the proposed improvement upon such terms and conditions as to the payment of the cost of such improvement as by the Council may by by-laws in that behalf regulate and determine.

(6) Power to ratify and confirm the agreement to be entered into between the corporation and Wellington J. Dowler, C. M. C.

City Clerk's office, Victoria, B. C., December 8th, 1909.

BODWELL & LAWSON,
Solicitors for The Corporation of the District of Oak Bay.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the said reports are open for inspection at the office of the City Assessor, City Hall, Douglas street, and that unless a petition against any proposed work of local improvement at any particular place is filed with the City Assessor, the same will be carried out.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the said reports are open for inspection at the office of the City Assessor, City Hall, Douglas street, and that unless a petition against any proposed work of local improvement at any particular place is filed with the City Assessor, the same will be carried out.

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GREETING

To our friends and patrons, we
extend our sincerest greetings
and best wishes for a

Merry Christmas

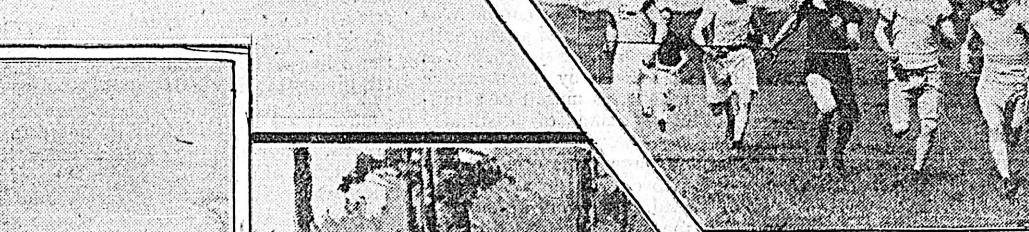
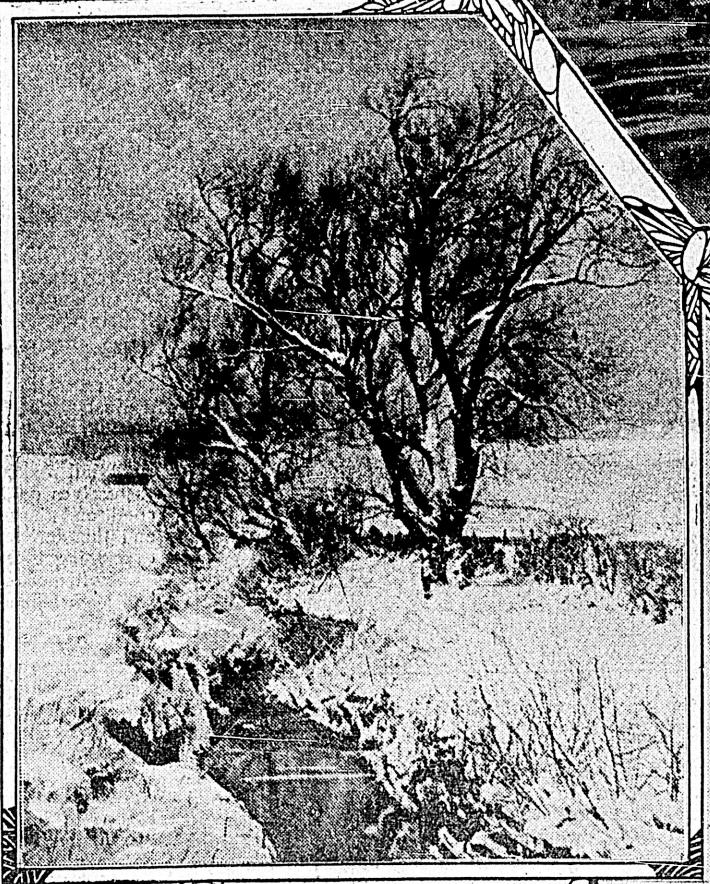
May it be a joyous one of the
good, old kind

DAVID SPENCER, LIMITED

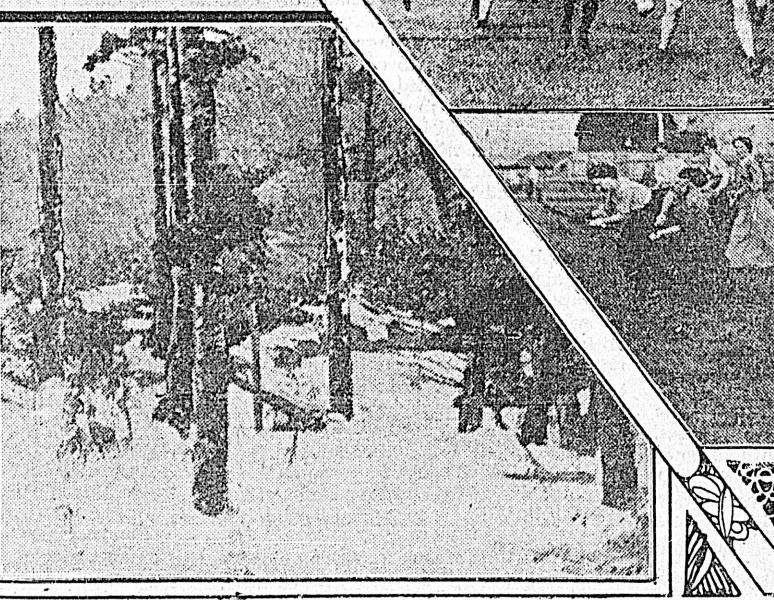
THE COLONIST

SUNDAY
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The
CHRISTMAS
SPIRIT
IS THE SAME
THOUGH
CONDITIONS
WIDELY
DIFFER



CHRISTMAS SCENES
ELSEWHERE IN
CANADA



The Christmas Spirit

Pealing bells that echo from the far shores of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia to our own fruitful coast, have rung in another anniversary of the great Nativity and another year is added to the centuries that have passed by without erasing in so much as a jot or a tittle the flood of love and good will that began in a manger in Bethlehem of Judea 1909 years ago.

"Sing Noel, sing Noel," peal the bells.
"Sing Noel, sing Noel, and merry be alway
For Christ was born in the early morn
All on a Christmas Day."

And with the pealing of those bells from the east to the west, from the slopes of snow to the green hillsides, the great anthem of Christmas praise rises from Canadian hearts and swells to heaven. Peace for one hundred years, peace and good will towards men have been the portion of this Dominion; peace and a million homes, a million homes wherein, this morning, the sound of laughter and of love is heard.

Contrast Here.

Owing to the difference between the climate of Vancouver Island and that of almost all of the remainder of Canada save Vancouver and the adjacent district, there will be some marked differences between the character of the celebration of the Great Feast in the east and its celebration here. The difference, however, will be restricted largely to games and pastimes. As regards the giving and receiving of gifts, the attendance or non-attendance at religious services and the enjoyment of turkey with cranberry sauce, plum pudding and all the accessories, Canadians will be as one, they will see with a single eye and all will hope for a drumstick. "Christmas bells, Christmas trees, Christmas odors on the breeze; Merry, Merry Christmas everywhere" runs an old song, and the description holds true.

A "Snow" Christmas.

But in the far east, in Halifax and Charlottetown and St. John, providing there has been sufficient snow, the merry-makers will be sleigh-riding today. Swift horses will be sailing along the country highways to the jingle of strings of bells, hauling "jumpers" with red-checked, laughing girls and fur-clad boys. Perhaps there will be sleighing parties with a score or more jovial young people packed in the box of a big bob-sleigh, their feet snug among the straw in its bottom, their faces fanned by the brisk, frosty air as the team skips along the white roadway flinging snow-balls over the dasher from their flying feet. Then, the skating rinks will be crowded—not skating rinks such as we know them here, but rinks where the sharp "zip-zip" of steel cutting ice keeps time to the fil of band music while the couples glide over a surface of glass.

In Montreal, if there has been the usual boon of snow the Mountain trail to Lunkin's on the Cote des Neige will be black with snow-shoers and on their way they will pass the Park Slide, where scores of men and rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girls are swishing on the long toboggans with the speed of lighting half a mile to the bunker far below where the flight is stopped. Everyone is clad in blanket suit, mocassins and toque and sash. The colors are bright and they contrast sharply with the white snow. On the breasts of some of the men who wear snow-shoes are many strips of ribbon. Each strip means a year as member of a certain club and some of them have as many as twenty-five such badges.

Church-Goers These.

In Toronto this morning there will be a general turn-out to church services. Then there will be the crowds streaming to the rinks and perhaps in the vicinity of Rosedale there will be snow-shoers. If the ice is good on the Humber there will be skaters there as well, and if the same holds true of the bay, ice-boats, swift, hawk-like craft, will be darting hither and thither.

In Winnipeg the same sports will hold sway. Many a jolly crowd of snow-shoers will pound the racquets along the river trail to Deer Lodge. The many skating rinks will be filled and the curling rinks will be crowded. Every sheet of ice will have its two rinks competing wi' the stanes and mon, hoo the shouts will ring when someone draws a difficult porte and lies shot and hoo the skip will bellow: "Soop her oop, mon dear, swing ye'er besom!" when a rock swings on sticky ice.

In almost all of the eastern cities where there is ice there will be hockey games today and crowds will attend.

In Victoria today many of the residents will spend the day in the quiet of their homes. There will be those, too, who will take long walks along the country roads. There will be others who will attend the football matches, matches that are associated only with summer or fall in the east. Others will see the road race, something that is impossible or impracticable at all events, in eastern Christmas celebrations, and others will play or watch hockey on the grass, a very different game from the ice game.

All in all, east and west, Canadians will celebrate Christmas with all the vim and vigor and abandon that has characterized the Great Feast in every land since auld lang syne.

IN HIS THIRD YEAR

"This is your son's third year at college, isn't it?" "Yes, and he is doing really splendid work." "Mental or athletic?" "Why, he poses for all these pictures of perfectly dressed young men in the clothing manufacturers' circulars."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



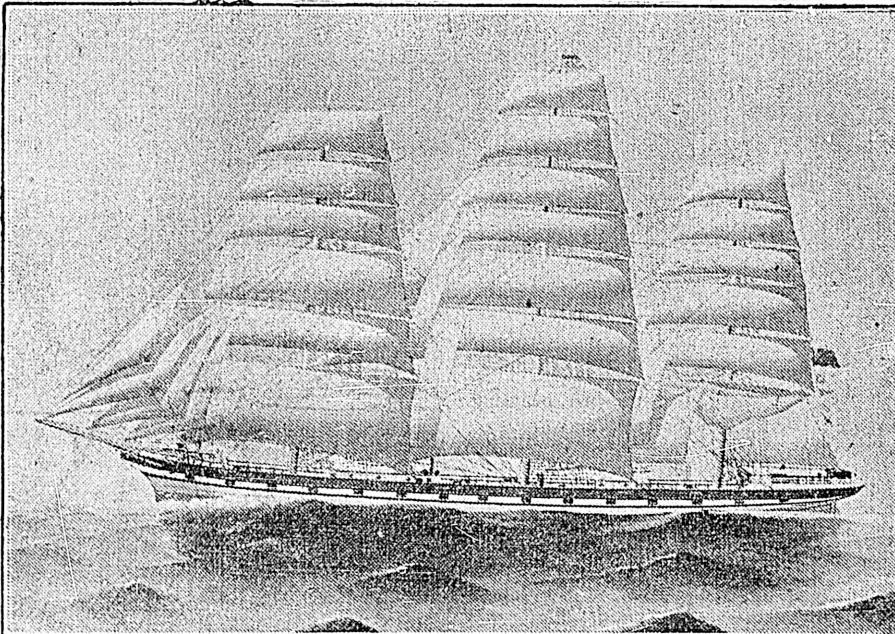
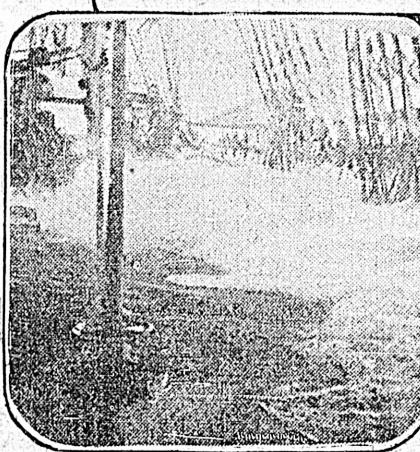
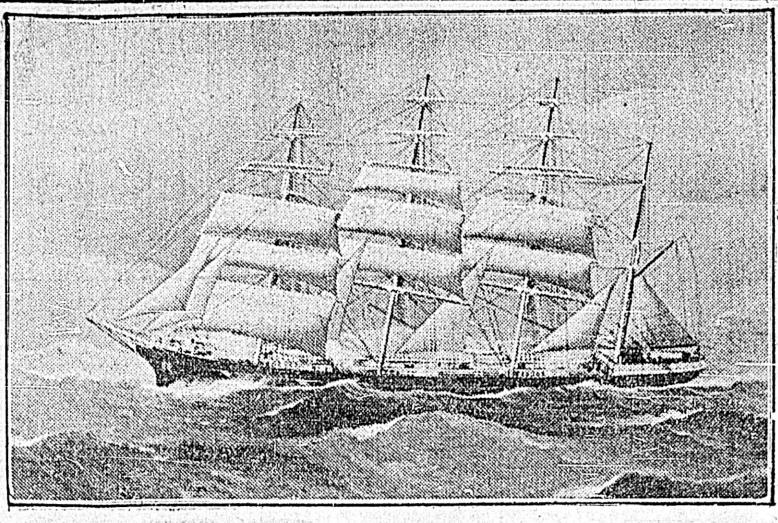
By Capt. Jarvis, of the Victoria Nautical Academy.

Upon returning on November 1, 189—, from my first voyage to sea, I found myself surrounded with the comforts of home once more, and was eagerly looking forward to spending Christmas ashore within the home circle, since I had been informed that it would not be necessary for me to rejoin my vessel for at least three months. With this joyous prospect before me, I had but few cares, and the fact that I had elected to adopt the sea as my profession rested lightly upon my young shoulders. As a consequence I set about to enjoy what I then considered was a well-earned holiday. My jubilations were destined, however, to come to a very sudden and abrupt ending, for on December 10 I received orders from my owners to join their vessel, the fine full-rigged ship "Mount Stewart" of Aberdeen, within the next two days. I was further instructed that the "Mount Stewart" was leaving the Southwest India Docks on December 15, bound for Australia. At that particular period of my career the sea strongly appealed to me, and exercised a very great hold upon my boyish imagination and fancy. I was fifteen years old, and salt water ran through my veins, accordingly the empty glory of a sailor's life held me fascinated, as nothing else could. Notwithstanding this, however, it was with a very bad grace that I bade goodbye to my home and took train to London, accompanied only by my outfit and a few Christmas plum puddings and other seasonable viands, which had been hurriedly packed for me. Upon arrival in London it was necessary for me, in order to reach the Southwest Docks, to tranship both myself and kit on board another train, and it was while I was waiting at Fenchurch Street station for this to heave in sight, that I became fully conscious of the situation in which I found myself. I realized to the full the utter loneliness and hopelessness of it; there I was, cut off from all home ties during the Yuletide period—of all others; further, I was proceeding on board a strange ship, and amongst strange officers and men. It is therefore not surprising that I was seized with a sense of homesickness and dejection difficult to describe. The arrival of the train did not improve my mood, which, by this time, had changed to one of abject misery, the impulse to run away being strong. To excuse my unmanly conduct, I recollect taking into consideration that I was a "second voyager," and as such, was in a better position to realize what kind of a life I was returning to, than a "first voyager" or "new chum" would be. With him, I told myself, it would be all glamor, for was it not a new experience? Not so in my case. I was an "old whale," and understood what a hard and bitter life the sea was when spent on board a sailing ship. It was with such feelings as these that I boarded the train and was hauled slowly towards the docks. I remember during the journey venting my spleen upon the train, and the scorn, ridicule and contempt with which I regarded the engine was more than true to the traditions of young sailors. The monotony of the journey was somewhat relieved, however, by the presence in the same compartment as myself of a red-nosed, beery-looking seaman of distinctly London origin.

After biting off a huge piece of black tobacco, he proceeded to chew it in a most energetic fashion; indeed, the revolutions of his mouth seemed to me to be keeping time to those accomplished by the wheels of the train. After eyeing me disdainfully, he took occasion to expectorate very violently out of the lee port hole, and then turned and addressed me with the question: "Where yer barn'd ter, sonny?" I replied as dignifiedly as I could, that I was going to the Sou'west dock to join the "Mount Stewart." "Making yer first voyage?" he sniffed contemptuously. "No," I rejoined hotly; "I'm a second voyager," and then, with rapidly rising pride, "and I shall be the senior apprentice in the "Mount Stewart's" half-deck this voyage; five new fellows are joining."

He studied me curiously, and then remarked: "No offence meant, sonny, only I was thinking as ow yer ain't been more than a dog-watch at sea"; adding under his breath, "Poor little devil, e'll ave ter spend 'is Christmas at sea."

By this time we were passing close to the docks and through a neighborhood congested with shipping, and in spite of myself I found that I was commencing to take a keen interest in my surroundings by watching the forest of masts, spars and rigging, and wondering which particular ones belonged to my ship. Upon alighting from the train, I bade goodbye to my brother seaman, and wended my way towards the Sou'west dock. Arriving at the gates, I enquired of a certain bow-legged individual as to the whereabouts of the "Mount Stewart." He explained with vigor that the "Mount Stewart" was lying in the Inner Basin, and that I would readily recognize her by her extreme loftiness. "She carries six t'gallant yards an' a main skysail," he reflectively



the deck. Cursing and muttering apparently at their rotten luck, and also splitting heads, they, a dishevelled and squalid crowd, slowly crawled on deck. Cold, sleepy-eyed, and miserable, we boys turned out of our bunks and unwillingly dragged ourselves up the fo'castle head ladders to join the others. A bleak nor'east wind was blowing up the river, accompanied with falling snow, and the water alongside ran dark and cold. The fore-riding light on the forecastle was burning dimly, and cast a ghastly yellow glow upon the fore lower yards and rigging. Aloft, the naked spars of the ship towered vague and indistinct in the gloom. The men huddled together shivering, unwilling to turn to, sulky, sore, bad tempered, and out of sorts with the sea, with its officers, with everything.

In surly obedience to the sharp orders and gestures of the mate, they shipped the windlass bars, and we all commenced to march silently and sullenly around the windlass. My five first voyage companions and myself were all too completely wrapped up in our own thoughts to attempt to liven things up; we could not meekly submit to the prospect of having to spend our Christmas at sea, and our homesick feelings, arising from this cause, can be better imagined than described. The men, all of whom were foreigners, with no so much English among them as would serve the simple monosyllable, "Yes," occasionally emitted a few polyglot grunts, and helped further to depress us. However, our spirits were somewhat vivified by the sudden arrival of the second mate, who had been busy elsewhere. Although a comparatively young man, and one who had only just obtained his first sheet of coveted parchment, he was both a good and tactful officer. Instinctively recognizing that the present was a psychological moment, he seized it by throwing his weight against the bars, at the same time exclaiming, "Heave hearty, my sons, and up with the old muck-hook whilst the cook's getting the coffee ready. I'm a salt water night-gale, and will give you an old sea shanty."

Suiting the action to the word, he burst forth in a hoarse and husky voice with the question:

"Oh, were you ever in Rio Grande?"

To which the hairy-throated bosun, carpenter, and sailmaker, together with myself, wailed the long-drawn chorus:

"Away you Rio. Away you Rio,
So, it's fare you well, my bonnie young girl,
We're bound to Rio Grande."

Gradually our voices cleared; the stroke of the breaks and the clipper-clapper of the paws grew livelier, and by the time dawn broke, disclosing other outward bound vessels anchored around, we had become more reconciled to our unwelcome fate.

Shortly after dawn the tugs arrived to take us out to sea, and their towlines being fast, they proceeded to tow us seawards. About ten hours afterwards we rounded the North Foreland, and the wind being nor'easterly we sheeted home the three lower topsails, cast off the tugs, after setting, and proceeding under easy canvas to Dungeness. We hove to off there for a short while, in order to take an board the channel pilot, and then squared away and shaped our course down channel. Under a great spread of canvas, we bowled along before a biting breeze in true clipper

fashion down to Start Point, on the Devon coast. After disembarking the channel pilot off there, we stood out to sea, and by noon had lost sight of the English coast. For three days we sped before the breeze, which was now on our port quarter, and the "Mount Stewart" gave us a creditable exhibition of her splendid sailing qualities, with the wind in that direction, by overtaking and passing numerous outward bound steamers. The life the clipper evinced did much to cheer us up, and by this time most of us were quite convinced that there was nothing else in the world so glorious as life on board a sailing ship, even my companions, nearly all of whom were horribly sea-sick, doubtfully admitted that.

Our fair breeze lasted, and we felt fully justified in congratulating ourselves upon our good luck in getting clear so easily of the world's greatest waterway, and as Christmas day drew nearer, our little community in the half-decks spent much energy in scheming and plotting to make it a really jolly one. On Dec. 22nd, however, we received rather an unpleasant surprise, which had the effect of once again damping our Christmas ardour. A distinct meteorological change was experienced, the first indication being in a long swell which seemed to roll up suddenly from the sou'-west. Ugly looking clouds had commenced to group themselves on the southern horizon, and before long, the wind had veered smartly to the same direction. We were compelled to shorten sail, for the wind came away strong, accompanied with heavy rain, increasing sea, and a rapidly falling barometer. The same afternoon we witnessed a very fine sight, for during an interval between the squalls, we overhauled and passed the splendid four-masted barque "Primrose Hill" of Liverpool. She was close hauled on the starboard tack and under her six topsails, fore-and main lower gallant sail. She had left Liverpool a few days before, and was bound out round Cape Horn to Victoria, B. C. Strangely enough, and by a fluke, I had been prevented from joining her in Liverpool that voyage; that such had been the case, afterwards proved to be a very fortunate thing for me, as will be seen later.

By Christmas Eve we were hove to under our main lower top-s'l, facing what was afterwards recorded by the London Meteorological Office as being the most terrific gale experienced off the British coast for a period of thirty years.

Christmas dawn scowled angrily at us as it beat upon our total destruction before the day should close, a few brief moments lull—and then the din of action recommenced; the earnest and strenuous strife of man against stern elements determined to destroy him. The "Mount Stewart" heeled and lurched violently under the combined fury of the wind and sea. Great green seas poised themselves on high, remained there for a second, and then dashed furiously at the vessel and thundered along her decks, sweeping everything before them.

Aloft, portions of sails, previously furled, had been loosened again by the terrific force of the wind, and were either banging and slatting or else streaming in ribands from the yards and cracking like whips. Iron chains were screeching and rattling through groaning iron sheaves, and throughout all, and as if to complete the harmony of this infernal orchestra, was the shrieking, rushing and belowing of the mighty wind. By ten o'clock on Christmas morn, the gale had increased to one of hurricane force and shortly afterwards, and with a sound resembling a thunder clap our main topsail was blown completely out of the bolt ropes and whirled away in circles far to leeward. Then came the most wretched event of the day—our foreign crew were suddenly seized with panic and wildly refused to make any further effort to assist in handling the vessel; instead, they remained cowering on the poop, where we had all been huddled throughout the night, the main deck being so completely under water that any attempt to venture upon it was attended with the gravest danger to life and limb. Trembling with fear and crouching under whatever protection was afforded by skylights and wheelbox, they kept madly gesticulating and continually pointing to the great seas leaping over our bulwarks, and although our captain, officers and bo'son bawled at, and constantly kicked and cuff'd them, their efforts to arouse them to a sense of duty were of no avail. The remainder of us tried hard to lash a tarpaulin in the mizen rigging, in order to keep the ship hove to, but it was too late; a gigantic sea caught us under the bow and swept us clean off before the wind. Finding the vessel fairly off before the wind, and still afloat minus deckhouses, skids and lifeboats—our captain realised the utter uselessness of attempting to heave to again in such a sea, and with such a skeleton crew as the officers and we boys represented. Under his directions therefore, we all manned the wheel, and throughout the horror and misery of that awful day and night, we worked like devils to prevent the vessel from broaching-to. We lived upon sea biscuits and canned meat passed up from the cabin by the steward. During the night, the first lull occurred and three of us watched our chance and made a dash forward in an attempt to set the fore-topmast-staysail, but it was blown to pieces the instant we cast off the first gasket. It was some hours before we managed to get safely aft again, by which time the wind had hauled to the South-west.

A confused pyramidal sea had accordingly been created, and did its utmost to destroy us. For three more days we tore before the tempest—straight fo' the British coast, roaring through the thickest and stormiest weather logging the speed of eleven knots an hour under bare poles, we neither knew nor cared how long the interval before us were dashed (Continued on Page 13)

Literature Music Art

By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

SEASONABLE QUOTATIONS FROM DICKENS

From "A Christmas Carol"

"Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corner of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tumbling in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxuriant thoughts of sage and onions, these young Cratchits danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he, not proud, altogether his collar near choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother Tiny Tim. And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, mother," cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well, never mind, so long as you're home," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm; Lord bless ye!"

"No! No! There's father coming! Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in come little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim! he bore a little crutch, and has his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden dejection in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming home upon Christmas Day?"

Martha did not like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim and bore him off to the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me coming home that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, Who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he told them that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and, while Bob turned up his cuffs, as if, poor fellow they were capable of being made more shabby, compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter-of-course—and in truth it was somewhat very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy ready beforehand (in a little saucepan) hissing hot, Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the applesauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner of the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit looking slowly all along the edge of the carving knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the

There never was such a goose. Bob said handle of his knife and feebly cried "Hurrah!" he didn't believe there was ever such a goose

cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, its size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish—they hadn't ate it all at last). Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows. But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to be witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the back of the back yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose! A supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

"Hallo!" A great deal of steam. The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day. That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door, with a laundress' next door to that. That was the pudding. In a half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—slushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in a half-a-quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck in the top.

"Oh, what a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest achievement of Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning a half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire spluttered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dear. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us, everyone!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

From "The Christmas Chimes"

The end of Trotty's dream and the awakening.

Again the old man heard the voices. Looking up, he saw the figures hovering in the air, and pointing where Meg went down the dark street.

"She loves it!" he exclaimed in agonized entreaty for her. "The Chimes! She loves it still!"

"Follow her." The shadows swept upon the track she had taken like a cloud.

He joined in the pursuit: he kept close to her; he looked into her face. He saw the same fierce and terrible expression mingling with her love, and kindling in her eyes—O, for something to awaken her! For any sight or sound or scent, to call up tender recollections in a brain on fire. For any gentle image of the Past, to rise before her!

"I was her father! I was her father!" cried the old man, stretching out his hands to the dark shadows flying above. "Have mercy on her and on me. Where does she go? Turn her back. I was her father!"

But they only pointed to her, as she hurried on; and said: "To desperation! Learn it from the creature dearest to your heart."

A hundred voices echoed it. The air was made of breath expended in those words. He seemed to take them in, at every gasp he drew. They were everywhere and not to be escaped.

All at once she stopped.

"Now, turn her back!" cried the old man, tearing his white hair. "My child, Meg, turn her back! Great Father, turn her back!"

In her own scanty shawl she wrapped the baby warm. With her fevered hands, she smoothed its limbs, composed its face, arranged its mean attire. In her wasted arms she folded it as though she would never resign it more. And with her dry lips, kissed it in a final pang, a last, long agony of love.

Putting its tiny hand up to her neck, and holding it there within her dress, next to her distracted heart, she set its sleeping face against her; closely, steadily against her; and sped onward to the river.

To the rolling river, swift and dim, where Winter Night sat brooding like the last, dark thoughts of many who had sought a refuge there before her. Where scattered lights upon the banks gleamed sultry, red and dull, as torches that were burning there to show the way to Death.—He tried to touch her as she passed him, going down to its dark level; but the wild, distempered form, the fierce and terrible love, the desperation that had left all human check or hold behind, swept by him like the wind.

He followed her. She paused a moment on the brink before the dreadful plunge. He fell down on his knees, and in a shriek addressed

the figures in the Bells now hovering above them.

"I have learnt it," cried the old man, "from the creature nearest my heart. O save her! Save her!"

He could wind his fingers in her dress, could hold it. As the word escaped his lips, he felt his sense of touch return, and knew that he detained her.

The figures looked down steadfastly upon him.

"I have learnt it!" cried the old man. "O, have mercy on me in this hour, if, in my love for her, so young and good, I slandered Nature in the breasts of mothers rendered desolate. Pity my presumption, wickedness and ignorance, and save her!"

He felt his hold relaxing; they were silent still.

"Have mercy on her!" he exclaimed, "as one in whom this dreadful crime has sprung from Love perverted; from the strongest, deepest love we fallen creatures know. Think, what her misery must have been when such seed bears such fruit. Heaven meant her to be good. There is no loving mother on earth who might not come to this, if such a life had gone before. O, have mercy on my child, who, even

cast in no common metal; made of no common founder; when had they ever chimed like that before?

Had Trotty dreamed? Or are his joys and sorrows, and the actors in them, but a dream? Himself a dream; the teller of this tale a dreamer, waking but now? If it be so, O listener, dear to him in all his visions, try to bear in mind the stern realities from which these shadows come; and in your sphere—none is too wide, and none too limited, for such an end—endeavor to correct, improve and soften them. So may the New Year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you. So may each year be happier than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren and sisterhood debarred from the rightful share, in what our great Creator formed them to enjoy.

EMMA CALVE

Emma Calve, whose baptismal name was Emma Rogner, was born at Decazeville in 1866. Her father, a Spaniard, was a civil engineer. He died when she was a child, and her voice, having attracted attention when she was at school in a convent, her mother took her to Paris, where she studied music. She made her debut as Marguerite in "Faust" in 1881, when she was only 15 years of age—a record which is almost unique. She made a number of successful appearances, and then placed herself under the tuition of Madame Marchesi, with whom she made a tour of Italy. Here she met Eleanor Duse, whose work inspired her to the study of dramatic singing. Her first great success was as Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana," which she was the first to present to Paris. Her next great success was as Carmen, and this may be called her greatest achievement, for it seems unlikely that she will ever be able to create another great role. She is described as a strange combination of girl and woman; is superstitious to a degree and a believer in Spiritualism, Theosophy and Astrology. She has designed her tomb and headstone. To show the thoroughness with which she has done her work, it may be mentioned that, when she was cast for Carmen, she went to Seville, and stood outside the cigarette factories, studying the types of the girls who worked in them. Her costumes were bought where they bought theirs; and she claimed that her acting was the exact reproduction of one girl, who she specially watched.

WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS.

Seneca.

The truth of Mark Antony's remark, "The evil men do live after them, the good is oft interred with their bones," is refuted by the example afforded by Seneca. His philosophy has come down to us, inspiring, calm, and beautiful; and, reading it, we quite forget, if indeed we have ever learned, that the man responsible for all this wise teaching, in his own life, exemplified his precepts not at all. He praises the joys of poverty until we are happy in our lack of riches, and yet luxury was a thing he could not do without and in order to gain it, he sacrificed his honor more than once. Power, influence, high position, all of these things he treats in his writings as of little worth, yet he found they were very essential to his own happiness. However, he had the frankness to own that he failed profoundly in following the wisest course, and his sad end is a proof of this. He bade those who read him not to take his own life into account, but to abide by what he had written, as he too would have done, had he had the moral strength of his convictions. His own physical infirmities probably lessened his desire to take a firm stand against temptation, and his situation was always a difficult one. Yet his character was almost wholly lovable. He never failed a friend, in disposition he was mild and gentle; and his love for little children endeared him to all the young.

He was the son of an intellectually brilliant father, and was born before the Christmas era. He inherited a high social position and much wealth, and as he grew older his own ability won him wide recognition, so successful was he as an advocate that he incurred the jealousy of Caligula, and the next emperor Claudius banished him to the Isle of Corsica where he remained for eight years. It was the infamous Agrippina, mother of Nero, who was instrumental in bringing the philosopher back to Rome, where she installed him as tutor to the future emperor. Nero had inherited so many evil traits, that the wisest philosopher of his time could do practically nothing toward changing the bend of his character, though had he remained under Seneca's influence, and not been allowed to follow his unbridled passions, his reign might not have been such a horrible one. As it was the first years of his rule were not marked by any crime, and in fact gave promise of a better social order and condition than had been prevalent in Rome for some time. Historians unite in giving Seneca the credit for all this.

But feeling his own power later, Nero lost what small control he had of his unnatural instincts, and after he had murdered his mother, his attitude toward his teacher was such as to cause Seneca to fear that unless he withdrew at once from Rome he too would suffer a like fate. He relinquished what authority he had, and in order to propitiate the bestial young tyrant who was his master, he asked for permission to retire to his father's estate in Cordova, and offered Nero all of his wealth. The latter saw fit to accuse him of treason, however, and commanded him to commit suicide.

This the aged Roman did, and his wife was only forcibly prevented from following his example.

On Independence in Action

All men wish to live happily, but are dull at perceiving what it is that makes life happy; and so far is it from being easy to attain happiness, that the more eagerly a man struggles to reach it, the further he departs from it, if he takes the wrong road; for since this leads in the opposite direction, his very swiftness carries him all the further away. We must define clearly what it is at which we aim; next we must consider by what path we can most speedily reach it: for on our journey itself, provided it be made in the right direction, we shall learn how much progress we have made each day, and how much nearer we are to the goal towards which our natural desires urge us. But as long as we wander at random, not following any guide except the shouts and discordant clamors of those who invite us to proceed in different directions, our short life will be wasted in useless roamings, even if we labor both day and night to secure a good understanding. Let us not therefore decide whether we must tend, and by what path, without the advice of some experienced person, who has explored the regions which we are about to enter; because this journey is not subject to the same conditions as others; for in that some distinctly understood track and inquiries made of the natives make it impossible for us to go wrong, but here the most beaten and frequented tracks are those which lead us most astray. Nothing, therefore, is more important than that we should not, like sheep, follow the flock that has gone before us, and thus proceed not whether we ought, but whether the rest are going.

Suppose that your life has become full of trouble, and that without knowing what you are doing, you have fallen into some snare which either public or private fortune has set for you, and that you can neither untie it nor break it: then remember that fettered men suffer much at first from the burdens and clogs upon their legs; afterwards, when they have made up their minds not to fret themselves about them, but to endure them, necessity teaches them to bear them bravely, and habit to bear them easily. In every station of life you will find amusements, relaxations and enjoyments; that is, provided you be willing to make light of evils rather than to hate them. Knowing to what sorrows we were born, there is nothing for which Nature more deserves our thanks than for having invented habit as an alleviation of misfortunes, which soon accustoms us to the severest evils.

ANN VERONICA.

If Mr. Wells' latest piece of presumption were a modern love story, as he subnames it, then it would be high time indeed that we harked back to older times and older manners. But it is not a modern love story in any sense of the word; it is merely a narrative of savage primeval instincts, where the participants only differ from their uncouth progenitors in the fact that they wear clothes and pretend to dabble in biology. More than this, the story is absurd in that the heroine herself is a wholly man-made creation, an impossible conception of a femininity that is more male than female in its manner of thought and act. If Mr. Wells had done nothing more than draw a character of this kind his book might be dismissed with a passing comment on its silliness, and the negligible negative amount of harm it would have done would have in no sense appalled us. But it suits this professor of modernism to adopt a sort of ironical flippancy towards those which we have been taught to believe are the foundations of the institutions which hold the family and society together. It may be the scientific vein in Mr. Wells that prompts this; "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing"; but whatever the reason, the fact remains that he has tried to undermine, by unscrupulous suggestion, the very groundwork upon which civilization rests. To many of us it is a far cry back to our Sunday school days, ad those of us who are not churchgoers retain but a faint recollection, perhaps, of our early religious training; but the impression conveyed in youth remains with us, and however much we may have changed our views, however unorthodox we may have become, we have found no reason to believe that the laws embodied in the Ten Commandments are not worthy of being followed; are not the best, in fact the only guides to right moral conduct and consequent happiness. They have been in force now for a great many hundred years. They are the gist practically of every religious and philosophical cult, and science has not given or attempted to give us any better substitute. But this so-called feminine creation of Mr. Wells sets all moral laws at defiance, and the author evidently sanctions her in so doing. She begins by breaking the first and second commandment, aids by breaking nearly all of them. But the last chapter finds her the picture of alleged well-merited happiness, her desires all fulfilled, and enjoying life to the utmost. As for Capes, her lover, he is nothing more nor less than a criminal at large.

It is not the purpose of these columns to give a synopsis of or extracts from a book of this variety, however notorious it may be. The sooner it sinks into oblivion the better.



Emma Calve as "Carmen"



An Hour with the Editor



CHRISTMAS.

Not very many people will trouble themselves today about the origin of Christmas or how the date corresponds with the probable season of the year when Jesus was born, and least of all the children to whose pleasure most of us devote the day. The great thing is not what Christmas was, but what it is. It may be, as the wise people tell us, only an adaptation of an ancient heathen holiday to the purposes of the Christian Church, whose leaders felt it wise to engraft some of the old practices of heathendom, which were in themselves harmless, upon the new religion, and devote the occasion to the commemoration of the birth of its Founder, than to antagonize their new converts altogether. It may be that these early fathers were not especially careful to be exact in fixing the date of the event. These things are proper enough for discussion at other times, but not at Christmas Day. They do not make the least bit of difference one way or the other, but there are a lot of super-excellent folk, who are never quite satisfied unless they have everything drawn with a straight-edge and all the angles exact. They have no use for curves in history or religion, but just as Hogarth told us that in art the curve was the emblem of beauty, although everybody knew it before he said so, so also in those things which make for our happiness we must make use of "curves" if we want the best results. In long centuries the angles have been taken out of things. Doubtless it is a very wavy line that we would have to follow, if we would trace Christmas back to the day, when there was born in the stable in Bethlehem a Baby Boy, whose influence is the most potent factor in the world today; but that makes it all the more beautiful, for wherever we trace it, we would find lying along its course the sentiment of "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will to Men." Even in the rugged days of old, when our rude, but virile ancestors drank deep of nut-brown ale, while the Yule log blazed upon the hearth; or in later days when the Crusaders, with clanging of shields and shouts of frenzy, hurled defiance at the Saracen foe, from whom they sought to rescue the place where the Child of Bethlehem was buried; even yet later, when monasticism and later still, Puritanism had robbed the day of many of its outward evidences of joy, it was the same. Perhaps there were times when the sunlight of love found the dark clouds hanging over humanity difficult to penetrate; but ever the sun was there; ever its beams were directed earthwards, and ever in men's hearts there was a glow of its divine fire. And in these latter days, when the anthem of the Angel Choir finds an echo in the breasts of us all, Christmas Day is the season of Love Triumphant. To be sure there is sorrow, suffering, hate, envy, and malice in the world; but like the mists, which fly before the splendour of the dawn, they are rolling away. The divine sunshine is illuminating more and more of the dark places as the years roll on, and we look forward with confidence to the glory of midday, when the principle for which Christmas Day stands will rule the world.

Christmas Day is a day of memories. Some of them are sad, but most of them are joyous. Even with the former there is a little brightness, for when on this day we remember those who have left us forever, we recall only what was good about them. The world is better for our memory of our sorrows; if the rain of grief never fell into our lives they might be barren. Christmas Day bids us sorrow "not as men without hope;" for no matter what our religious faith may be, or if we have no particular religious faith at all, there is something in the atmosphere at this season, which touches and sanctifies everything, even if we are unconscious of its influence. We are learning nowadays many things that to a former generation would have seemed foolish imaginings. We know that there are occult forces. We may not try to name them, and it is just as well that we should not; but we know that they are active forces. We know there is a wireless telegraphy between human hearts; that there is a spiritual hypnotism that sways human minds. We have learned that nothing dies; that the conservation of energy is not confined to inanimate things; and we are beginning to realize that the forces of the human soul are as real, as efficient, and as eternal as the forces that control the material world. So we are justified in assuming that the sentiment that inspires the rejoicings of Christmas is having a permanent influence upon mankind, and that the world, because of it, is steadily growing better. Perhaps the improvement may not be as rapid as some of us would like it to be, but there is one infallible rule whereby its progress can be accelerated, namely, that each of us will do what in him or her lies to make Christmas what it ought to be and to keep its fires alight in our hearts until the next season comes round.

There are some people, one is sorry to say, to whom Christmas means but very little. They are not so numerous as they used to be; but they are too numerous yet. They are chiefly people who have forgotten that they were once children. They miss so much that they provide their own punishment for their foolishness in refusing to believe in the spirit of Santa Claus. But the most of us believe in Christmas, and you good sir, who will sit in your club today, and vote the rest of us absurd, as you light your cigar and look into the fire, just let your memory go back to a day long before the first grey hair showed itself in your head, long before you knew anything about those matters, to which you look for your pleasures

nowadays, and recall a little fellow you used to know. Fine little chap he was. He did not know much, but he believed a great deal. He was only certain of a few things. One was that Father was much the greatest man in all the world; another was that angels must be something like Mother, only not quite so good, another was that there was a good spirit called Santa Claus, whose performances were a thousand times more wonderful than all the marvels of modern science about which you read in the papers and magazines. You remember that little chap. You remember how he could hardly go to sleep on Christmas Eve, so full his heart was of what tomorrow would bring forth, and yet feared to stay awake lest he might see something that he ought not to. You remember with what tremors of the heart (tremors of joy of course), he went downstairs in the morning, to see what the glorious night had brought forth. You remember the little chap wanted to love everyone, and that for the time being the world was resonant with joy. That little chap was you; yes, sir! You, who now sit over the fire and watch the smoke as it curls from your cigar. Now, be honest with yourself, and confess if all you have done and got and learned since then make up for what you have lost because you have let the spirit of Christmas die out of your heart. But this is not all there is to say to you; for you will not have learned the lesson of memory aright if you do not feel within you a glow of something like that which made all the world seem bright in those far off times.

THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

The Christian Era was established in Italy sometime in the Sixth Century, by Dionysius the Little, a Roman Abbot. It did not come into general use in Christendom until a century or more afterwards. Dionysius reckoned backward to fix the year of the birth of Christ, and his investigations led him to the conclusion that this took place in the twelfth month beginning on January 1st, in the fourth year of the 194th Olympiad, which corresponded with the 753rd year after the legendary founding of Rome, and the 471st year of the Julian period. It is hardly necessary to say that the Olympiads were the periods between the Olympic games. The Julian period was devised by a statistician named Scaliger, in 1582. It is based on certain astronomical facts. Previous to the institution of the Christian Era, and after the disuse of the Olympiad and the Roman system, dates in Latin countries were fixed by what was known as in the Cycle of Indiction; which was a period fixed for the performance of certain judicial acts by the Emperors at Constantinople. This was not established until the year 313. Therefore, it follows, that there is no measure of time previous to the Sixth Century of our era, by which dates can be settled without more or less calculation.

Indeed, for a very long period after the invention of the Christian Era, a great deal of disagreement existed as to when it ought to be considered as beginning. Dionysius, its inventor, fixed the beginning at the Feast of the Annunciation, which was March 25. This prevailed universally for some time, and in some parts of Italy it was followed as late as 1745. Other ecclesiastical authorities held that the year ought to begin at Easter, others preferred March 1st. In France Easter was regarded as the beginning of the year as late as the Sixteenth Century. In Germany and in some parts of Italy the year was regarded as beginning at Christmas as late as some places as the Fifteenth Century. In England Christmas was regarded as the beginning of the year up to the Thirteenth Century, when Annunciation Day was established as the beginning, and it was so continued until 1752, when January 1st was fixed as the time. A relic of the ancient practice in regard to the beginning of the year is shown by the fact that the Church of England dates its ecclesiastical year from the First Sunday in Advent. English historians always have reckoned the year as beginning on January 1st. An illustration of the confusion arising out of this uncertainty as to when the year began is afforded by the invasion of England by William of Orange. This is popularly called the Revolution of 1688. Stated in terms of our existing chronology, it took place in 1689.

The Christian Era had not been long in use before it was observed that the Equinoxes did not always fall on the same dates. Pope Sextus IV commissioned an astronomer to adjust the Calendar, so as to make the years coincide with the Equinoxes, but the latter died before he completed his work, which remained in abeyance until Pope Gregory XIII appointed Aloisius Lilius, an astronomer and physician, to complete it. The result was the establishment of the Gregorian Calendar, which is that now in use in Christendom.

Gregory, after the necessary calculations had been completed, ordered that October 5, 1582, should be considered to be October 15. The Gregorian Calendar is a very remarkable piece of work. It provides for leap year, so as to adjust dates to astronomical events; but

this leaves a margin of error, and to obviate this, certain years, which would otherwise be leap years, only have 365 days. The year 1900 was one of these. The next will be 2100.

Other eras than those above mentioned have been used. Among them are:

The Era of Creation, which has been arbitrarily fixed at 4004 B.C. There is not the slightest reason for supposing this to be correct. Over two hundred separate calculations have been made from Biblical records, and they vary from 3483 years before Christ to 6984 years.

The Jewish Era begins from a date assigned to the Creation, which was 3760 years before Christ. This calculation was made in the Fifteenth Century.

The Era of Constantinople, which is the ecclesiastical year of the Greek Church, and was the civil year in Russia until the time of Peter the Great, begins at the supposed time of the Creation, which for the purposes of this era was estimated to have occurred 5509 years before Christ.

The Era of Alexandria was that used by the Alexandrian Christians, and dated from what they supposed was the time of Creation, or 5503 years before Christ.

The Mundane Era of Antioch was of the same nature, but it placed Creation in 5492 B.C.

The Era of Nabonassar, was of ancient origin. It began on Wednesday, February 26, 747 B.C. It was a scientific Era, based on astronomy.

The Macedonian Era dated from 311 B.C., with the Macedonian Seleucus conquered Babylon.

The Era of Alexander, that of Tyre, the Caesarian Era of Antioch, the Caesarian Era of Spain, the Era of Actum, the Augustan Era the Era of Diocletian, and of the Armenians have all had a temporary vogue.

The Mohammedan Era dates from the flight of the Prophet from Mecca to Medina in A.D. 622. The Era of Yezdegard, in use in Persia, dates from June 16, A.D. 632.

Chinese definite Chronology began in 2000 B.C., they measure time by astronomical cycles of sixty years each. This cycle has also been used in India since 3185 B.C.

TO THE LONELY ONES

Contributed.

A Happy Christmas to "You" . . . "You" may only have arrived in this big, sparsely populated country within the last few weeks, and have not yet found your niche among your "own kind." To "You," a Canadian born and bred gives hearty greeting . . . Would that life was so ordered that one might seek "you" out in your lonely lodging or shack, as the case might be—and say "come and have your Christmas dinner with us, and talk about" my people "to your heart's content."

There is an element of sadness in Christmas in this new land, so engrossed are its people in the process of building . . . Why can't one fling convention to the winds, and seek out those who are lonely and friendless! Perhaps you are here because you "made a mess of things, at home," but if we could unearth the story which led to the migration to Canada of some of our own ancestors we might find that the finest among them, the men who struggled against overwhelming odds, through loneliness and discouragement, and who won our heritage for us, were the scapegoats of some English county family, who had been "sent down" from Oxford, only to be sent out to Canada! Don't pay any attention to the arrant nonsense that is talked about the prejudice against Englishman in Canada . . . for the truth is that Canada is not only the melting-pot of Nations but the forge where conflicting elements in the way of social castes are moulded into one . . . and the process is rather trying to the material under the anvil, at times! but it all resolves itself into the good old maxim, "a Man is a Man, whatever his class." . . . To misquote a Scotch saying . . .

Will "you" believe that in one home at least, the toast of the "lonely one" is given, by a Canadian who realises what the making of our country exacts from individuals? If "you" are the lonely one, this Christmas, know that a greeting, sincere and tender, is waiting its way to "You."

One knows that it has taken a pretty stiff resolve on your part to come all this way from the old home and family ties, to start out on "Your own." Luck may appear to be against you at the start, and you may think that you are nothing but a round peg, trying to fit into an extraordinary square hole! But pluck up courage. "Right Oh!" is the word, your niche will be found before long, another Christmas and you will be the welcome guest, of those, whose only regret will be that it was not your first Christmas in Canada which was spent in their home.

Perhaps you are expecting letters which have not arrived, but they are on their way—and they have many miles to travel and many hands to pass through. Sweethearts and mothers don't forget. Your tobacco may have an acrid flavor, and the chimney may smoke as hard as you do! Rations may be scanty and thoughts of other Christmas days many. Never mind, it will all be over in a day or two, and in the rough and tumble of the fight you will forget. Here in this far outpost of a great Empire a prayer goes heavenward, from one who has seen "your sort win out in the end, that strength may be given you also, to conquer in the manly fight for independence."

"Stick it out," "You" are not forgotten, you are only unforgettable.

would not be here to spin the yarn to incredulous shore folk. When it cleared we found and felt my early hopes growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless, of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back again, cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams, that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and I wander desolately back to that time of my life."

But good fortune came to him later, and when he was nineteen he began his career as a journalist. Four years after this he published his "Sketches by Boz," which won him instant recognition; and when two years later his "Pickwick Papers" appeared, it brought fame to its author and a goodly sum of money as well. The year previous he had married Miss Catherine Hogarth, who was the original Dora in David Copperfield, and in later years became the Flora in "Little Dorrit." From this period for forty-three years Dickens never ceased to write until his death, which occurred very suddenly, without the least warning, on the 9th of June, 1870. He left behind him an uncompleted novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

On page 3 will be found some quotations from the writings of this master appropriate to the day.

THE COSMOPOLITAN SANTA.

By C. L. Armstrong.

Now children, gather near the fire
And I will tell you how
Old Santa Claus goes 'round the world
And makes his merry bow
In ev'ry land where boys and girls
Are good as they can be;
For this old saint speaks ev'ry tongue
Unknown to you and me.
In Germany, the Fatherland,
"Kriss Kringle," he is called.
"Tis there his toys are made for him
Which 'round the world are hauled.
In Holland, where the children wear
Queer Sabots, made of wood,
They call him "Sunder Klass" and old
"Sint Nikalaas" the good.
In Switzerland, where mountains high
Are piled, all topped with snow,
They speak of "Samiklaus" and hang
Thick stockings in a row.
Heligoland knows "Sonner Klas,"
Voralberg "Zemminglas" knows,
While "Elka" (fir tree) is his name
Amid the Russian snows.
Alsace-Lorraine—a funny name—
Refers to "Knecht Duprect."
Bohemian children know him, too;
They call him "Jericek."
In La Belle France, "Le Bon Papa"
Brings toys, and good things, too,
In Austria he is "Niklo,"
Which sometimes is "Nigloo."
In Italy, where sun and flow'r's
Enrich the Christmas cheer,
They hail him as "Babino" and
Watch for him ev'ry year.
Giviaska" (little star)
By Polish babes is seen;
While Scandinavian boys and girls
Are watchful for "Kristine,"
"Juunissen" in Denmark gives
The youngsters joyful cause
For merrymaking. Irish children
Know "Niamh Nicklause."
And thus, you see, the good saint all
About the world doth run,
Dispensing Christmas cheer; and now
My little tale is done.

THINK BEFORE YOU STRIKE.

Many are familiar with an old story of a merchant travelling on horseback, accompanied by his dog. He dismounted, and accidentally dropped a package of money. The dog saw it, the man did not. The dog barked in front of the horse and barked louder and louder. The merchant thought he had gone mad and shot him. The wounded dog crawled back to the package, and when the merchant discovered his loss and rode back, he found the dying dog beside the package. Another tale is told which adds force to the thought—Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.

When I was young and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, says the narrator, I worked for a farmer who gave me a span of horses to plow with. One of them was a four-year old colt.

The colt, after walking a few steps, would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him "to break him off that notion," as he said.

But just then a neighbor came by. He said, "There is something wrong here. Let him get up and let us find out what is the matter."

He patted the colt, looked at the harness, and then said, "Look at this collar. It is so long and narrow, and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so that he can't breathe."

So it was; and but for that neighbor we should have whipped as good a creature as we had on the farm, because he lay down when he could not breathe.

A Century of Fiction

XIII.

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin)

CHARLES DICKENS.

Many of us believe that the personality of a strong man or woman can have no real death, but must continue to exist as a potential agency in some form or another long after the body has been buried and reduced to dust. To us it seems an incredible, nay, more, an impossible thing, for death to end the almost unlimited energy that animates the mind and the body of the greatest of our thinkers and actors; and we feel sure that the energy, which during the lifetime of the body that contained it wielded an influence upon the world, must still hold a place in it. The stronger, the nobler the personality, the more deeply and for the greater length of time must this influence last.

This is true of all the leaders of the various great religious cults. To their followers, in many cases, the master still exists; and, because the disciples have felt the nameless force of a personality, the likeness of which has long since vanished, they implicitly and unquestionably believe in the existence of him they reverence, though they have no proof that they are right beyond that furnished by the undeniable force of their own convictions. For example those of us who have taken Jesus Christ as the model by which we try to pattern our lives, can say, without compromising ourselves in the least, that Jesus lives, for to us he does live, inasmuch as the influence he exerted while alive has grown steadily wider and stronger.

While this is true of the greatest of our teachers, the wisest of our leaders, it is no less true of those, who, if not quite so mighty a calibre, nevertheless stand out from among the enormous rank and file of humanity in the white light of justly earned fame. Among those we number our famous composers, our soul-stirring musicians, our statesmen, our poets, our painters and our novelists. In this latter class there is one the spirit of whom, to those who know his works well, seems to especially preside over some of the simplest, the holiest, the best of our pleasures, and of those pleasures we, who though old in years can yet thank God for the youth in our hearts, number Christmas time as the happiest, the brightest, the merriest of them all.

There have been greater writers than Charles Dickens, more scholarly, more rhetorical writers; but among the scores of them there is not one who has succeeded in touching our hearts quite so surely, as this man who wrote only of sane, simple everyday affairs, and sane, simple everyday people; and never forgot for a moment that heaven-born faculty of us all to see the humorous side of things, the faculty that helps to carry us over the roughest places in life. Moreover he showed the just balance that always exists between happiness and sadness, between smiles and tears, helping us to believe the very best of our fellow-men, and inspiring us with a stronger desire to trust in God.

Dickens did not write of sex problems, probably never thought of them. His characters had no complex emotions, that led to intricate complications. His stories are stories of real life, as happily the most of us know it, and his characters are real men and women with feelings and instincts totally unperverted by abnormal desires: quite unlike those men and women with whom we meet in our modern novels, who, satiated by sensations, rack their bodies and brains to find a new one at the cost of health and sanity.

So we choose Dickens today as the one writer among the many who has best typified the Christmas spirit, who, in fact, has been given the credit of inventing the modern Christmas, such a lover was he of little children, such a sympathetic brother to the suffering, such a believer in the innate kindness and goodness of everybody. "Half an hour of him," said an able critic, "is worth a lifetime of his self-conscious analyzers, and the world is a more cheerful and sympathetic world, because of the loving and lovable presence in it of Charles Dickens." And the time of the great novelist's death some one wrote in the public press in regard to his Christmas tales as follows: "He has not only pleased us—he has softened the hearts of a whole generation. He made charity fashionable; he awakened pity in the heart of sixty millions of people. He made a whole generation keep Christmas with acts of helpfulness to the poor; and every barefooted boy and girl in the streets of England and America today fares a little better, gets fewer cuffs and more pudding, because Charles Dickens wrote." Surely no epitaph could be

RURAL AND SUBURBAN ~

HOW TO MAKE A PERENNIAL BORDER.

Plant thickly enough to form eventually a mass of foliage sufficiently dense to completely hide the ground. Scattered plants about a newly-raked bed may look new, but so would perfect rows of painted stakes. Neatness can be more perfectly attained by the close grouping of plants of similar foliage. Too great a mixture of leaf forms and colors often gives a tangled and untidy effect. The aim is the happy medium between the sameness of a too large group of one species and the careless mixture of many species. Make the groups decided enough to be called groups in comparison with the area of the planting; but let them be irregular and blend into the surrounding groupings with pleasing contrasts.

A very effective way of planting, especially where the border is long, is to use a large quantity of a few kinds of plants which follow each other in bloom through the season, and to plant the whole border in small groups, so that at one time the entire border appears attractive with flowers of one kind and of one or perhaps two colors, to be followed by a flower of another color. This method changes the color effect of the whole border almost every week, but it, of course, cannot give the effect of a solid mass of flowers, as would be the case if the same list were planted, each kind in a plot by itself. A list for this purpose, to follow each other quite closely through the summer might be: Yellow daffodils, purple German iris, rose and white peonies, scarlet Oriental poppies, Japanese iris white, with pencilings of color, yellow day lilies, monardas, red, phlox, white or nearly so, rudbeckias, yellow, purple New England aster, and hardy pompon chrysanthemum, pink and white. If a larger list, with plants of several colors appearing at the same time is used, the effect is entirely different, and care will be needed to obtain the more pleasing contrasts of color.

The preparation of beds for perennials should be very thorough especially as the soil cannot be deeply dug or greatly enriched afterwards. If the subsoil does not provide sufficient drainage to prevent water from staying on the surface of the ground, or the soil from becoming excessively wet during the rainier seasons, then under-drainage to a depth of at least two and a half feet will be necessary.

A first-class perennial bed, suited to sustain a large variety of plants in vigorous growth, should have the ground made loose to a depth of two feet. It would be best to have the entire two feet made up of surface soil and then dig over the subsoil and mix with it a fair amount of manure, bone and wood ashes. If the soil is clayey or sour, there is nothing better than screened coal ashes to make its condition satisfactory. An application two inches deep to a foot of soil will loosen a stiff clay, and it will stay loose. Sand will answer to the same end, but not so well.

The top soil should, if possible, be a good loam, and be at least one foot deep. It should be well enriched with well rotted manure, bone and wood ashes, or other mineral fertilizers, and put in a finely pulverized condition. The growth of vegetation cannot be vigorous without a deep, rich, well-drained soil. Keep the surface soil rich, and do not get part of the subsoil mixed with it, as many of the garden plants are shallow-rooted, and need a very mellow soil; and, further, a good, friable surface is needed to allow the growth of annuals and small plants, especially those raised from seed. A good depth of soil gives a lower feeding-room for the strong-rooted plants, and allows the growth of more shallow-rooted plants among them, with far better results than could possibly be obtained on a thin soil.

When purchasing plants for a border, take pains to obtain good, healthy stock, and see that it is carefully planted as soon as received. The best season to transplant any particular plant is while it is yet dormant, and just before the roots start to grow. Plants in general, and early flowering ones in particular, make considerable root growth in the fall. A good rule to follow is: plant in the early fall those species that blossom before July, and in the spring those that bloom later in the year.

If it seems best to make the planting all at one time, then early fall will perhaps be the best season for the greatest number. Fall planting should be early, so that the plants can become established in the soil at any season, but more care must be used.

A well-drained, deep soil under the plants is the first and best protection. Too much water in the soil and too weak a root system, with the alternate freezing and thawing, are the main reasons for the winter killing of otherwise hardy plants. If the beds are given a dressing of short manure in the fall, just sufficient to cover the earth without smothering the crowns of the plants, it will prevent the two quick freezing and thawing.

Plants that are really tender to cold must be mulched to keep the frost from the roots. This can be accomplished with any material, such as straw, leaves, etc., that is open enough to form interior air spaces and so be a poor conductor of cold. It is well to place this manure in heaps over the crowns of the plants so as to at least partly shed the rain. The soil must be extremely dry to injure an established plant, but it can easily be too wet.

When, after a few years, the border becomes too thick, or the clumps too large to

give satisfactory flowers, some removal of plants and division of roots will be necessary. In general, do not separate the clumps until they show very plainly that they need it. The best season to divide any plant is the same as the best time to plant it, which is just before its roots begin to grow.

It may sometimes be best to water the border during severe drought. Do it this way, or do not do it at all: Give to each square foot of the bed a two-inch covering of water, as the soil will take it up. The continual application of a little water not only hinders the rise of water from the sub-soil, but tends to bring the roots to the moister surface, and so not only crowds them into a smaller feeding space, but makes the plants less able to endure the next drought, and less hardy for the winter.

THE JOY OF A GARDEN.

"The garden is a constant source of amusement to us both," wrote Dr. Arnold, in one of his delightful letters—he was writing of himself and his wife—"there are always some little alterations to be made, some few spots where an additional shrub or two would be ornamental, something coming into blossom; so that I can always delight to go round and see how things are going on." In the spring and summer there is some change visible every day, something to fulfill and something to excite expectation. And even in winter time flower-culture has its delights, for those who possess a greenhouse or conservatory, no matter how small, have an indoor garden, wherein the same changes may be watched and enjoyed. And if one has no greenhouse something may still be done to preserve ones favorite plants during the severe weather. In fact, there are few states of life in which floriculture is not an available source of enjoyment.

Modern Tastes

The florid, strictly geometrical, and stereotyped fashion of planting flower-beds with wonderful mosaic patterns, and borders with line after line of gaudy, tender exotics, graduated with almost mathematical exactness from back to front, has happily given way to a more sensible, beautiful, and appropriate style of garden decoration. Owners of gardens have realized that there is a hundredfold more pleasure and attractiveness to be obtained by the judicious selection and tasteful disposition of hardy plants of a permanent character than there is in the system of filling the borders with tender subjects whose beauty is of a temporary and doubtful nature.

The ideal of flowers for every month is coming nearer realization each year, and the disposition of heights and colors in such a scheme is correct, according as it does not err on the side of formality. Applied to the flower garden as a whole, it supplies not only a garden beautiful, but a garden economical, as the most gorgeous and pleasing effects from spring to late autumn are obtained without the use of glass and with very little trouble. In the days gone by there was often an ephemeral and painfully blinding blaze as of a fiery torch, and then the succeeding blackness and gloom, lasting until nine or ten months had rolled by. Herbaceous borders, on the other hand, composed chiefly of hardy perennials, arranged according to their season of bloom, become a perennial pleasure, and have done more to increase the enjoyment of gardening and decrease the cost than any other horticultural development of recent years.

As Messrs. Kelway, the eminent plant experts, of Langport, correctly state in their intelligent publication, "Garden of Delight," "A combination of the beautiful and practical has driven away the age of the Brussels carpet from our gardens, as wool-work and stuffed birds have been ousted from our drawing-rooms." There is no bare ground in a garden arranged on this plan; every portion of earth is made to yield its quota of beauty, from the birth of spring until the ground is frost-bound; and even then there are floral gems gleaming here and there amongst the snow. So that the enjoyment of a garden is extended as well as increased, and this is the basis of the garden as it should be today.

Lovely Peonies

Schemes of color are eminently successful only when composed by someone who possesses practical knowledge of plants, as well as artistic talent; a minimum of the latter suffices, but experience with the flowers to be used is essential. The taste for hardy perennial flowers has increased in a very marked degree of late. The peony, for example, asks for nothing in the way of climate; only put it in good earth and its buds will unfold in the teeth of a driving north-east gale; the rigors of our spring are nothing to it. Even when other hardy flowers were torn to pieces I have seen peonies blooming magnificently in a dozen gardens that I know during the late alleged summer. May visitors going to the summer flower shows see the latest creations evolved—the marvels of burnished gold stamens and silken petals in countless variations of cream and rose hues. It is a simple matter to get them, as the fleshy roots travel perfectly and may be planted now. The tree peony, too, as distinct from the above-mentioned section, is one of the most admirable of plants for gentle forcing in pots under glass. Plants covered with lovely blooms in February and March are most decorative. They like plenty of air when inside. There is not a handsomer or more suitable plant for conservatories, large rooms, porches, halls, etc., than the tree peony in pots.

DRAINING, DIGGING, AND MANURING

This is the season for all such measures as draining, trenching, double-digging, rough-ridge, and manuring. The earth, however, should not be operated upon while in a wet

state. It is even worse to wheel over wet earth. It helps to ruin the texture and hardens the tilth of gardens. In taking time by the forelock, and being on the watch for opportunity, suitable seasons may generally be found for all the necessary operations in gardening. The secret of success is to take the first chance that offers, for the sooner the earth is turned up to the air the better, and the sweater the root run it will form next season. If manure cannot be got on now, dig or trench at once, and run the manure on when the frost comes, digging again afterwards. Never let the earth remain undug because it is too soft to bear the carriage of manure, nor puddle it into sourness by making it carry loads in a wet state. If time and opportunity offer, and the manure is ready, put it on at once. If not, turn up the soil, and put the manure on during frost, not spreading it out, but letting it lie in heaps.—D. McDonald.

THE WAY TO PLANT FRUIT TREES.

We have just received an admirable little work on the culture and management of fruit trees and strawberries, published by Messrs. Bunyard & Co., of Maidstone, price 1s. Mr. Bunyard's experience of fruit-growing extends over many years, and his advice may always be relied upon. The notes on planting fruits may well be reproduced, as the subject is opportune. It is mentioned that trees received during frost should, without unpacking, be placed in a warm cellar or frost-proof house till the return of suitable weather for planting, and thus treated they will take no harm; the roots should not be allowed to become dry through the wind or sun. If trees appear dry or shrivelled on their arrival from the nursery, place them in water for twelve hours to plump them up before planting. All main coarse roots should be shortened with a sharp knife and injured roots cut clean away. Prune back the roots that go right down and remove the bruised portions—cutting from the underside. The best months for planting bushes and trees are the end of October, November, February, and the first half of March, or in open weather before Christmas. Merely digging a hole, cramming the roots in, shovelling the soil over, stamping it down and burying it, is the wrong way to plant, and can only result in failure. The right way is: 1. Never to let trees lie about with their roots exposed to the air. If several have to be planted, lay the roots in the ground first, and then plant at your leisure, or lay a mat over those to be planted within an hour. 2. Open a hole at least 1 ft. broader than the roots spread. Throw out the top spit, then well break up the bottom to the full depth of a fork or spade, replace some of the finer soil in a mound in the centre of the hole, and set the tree upon it. 3. If the roots are in any way jagged or torn, cut the ends cleanly off with a sharp knife from the underside, and shorten back all roots pointing downwards. 4. Place the tree in such a position at such a depth that when the planting is finished it will be at the same depth as it was in the nursery, as will be seen by the soil mark on the stem. The depth should be such that the upper roots will be about 3 in. or 4 in. below the surface when finished. 5. The roots will generally be found to be growing from several parts of the stem. Spread the lowest roots out carefully on the mound, and scatter a little fine earth over them; then spread out the roots next above these, adding more soil; also those higher up, and so on, giving a slight shake now and again to let the fine soil run in between the roots. 6. When all the roots are spread out and covered, add a little more soil, and tread it firmly, not hard, and fill up the hole slightly above the surrounding soil, as it will sink one or two inches. 7. Give one good watering, unless the soil is very damp. 8. Put strong stake to the tree, and be sure the two are fastened together in such a way as to make it impossible for the bark of the tree to chafe itself against the stake when the winds blow. If two stakes can be used, so much the better. 9. Protect the trees from rabbits, cattle, and sheep. 10. As soon as the land is dry enough in spring, hoe the surface round the tree to prevent evaporation. Constant hoeing is one great secret of success in fruit-growing. No drought will hurt trees round which the soil is hoed every ten days. In America, fruit-growers hoe once a week.—Country Life.

DON'T DOUBLE-CROP THE ORCHARD.

It is poor policy to try to take two totally different crops off the same land at the same time. Sod culture is all right in some sections, but taking off a clover crop would be dangerous unless there is ample rainfall in the growing season, and a heavy application of fertilizer is made to replace the plant food removed. Apple trees are particularly heavy feeders on potash, which a second crop of clover, ploughed under, would not furnish. Clover would draw heavily on the moisture supply of the soil at a time when it is needed by the trees. What is generally considered the best practice is clean cultivation in spring and summer, with a cover crop planted in the fall, to be turned under in spring.

BANTAM AS UTILITY BREED

No doubt to many of our readers the above heading will seem strange, most of them remarking, "Whoever heard of the Bantam as a utility fowl?" Certainly up to now we have not looked upon them in this light, but this is no proof that we should not do so, especially

when we consider how many people would like to keep fowls if only they could find sufficient room. Further, how many are keeping, say, five or six fowls in a run hardly roomy enough for two, the result being complete disappointment, retiring from the poultry fancy thoroughly disgusted, fully confident they can buy what eggs they require much cheaper than by keeping a few fowls for their own supply. A case fully illustrating this point came to my notice a few months ago. A gentleman I know contracted the hen fever, bought six hens and a cock, kept them in a run wherein they could hardly turn round, and in a very short time informed me that what eggs he did get, which are very few, cast him at the rate of 25 cents each; and this I am afraid is not an isolated case.

To people with only a very few yards of ground at their disposal, who are desirous of keeping a few fowls for their own use, I have no hesitation in advising them to go in for Bantams; and if only the right breeds are chosen the result will be satisfactory financially, and a source of enjoyment to the owner as well. We must not close our eyes to the fact that a great secret of success in all branches of farming lies in suitable stock and sufficient land.

Apply the same to keeping large poultry on a few feet of vacant ground; they look nothing, and prove very unprofitable. Keep the same number of Bantams in the same space; they flourish, are quite contented, and very profitable. Unfortunately, Bantams by the majority of persons are looked upon as rather expensive hobbies, purely from a fancy standpoint, and outside the show pen as utterly useless, as egg producers complete failures, and for table purposes little better.

I myself have heard it said over and over again they are not worth the trouble of killing and cleaning, but this is a very mistaken idea, and simply strengthens my contention, and goes to prove how little they are understood. Where for its size can we find a fowl firmer, or one whose flesh is more delicate and juicy than the Bantam? If they are small, the bones of the bird and the necessary waste are small in from Rock and Wyandotte Bantams, which, when ready, take the scales at 2½ pounds. We must not forget the cost of keep is also correspondingly small. A pen of five birds can almost be kept on house scraps alone, certainly with a very small portion of corn thrown in. I know more than one ardent town fancier at the present time keeping Bantams in a small back yard with splendid results, having an egg average that would make many a small country fancier blush. Rock, Wyandotte, and Pekin Bantams are very profitable as utility fowls, contented, and capital layers in confined runs, the two former breeds of good-sized eggs; in fact, strange as it may seem, I know hens of these breeds, remarkable layers, whose eggs compare very favorably with many a pullet's egg.—Feathered World.

BEST ALL-ROUND BREED OF FOWLS.

Fowls of this class, are generally speaking, the most profitable for farmers, unless they particularly wish to specialize in either egg production or table chickens, as they combine the two essential characteristics, without excelling in either; they are better layers than the table breeds, but less suitable for eating, while they possess better flesh qualities than the non-sitters, but produce fewer eggs. Hens of this class are our best winter layers, producing, when hatched at the right time of year, a large proportion of their eggs during the winter months. There are five good general purpose breeds, one of which, however, is not so popular as it was a few years ago, owing to the fact that it has been surpassed by some of the newer varieties; I refer to the Langshan. One of the remaining four, the Faverolles, is a comparatively new comer; and although the breed undoubtedly possesses some sterling qualities, it cannot equal in utility characteristics either the Orpington, Plymouth Rock, or Wyandotte. Of the Orpington, there are several varieties, but the Buff is the only one with which we need deal, as it is generally understood by everyone who has kept both varieties, that the Buff is far superior to the black; of the Wyandotte there are seven varieties, but again we need only consider the White, silver, and Buff, as although the remaining ones possess some excellent characteristics, they fall a long way short of these three. The Barred and Buff are the two best varieties of the Plymouth Rock, the remaining ones being more particularly useful for exhibition purposes. The three breeds are almost identical in economic qualities, the Buff Orpington possessing just one advantage, namely the color of its flesh, which is white, whereas that of the Wyandotte and Plymouth Rock is yellow. Apart from this there is nothing to choose between the three varieties. They are excellent layers, especially in the winter; they are hardy and easy to rear successfully; for heavy fowls they develop rapidly; both the adults and chickens stand confinement well, the hens make reliable sitters and careful mothers; and the quality, flavor, and texture of the flesh leave little to be desired.—E.T.B., in Farm Poultry.

MOPING FOWLS.

In nearly every flock some few fowls may be seen standing about in drowsy fashion, they neither lay nor progress. If caught and handled they are found poor and out of condition. This is one class, another is those which are over fat. The latter are usually great eaters, and have a particularly good appearance, but they do not lay regularly or perhaps not at all, and are quite as profitless as the others and

more expensive to keep. As an antidote to both conditions Mr. Gilbert says:

"I find nothing better than Epsom salts. They clear out all impurities from the drooping ones, and reduce the fat. It is quite remarkable how beneficially they act. Half a teaspoonful every other day for two weeks invariably produces good results. Mix a little soft appetizing food, add the salts, in proportion to the number of fowls, and let them take this when hungry. Another sure way of distributing the salts evenly is to dissolve them in water; then mix the meal in. I find this medicine so useful that I give salts to the fowls now and then, whether they seem to require them or not, as this acts as a preventive disease."

THE RUBBISH PROBLEM SOLVED.

Every rubbish barrel should be hidden from sight and yet be easily accessible. The following plan avoids the cost and delay of evergreens, and requires a minimum of space. It needs only one vine and this can be lifted aside just like a gate whenever it is necessary to remove and empty the barrel.

Set two posts firmly in the ground, one on each side of the barrel and close to the fence. Let their tops be slightly higher than the top of the barrel. Make the soil at the base of one of these posts deep and rich. With the barrel in place between two posts, fasten some common galvanized poultry netting, whose width is equal to the height of the barrel, to one post. When securely fastened bend the netting around the front of the barrel until the second post is reached, and cut off the surplus netting at this point.

In the second post screw three or four hooks, and over these loop the meshes of the netting.

At the base of the first post set a good plant of honeysuckle. Within a season the barrel can be completely screened by training the strongest shoots horizontally on the netting. The screening can be readily removed at any time, by simply unlooping the netting from the hooks and pulling it back toward you. It is just as easily replaced when desired.

Put three bricks at regular intervals on the ground, and rest the barrel on these in order to save its bottom, and bore a hole about two inches from the bottom to keep the barrel free from water, and from injury by freezing in winter. In summer cork the hole and allow sufficient water to collect to prevent the barrel from drying out and going to pieces.

A wooden fly-screen cover will keep out flies. If a stiffer netting with coarser mesh is desired other fence wires will be found suitable.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

A little lime sprinkled over the potatoes will help to keep them from decaying or sprouting.

Write to your nursery firm now for a catalog, so as to place your order for nursery stock for spring planting.

Keep an eye on the cellar. Vegetables and fruit ought not to be stored there, if there is any other place for them; but if there are such things in the cellar, be sure that they are not decaying. It is better to spend a little more time in sorting fruit and vegetables than a week or two under the doctor's care.

Every cellar ought to be ventilated. A simple method is to remove a pane of glass from one window, and replace it with a square L-shaped tunnel made of light boards extending about a foot from the window, and then for two feet pointing up. By this simple ventilating device, the foul air is removed from the cellar, and very little cold air gains entrance, being kept out by the upward current of air.

This is the time of the year to make plans for the coming season's work in the garden and about the grounds. There are a multitude of valuable hints and suggestions to be found in the various magazines and papers which publish articles on such topics. It is not a bad plan to have several scrap books for clippings, one to be devoted to the flower-garden, another to the vegetable garden, one to poultry, and so on.

All shrubs and trees should be inspected for the purpose of locating injurious insect pests.

Plants kept in the living room require plenty of water, but it is far better to water thoroughly at intervals than to make a light application of water every day. Wait until the plant is dry, and then water it abundantly. Cold water should never be used for watering house plants, and in the case of calla lilies, the water should feel warm to the hand.

The mission of horticulture is to clo



HERE were three of the Finnerty's.

First, there was Pa Finnerty. Pa was one of those men who lose their faith in things when they lose their grip. Pa had lost his grip on the top rung of a ladder up which he was piloting a hod of bricks some years before, and since that time he hadn't had much faith in anything except the omnipresence of trouble—with a capital "T."

Then, there was Ma Finnerty. Ma was big and buxom. She had a face like a harvest moon, a face that made up in good-will what it lacked in beauty, and then had some left over. Ma had an arm that made the arm of Jim Jefferies look like a piling infant's wrist; in fact, Ma had two such arms, and she used them daily, with a rub-a-dub-dub, to earn the family livelihood, or such livelihood as the family had.

Lastly, as the preachers say along about the time you have made up all your lost sleep and are placing mental bets that the dinner is burned to a crisp, there was Patrick Finnerty, Junior. Patrick Junior was aged six. He was a normal youngster, with a Celtic temperament and all that that implies.

Two nights before Christmas Mrs. Finnerty—that is to say, Ma—had received a letter. If Ma hadn't received that letter, this story would never have been written. No doubt there will be those who will fervently wish, then, that Ma Finnerty had not received the letter. However that may be, the fact remains that she did receive the letter.

"Thrble enough we have," Pa remarked, gazing wistfully up at a "God Bless Our Home" that hung defiantly over the place where the fireplace might have been if there had been any fireplace. "an' the Lord knows, Norah, ye have wörk enough. But far be it from the likes av me to say anything agin it. Shure if the poor felly's widout any place to lay his head, an' it Christmas an' all, shure now we'll have to do the best we can fer him."

"Arrah Patrick, shure now an' I never thought he'd come to this, an' him that shmarit; Why, at school he was that quick shure th' tacher had to shity up nights studyin' to kape ahead av him. An' such a broth av a bhoys he was entirely, that kind and good-natured. An' to t'ink av him this night widout ary place fer to shlape an' turnin' to his old sisther Norah, shure, blimey. An' us widout the makin' av a daicent male in the place, along av me havin' the rheumatiz, an' you, poor felly, down and out entirely. But just to t'ink av him rememb'r'in' his ould sisther: Ochone—"

Ma Finnerty's tears streamed down despite the punches she gave herself with her apron. She crumpled the soiled letter addressed to her in lead-pencilling in one big fist, and her huge frame shook with sobs. Pa tried to comfort her in the whining tone he had come to use constantly, and Patrick Junior, his dirty little face streaked with tear stains, looked from one parent to the other bewildered.

"Ah will," exclaimed Ma with a sigh and a final sniffle, as she arose and began to pile the few dishes one on top of the other preparatory to washing them, "he'll be here tomorrav' avin', an' it's a welcome he'll git if there ain't much else."

That night, after Patrick Junior had been tucked into his crib in one corner of the big room, Pa and Ma spent a long time whispering together at the other end of the apartment.

"No, Patrick, I must till the poor child at wanst!" Ma exclaimed at last, and waving aside the weak, crooning protests of her lord and theoretical master, she went to the little bed where the small Patrick lay sleeping. With a totch remarkably gentle, she roused the little fellow. The thin, pathetic countenance

lighted up when the boy found his mother standing over him, bitter tears in her eyes. The wonder grew in the lad's face when his mother tried to speak to him and choked. At last she told him: Santa Claus had just sent word that owing to pressure of business he would be unable to get around to the Finnerty tenement with the pair of skates Master Patrick Finnerty had requested. But he hoped to be able to call some time during the early weeks of the new year.

The blow was a bitter one to Patrick Junior. And yet he had never really expected to receive those skates. Life to Patrick Junior was a state where one was encouraged to expect and not to receive. This had been the first Christmas he had dared to think of such a gift as a real pair of skates. The idea had been suggested to him at Sunday School, the idea of writing to Santa Claus. This relieved father and mother of the necessity of spending hard-earned money for such luxuries, and as Santa Claus seemed to be handing out gifts right and left with lavish hand, Patrick Junior felt that it would not be too much to ask for those skates, the very apex of all that was desirable. And yet, because he wanted them so much, Patrick Junior never had really expected to receive them.

"Oh, that's all right, Ma, I'd just as soon."

Ma Finnerty, a few minutes later, still sobbing, tip-toed to the big chest, painted blue, "and wid an 'F' onto one ind av it," which Patrick Senior had brought across from Sligo with him when he first came. That was before Ma had left her native shore, and before Patrick Junior was born. Now her tears fell listlessly on the odds and ends that half-filled the chest, treasures every one. Much stirring about of a big red hand among the odds and ends brought to light a dark green, creased piece of greasy paper, with the figure "5" in each corner, a piece of carefully-hoarded paper that had, in the weeks previous become associated in Ma's and Pa's mind with a certain pair of skates.

Ma Finnerty gazed long at the bit of crumpled paper. Pa, the pain in his legs having eased a bit, was snoozing in his deep chair. Ma turned down the light till it smoked. She looked long again at the crumpled greasy paper. Then she tip-toed softly across the room, and still sobbing, made her way down the rickety stairways to the white-lighted street where the shop windows lighted up gay holiday crowds and extended a flickering twilight into the re-gion of qualor.

The letter from her one and only blood relative, a brother slightly younger than herself, had come to Ma Finnerty most unexpectedly. It was dated the same day it had arrived. Therefore, Ma inferred, the lad was in the city. It was written in lead pencil and much soiled, and it said simply that the writer was without work and without money and without a place to lay his head, and that he was coming to ask a bite of his sister this Christmas Eve.

The eve of the Great Feast found the Finnerty's room unwontedly gay. The table had a cloth to cover its cracks, and a cracked but gaudy vase in its centre sported a sprig of holly with three berries glinting from it. Moreover, an extra bed, with a very brilliant curtain hiding it from public view, stood in the corner where the wash tubs had been. And Patrick Junior had discovered a most unusual array of parcels, along with two whole loaves of bread in the cupboard.

There was nothing extraordinary about the evening meal, however, except that, to Patrick's mind, it was delayed unnecessarily. It

MA FINNERTY GAZED LONG AT THE BIT OF CRUMPLED PAPER

was just as frugal and just as half-filling as ever, and it was dragged out. Ma seemed to be listening for some one that didn't come. The dishes were all put away and Patrick Junior had been asleep a long time it seemed, when a loud rapping at the door aroused him. He started up to hear the shrill voice of Mrs. O'Flaherty, who occupied the room under the Finnerty's on the floor below:

"For the love av Hivin, Mrs. Finnerty, they's a autombyle ferninst the dure, an' th' Saints presarve us, they do be a felly comin' up the sthairs to see yez this very minnit."

"Domn the luck," exclaimed Ma Finnerty, with more fervor than elegance, "It'll be that furnichure man, bad cess to him, an' me afther tellin' him I'd pay him nixt month. Did ye now—"

At this point Pa's strident voice broke in demanding of Mrs. O'Flaherty how she knew the stranger was bound for the Finnerty flat.

"How did I know? Sure didn't the felly ax me where wuz it ye lived, an' didn't Oi fair run the feet off av me to get here an' tell ye av it?"

The sound of heavy feet on the stairway below cut short the dialogue. Mrs. O'Flaherty made a rush for her own safety, and hid in the janitors closet at the end of the hall. From this point of vantage she whispered hoarsely through the half closed door:

"Divil th' bit would Oi let him set fut in the flat, Mrs. Finnerty."

And Ma Finnerty, minded to take the advice, shut the door gently and firmly, turned the key in the lock, and moved silently over to quiet Patrick Junior.

To the first firm rap at the door the Finnerty's made no response. After a pause there was a second rap, supplemented by a full, heavy voice inquiring:

"Isn't there any one at home?"

Ma Finnerty looked at Pa and Pa looked at Ma. Pa shook his head from side to side vigorously, as if to say: "Don't speak for the life of you," and as Ma never by any chance allowed her independence to be interfered with by Pa, she raised her voice harshly at once:

"Yis, we're at home to dacint folks, but to the loikes av yez, ye thafe av the woruld, we're niver at home. So jist put that in yer poape an' shmoke it."

Something suspiciously like a chuckle was wafted over the transom of the door. There was silence for a moment, and then the chuckle, quite unmistakeable this time, was repeated.

"So it's a joke ye t'ink in is," bellowed Ma, boiling with rage, and striding to the door. She turned the key and opened the heavy door with one movement. The action was so abrupt that she almost collided with the stranger. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with laughing black eyes, but the rest of his features, and in fact, the greater part of his body, was lost in an immense fur collar.

"May I come in, ma'am?" he asked, civilly, while Mrs. Finnerty glared at him. Ma Finnerty's hasty inspection of what could be seen of the stranger had convinced her that he was not the identical furniture man she had bought a bill of the day before, and she was rather taken aback. The delay and suspense worried Pa, and just as Ma was preparing to slam the door, shutting the stranger out on the principle that he was some kind of a bill collector, furniture or otherwise, Pa's advice reached her ears:

"Bad eiss, to him, Ma, shut the door in his faace."

"Will, ye may as well come in," chirruped Ma, promptly swinging the door wide, and the stranger stepped over the threshold.

He seated himself and surveyed the room without turning back his greatcoat, while Ma and Pa waited in frigid silence for him to state his business.

"Weren't you expecting me?" asked the stranger nonchalantly after a bit.

"Expecting you! I was not," replied Ma

firmly, now fully convinced that it was the furniture man: "I told ye that I would pay yez next month, and not a cent will ye get before that toime."

This piece of gratis information seemed to worry the stranger. He stirred uneasily in his seat, but his eyes were dancing and laughing. Suddenly he stood up and whipped his collar back:

"I thought, Nora," he said, "that you would have got my letter."

The effect on Ma was that of a mild electric shock. She turned pale, then red. Then she screamed "Micky," and dove for the stranger, almost turning him over Pa's legs, while Pa, his eyes popping out of his head, kept repeating:

"Phwat the devil" over and over in a bewildered way.

"Can't ye see, ye ould omadhaun, it's Micky," Ma shouted at Pa, between hugging and kissing the laughing Micky half to death. "Can't ye see it's me own brother Micky, him as we t'ought wuz widout—"

Ma broke off abruptly, and held Micky at arm's length. Her tone changed to one of surprise and injured expectation:

"An' what does this mane? Didn't ye go an' wrote me that ye were staarvin' an' perishin' an' didn't Oi have t'ings all fixed up fer ye? What do ye mane to be comin' lookin' like th' premier at a Montreal carnival?"

Micky pushed her away from him into the seat he had just vacated. He gathered the bushy Patrick Junior, who had been lost in the excitement, up on his knee, and then followed the story of how he had struck it rich in the North, of how he was worth fabulous sums of money, and of how he had hunted and hunted until he found the Finnerty's address.

"But the letter, ye wrote, ye spalpane," interrupted Ma.

"Well," said Micky, guiltily, "that was the letter I would have written if I hadn't struck it that last time. I was just about going to quit."

Then surprise followed surprise. The Finnerty's were to leave the tenement and go with Micky at once where he would set them up in a brand new house. They were to go that very night in the big automobile so as to be ready for Christmas.

"Good Lord, Micky, I can't," declared Ma, excitedly, wiping the tears of joy away with her old blue apron. "shure Oi've me washin' to finish up."

But despite her protestations, despite Pa's bewildered muttering of "Phwat the devil," Micky bundled the three Finnerty's bag and baggage into the big automobile, and all the belongings he let them take with them was the big chest of treasures "wid the 'F' painted on to one ind av it."

Two hours later they were settled in the finest house they had ever seen. Patrick had a room to himself, sure, where he couldn't sleep for the wonder of everything. It was early Christmas morning, and Pa and Ma had whispered and whispered until their jaws ached. Sleep overcame at last even the greatest of wonders. Pa sank back with a deep sigh, such a sigh as he had not heaved for many a year, and whispered sleepily:

"The saints be t'anked, shure Patrick will be afther having them skaafe now."

And in the bliss of that moment Ma forgot to contradict him.

LUXURY IN SERVANTS.

Nothing is more indicative of the luxury-run-riot of this ultra-luxurious age than the present tendency towards the multiplication of servants of all kinds and classes.

One master, one valet, used to be the rule. There are men in society today who have a first, second, third, fourth, and fifth valet.

In great mansions, where one master of the boots used to suffice, there are now frequently three or four, each of them specializing in one particular kind of footwear. A mistress of the boots, too, has her appearance in certain smart houses, and her office is no sinecure either, when she is employed, as is usually the case, by a hostess who entertains largely and lavishly.

Such a one will frequently have a round dozen or more of her women friends staying with her at the same time, and each of them will bring with her two or three boot trunks, containing from forty to sixty pairs of boots and shoes. Of course, not all of these are usually worn, unless the guest's stay is prolonged beyond the regulation "dine-and-sleep," or "week-end," visit; but to properly renovate even the comparatively small percentage that are ordinarily used, is no light task.

One Dog, One Maid.

It seems only the other day, so to speak, since the kennel-maid made her appearance, and when to retain the exclusive services of one such for perhaps half a score of toy dogs was thought the high water mark of extravagance in that particular direction.

Now, a head kennel-maid, with at least one, and very likely two or three assistants under her, is considered the correct thing. Indeed, the tendency seems to be in the direction of one dog, one maid, as witness, for instance, the almost infinitesimally tiny toy terrier which the Princess of Thurn and Taxis takes with her everywhere.

Not even the dinner table is exempt from its dear delightful presence. Hall or mansion

or palace, it is all the same, alike to dog and mistress. It is even to be seen—alert in her lap—inside that gastronomic holy of holies, the principal salas a manger of the Carlton Hotel. So small is it, that it can be, and has been stood on all four feet upon a single sheet of ordinary notepaper, balanced on a solitary peche Melba. Yet for it are retained, year in and year out, the exclusive services of a highly skilled and highly-salaried maid, whose knowledge of toy dog lore is said to be, and probably is, altogether unrivaled and unique.

Modern Hunting Fashions.

Take the hunting field, again. How the old-fashioned riders to hounds of forty or fifty years back would have stared at the modern fashions of second horsemen, motor-cars to the meet, and such-like "fads and fancies," as they would most certainly style them if they were alive today.

Sturdy fellows they were, a bit coarse, but they didn't have a groom following them all over the country with spare mounts. If a horse couldn't stay out a day's hunting, they sold him or shot him. Those were the days when a M.F.H. could hunt his pack four days a week for £400 a year. It costs him £4,000 now, and it is doubtful whether he gets so much sport, or so good.

Dining Up-to-Date.

Probably, however, it is in connection with our eating and drinking that the difference between the service of yesterday and today is most marked. Contrast the modern maître de bouche and his scores of dozens of appetizing and dainty confections, with the old-fashioned cook, often a woman, whose soul seldom soared beyond plain roast and boiled, with perhaps an occasional—a very occasional—supreme or noisette, produced with a vast flourish of trumpets for some extra special occasion.

The difference is as marked, the gulf is as immense, between the two as it is between the up-to-date wine-steward of today, with his intimate knowledge of brands, vintages, and prices, and the old-fashioned butler of our forefathers, who knew the taste of a good glass of port, sherry, or claret, and little else besides.

Palatial Kitchens.

What, too, would those self-same forefathers of ours have thought of the present-day fashion of having, not one kitchen, but half-a-dozen, each with its separate staff?

How they would stare, could they but visit some of the stately palaces that modern wealth has been able to rear in our midst, to find there a hot kitchen and a cold kitchen, a soup kitchen, a fish kitchen, and a vegetable kitchen, to say nothing of separate accessory departments wherein the coffee is roasted and made, fruit and flowers dealt with, salads mixed, pastry prepared, and so on!

The result of all this multiplication and subdivision of the labor incidental to gastronomy is, of course, to greatly increase the staff of domestics in this direction, and incidentally in all others.

Twenty or thirty years ago, from twenty to thirty servants were thought ample for even quite large sized mansions. Today, staffs numbering considerably over one hundred individuals are common.

HE WAS EXCUSED

Judges listen to all sorts of excuses from men wishing to avoid jury duty, but seldom to one the pathos of which is as touching as in the case of a frontiersman who rode four hundred and twenty miles to state it. The incident occurred in California several years ago.

When Clerk Neale was calling the roll of the grand jury, in department No. 1, he came to the name Mr. Mandeville. At the sound of his name Mr. Mandeville stood up. Tall, with slightly bent shoulders, and with an air about him that bespoke the hardy frontiersman, he made a striking figure in the court room.

"Your honor," said he, "I should like to make a statement."

The Court signified permission, and Mr. Mandeville continued, "I live away up the Colorado river, a long way above Picacho Landing."

A few dapper young men about the court room smiled audibly, but the frontiersman ran his hands through his hair, and continued:

"Fact is, it's four hundred and twenty miles the way I have to come from my home to this city, and when I received word that I was summoned, I didn't have the money for



FEMININE FADS AND FANCIES

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Although the celebration of Christmas has been shorn of many of its ancient glories, it is still the holiday in which, above all others throughout the year all classes of society most generally participate. If you go into the matter you will find that the people who grumble at Christmas, and at all that it entails, are, in nine cases out of ten, disagreeable or old. To them the greeting, "A Merry Christmas," is an absurd and outworn salutation—a meaningless "politesse," which they would like to see abolished. The unfortunate thing is that some people don't understand that the exchange of conventional civilities has a value in itself, whether it means anything or not. After all, Christmas is to each family and to each person, in fact, very much what each individual chooses to make it.

Each Christmastide will find some hearts full of joy and some of sadness. We do not speak of those, but of the majority of people who at the moment are neither particularly happy nor particularly miserable. What Christmas is to such as these depends very greatly on themselves. Christmas, or rather, the way people keep it, has always had its ups and downs. Once, if we believe old tales, it was all show and mummers and waifs and carol singers. At yet another time the Puritans tried to smother all its merriment and innocent feasting—would have suppressed the very pudding if they could. Fancy a Christmas without its appropriate dish.

The craze for abolishing unnecessary things is all very well, but it may be carried too far, and all the good old customs, that delighted the hearts of our great-great-grandparents would be done away with if the abolitionists had their way.

For English people are shy of all compliments. One has only to compare our epistolary forms with those of other nations to realize this. In Spain and Italy, France and Germany, the writer flatters his correspondent by assurances of respect for his "nobility." It seems a great waste of time to the curt Englishman; but one should not be too sure that the observance of the form is useless. We have heard that in Russia the salutation, "Christ is risen," with which everyone, policeman or peasant, grand duke or revolutionary, greets each other on Easter morn, is responsible for allaying much bitterness and irritation, and that the friendliness induced on that day exerts its influence throughout the year. In the same way, although we no longer burn Yule logs, or encourage "waits" and carol singers, and curiously enough only cling pertinaciously to the two Christmas customs which are of foreign and comparatively modern origin, the Christmas tree and the pantomime, in the same way one likes to think that the greetings and compliments we exchange at Christmas time shall have their influence on us, and encourage us to express a few "politesse" at least once a year.

THE COMPANY IN LIQUIDATION.

By M. B. H.

"It is one's duty to do something for humanity at Christmas time, and especially for humanity in the most extraordinary crisis of its life," said little Nora O'Brien, with the utmost seriousness.

"And what would you regard as the greatest crisis in a person's life?" asked Mr. Bob Beresford, with an air of one seeking information.

"At that period when they are usually supposed to be what is vulgarly known as in love," said Nora, unflinchingly—she was only twenty, and quite pretty; but she had very decided opinions. "I see"—Mr. Bob Beresford nodded very slowly, and seemed inclined to talk upon that subject to this particular listener with some earnestness. Knowing the listener, however, pretty well, he decided to wait, for when you are twenty you are very much in earnest in quite another way from the earnestness that comes to you with experience. "And you would help people"—he waved his hands vaguely, as he made the suggestion—"assist them at that particular crisis, eh?"

"I would, Bob." She raised her eyes to his, and he found himself looking into the eyes wondering if by any chance she would be willing to help him in the crisis that had come into his life.

"So many blunders are made, there is so much that a person of experience—and—and common sense might explain and smooth away. For instance, think of the mistakes that are made every day by people who suppose they are in love with each other."

"Horrible," he ejaculated, coming a little nearer to her. "People falling in love with the wrong sort of people—insisting on doing it, in spite of dreadful warnings, and all that sort of thing."

"Bob—you're laughing at me." She looked around at him, with eyes that were almost despairing. And he had a disgraceful feeling for a moment that he would like to take her in his arms, and to tell her then and there that the good old world had gone on managing its own love affairs for a good many years, with some small amount of success, and might be trusted to do so for a few thousand years more. But he knew Nora—and he knew that that was not the way.

"On my honor," he protested, "I am not laughing at you—I think it's a splendid notion; I can see countless generations going down to their graves blessing you for the happiness of their lives. I can see men and wo-

men who might, under ordinary circumstances have quarrelled inevitably through all their days, settling down with the right partner—glad at the thought that they had not committed a fatal blunder."

"Yes, I know, Bob," she said, speaking earnestly, and laying a small hand on his arm; "but how are we to set about it? You can't go to a man and say to him, 'Look here, I'm quite sure that Miss So-and-So is not at all suited to you, and that you would do much better to marry another girl I will point out to you—can you?'

"Not very well," he agreed. "Personally, if I was the fellow, I should have a word to say to him privately."

"We must be diplomatic; we must go to work in secret. Only gradually must it be known"—the sweet, serious face turned up to his was a temptation in itself, and once more he wondered, in a vague, hopeless way, what would happen if he bent and kissed the pretty mouth—only slowly must it come to be understood that we are the people to be relied upon in an emergency. Now—how shall we begin?"

They had been friends for many years—ever since, in fact, he had been a lanky youth home for the holidays, and she a slip of a girl in a white frock, and with her hair down her back. He had been in love with her then, and he was in love with her now; but he told himself always that he was not the man to mate with her; that someone deep in matters he did not understand—learned matters that bewitched him—would in all probability capture her mind, if not her heart, at some time or other, and leave big Bob Beresford out in the cold. Their friendship was something, however; and to that he clung, though never with the hope that it might lead to something better. If anything had been needed to show him how hopeless his love was, surely this mad suggestion on her part would have been sufficient. Perhaps he did not realize that only anyone as young as Nora could take that theme of love, of all others, for serious discussion. There was this about it, however; that there was a secret satisfaction in being able to discuss such a subject with her at all.

"I think it wouldn't be a bad idea," he replied, whimsically enough, "if we made little company of it. Nowadays, you know, everything is done in this fashion; one forms a company—generally of a limited order—and so works the thing more successfully."

"This will, of course, be very limited," she broke in, a little scared at the notion. "Just the two of us—at least to begin with."

"Just the two of us," he assured her, "and I would call it 'The Love Company, Limited'."

"That sounds splendid." She clapped her hands, and looked at him with open delight. "All sorts of companies are formed for horrid things; but that one should be formed for love is delicious. Now, how do we begin?"

She leaned her elbows on the table and looked across at him. "You are so much cleverer than I am."

He drew a sheet of paper towards him, and took up a pen. "First—rules and regulations," he said. "Now, what shall be the first of the rules and regulations?"

"Only those in love—really and truly in love—to be looked after and advised," she replied. "Please put that down."

He wrote it down carefully, and looked up for fresh inspiration. "What next?" he asked. "It shall be the duty of the directors—I suppose we are the directors, aren't we?"

"Oh, certainly," he replied; "it seems to be a sort of joint stock company, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so. Now, where are we? It shall be the duty of the directors to adjust all love affairs coming under their notice; to give lovers the benefit of their advice and experience; to warn them when they are contemplating matrimony with the wrong parties; to take them by the hand and gently lead them together when it becomes obvious that they are deserving of help and protection. Have you got that down?"

"Most of it," he panted, laboring hard with the pen. "I say, this is going to be a rattling prospectus."

"Please don't be flippant," she corrected him. "Now, please write: All business will be conducted with the strictest secrecy. The co-directors will meet occasionally—"

"I should have written frequently," he pleaded.

"Will meet occasionally," she went on, mercilessly, "to discuss the affairs of those in whom the company is interested. I think that is all."

"Now, whom shall we begin with?" he asked; "there must be lots of people we know absolutely hungering for our services—absolutely waiting to be put on the right path. Whom do you suggest?"

"There's young Mr. Peters—and that girl—"

"He seems very fond of her," suggested Bob. "Perhaps they are not exactly suited to each other—but then, that's their look out."

"Mr. Bob Beresford." She sat up very stiff and stern, and looked at him. "Pray for what purpose is this company formed? Are we merely amusing ourselves, or are we working for the good of humanity?"

"I beg your pardon," he replied, humbly. "We are working for the good of humanity. Let us proceed to business."

As a matter of fact, they found their hands very full within a remarkably small space of time. More than that, the co-directors found that it was absolutely necessary that frequent

meetings should be held to discuss the love prospects, not alone of Mr. Peters—and that girl—but of others. And it became necessary for Bob and Nora to make appointments with each other, four days out of five. More than that, Bob gave a tea party in his rooms—at which, artfully enough, not only Peters and "that girl" were invited, but another couple, equally infatuated with each other, and equally unsuited to each other. But the tea party was not a success. The infatuated Peters devoted himself to "that girl," to the exclusion of everyone else, and was not even commonly polite to his host, except when, in going, he thanked him effusively for having brought him and "that girl" together. It seemed that the parents on both sides were bitterly opposed to the match. They begged for another early invitation, and when they went away they were grateful almost to tears.

"I'm afraid that's a failure," said Nora, when the two were left alone.

"But, surely, you contrived to say something to Peters—to put in a word of warning?" Bob asked.

Nora shook her head dismally. "I did; but he took it quite in the wrong way," she said. "I asked him if he had carefully considered what sort of girl that girl was; I told him it was a great step he contemplated taking."

"And what did he say?" asked Bob, with his eyes dancing suspiciously.

He shook me violently by the hand, and said that he was so glad that I had noticed his feelings towards that girl, and that he was glad, too, to know that he had my approval. Then, before I could explain, he rushed back to her, and didn't give me a chance of a word."

"Better luck; next time, perhaps," said Bob. "There are other people I think we could advise with more success."

It was when she rushed in distractedly one day, with the news of the elopement of the infatuated Peters with "that girl"—and they had actually sent a telegram thanking Bob and Nora for their good offices—that the crisis came. Nora sat down and wept for the fate of the Love Company. And that made it possible for Bob to go down on his knees in the most natural way beside her, and take her into his arms the better to comfort her.

"We haven't done with the Love Company yet," he whispered. "As a matter of fact we have another client, someone who really wants advice badly, and will really be glad and willing to take it. And she won't have a word to say to him."

"She must be talked to, and have her duty explained to her," exclaimed the girl, drying her eyes, and sitting up with the light of batte in them. "Is she a nice girl?"

"She's the nicest girl in the world," he assured her. "As a matter of fact, I want the advice of the Love Company, and I think the other director ought to give it to me. I'm in love, and I'm quite sure it's with the right person."

"I'm disappointed in you," she said, and her face was a little white and a little piteous. "Who can you be in love with?"

"I'm in love with the other director," he said, "and I want her help and advice. After all, dear, if we can't manage other people's love affairs, we might contrive to settle our own. Besides, it would be such a pity to wind up the company, wouldn't it?"

She thought about it for a moment; and then a bright idea occurred to her. "Perhaps we can do good after all, Bob," she said. "We can set a good example."

So that is why the company went into liquidation.

FAMOUS CHRISTMASES IN THE LIFE OF HIS MAJESTY.

"Christmas Day at Sandringham was spent in a quiet manner. Their Majesties attended morning service, and remained to Communion, driving afterwards to York Cottage, to visit the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the afternoon the Christmas tree in the ball-room was on view, the presents from which were afterwards distributed."

Such was the record of the King's Christmases in the year of his coronation, and such may be said to be the record of the average Christmas spent by His Majesty, whose Yuletide festivities as a rule deviate not one iota from those obtaining in thousands of country houses within his realms.

Although he has visited Canada, the United States, and Far East, and every court in Europe, the Christmases that His Majesty has spent away from England have been comparatively few and far between. Sandringham, Osborne, and Windsor have been the scene of the King's Christmases in the great majority of years. And it was at the last-mentioned castle that, when less than seven weeks old, His Majesty and his elder sister, to quote from a letter written by the Prince Consort to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, were "they know not why, full of happy wonder at the German Christmas tree, and its radiant candles."

Details respecting the King's initial Christmases are few in number, for, unlike the previous year, when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert did not drive down to Windsor until the 23rd—it took their carriage and four, escorted by company of Lancers, two hours and ten minutes to cover the distance—they left Buckingham Palace on the 7th of the month, three days after the Gazette had notified that the Royal Mother had granted let-



ters to be passed under the great seal, creating "His Royal Highness the Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester."

A somewhat heavy burden of honor for an infant of less than one month to bear.

With regard to the earlier Christmas days spent by the King, the most that can be gleaned from contemporary journals points to the fact that they were very much like those spent by the ordinary boy of his years. The Christmas of 1861 will undoubtedly be recalled as the saddest Yuletide in the King's life.

Early in the December of that year, when the nation was pulsating with the excitement engendered by the "Trent" affair, the King was hastily recalled from Cambridge, where he was in residence, to Windsor, owing to the attack of gastric fever from which his father was suffering taking a turn for the worse. On the 14th of the month his royal parent breathed his last, and on the 23rd was buried at Windsor, his eldest son acting as chief mourner. The Queen remained at Osborne, and the day after the funeral was joined there by the King, who on that sad Christmas day was inconsolable.

The royal Christmas of 1863 was chiefly noteworthy for the fact that it was the first Yuletide spent in England by Queen Alexandra, whose marriage to the King had taken place the previous March. To the Queen this Christmas must be recalled as a period of great anxiety for her father. King Christian had only just ascended the throne of Denmark, and was already involved in the difficulties with Germany that ended with the war with Prussia.

It was a very quiet Christmas, that of 1863 and typical of many passed by Queen Victoria in her early widowhood. In the morning the royal party attended Whippingham Church, and at 4:30 in the afternoon they all assembled in the servants' hall, where the gifts for the workmen and laborers on the Osborne estate were removed from Christmas tree, and personally distributed by the Queen and her children. On the occasion of the distribution of the King's Christmas gifts to his tenants on the Norfolk estate in 1868, it was remarked, "There is little chance of their Royal Highnesses making a stay at Sandringham for some time to come, as there is no possibility of the new mansion being completed for another year."

As a matter of fact, the Christmas in question is one of the comparatively few that the King has spent abroad, the festive season on this occasion being passed by His Majesty among his wife's relations in Denmark. How the Christmas following the tenth anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort was passed can be gathered from the following bulletin that was issued from Sandringham on Christmas Day: "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has passed a quiet day. The progress of the recovery continues to be satisfactory.—William Gull, M. D.; John Lowe, M. D."

It was on the 19th November that the Prince was attacked with typhoid fever, the garners of which, it is popularly supposed, were acquired at Scarborough, during a visit to Lord Londesborough, although some historians ascribe the attack to a visit he paid incognito to the battlefields of Sedan and Metz shortly before, and to the fact that he slept one night at the latter town, which was then in a very unhealthy state owing to its proximity to the battlefield. Be this as it may by the first week in December all the nation was consumed with anxiety as to the result of the illness; but on the anniversary of the death of his father, a day to which the superstitious looked with the utmost misgivings, he took a turn for the better, and by Christmas day was able to send word by Lord (then Sir W. Knollys) to his tenants at the annual distribution of meat to six hundred and fifty persons, "that he deeply regretted being unable to attend in person to distribute the gifts; but he was thankful to Almighty God to be able to send that message to them."

That is the way to "cultivate happiness," "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

That is the secret of success in banishing unhappiness. Vigorous effort of any sort is quite sure to bring happiness and a sense of satisfaction in its train. A much better sort of happiness than what comes from mere amusement, which is generally but a transitory thing at best.

HAPPINESS—CAN IT BE CULTIVATED

"No mockery in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness."

What does such advice mean?

Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in mold, and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer mornings feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of Paradise.

Lucy Snow, in "Vilette."

Yes! This sounds very well and is a beautiful bit of writing, by a distinguished authoress. But is it true? Will it hold water? Not a bit of it! Do not you believe it. Beautiful as the paragraph is, this is a dangerous doctrine to teach. Happiness a thing that heaven only sheds upon us by fits and starts, as rarely as a summer's day. Happiness a thing with the attainment of which we have nothing to do—a thing as uncertain as the sunshine! We are to wait until it is showered down upon us, and make no effort of our own to further its growth! No, this is not true! Happiness can be cultivated, just assuredly as potatoes and cabbages by those who have a mind to the work—those who are not going to give way to morbid introspection and sentimental imaginings, but are determined that the world around them shall be the better for their having come into it.

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A VISIT TO NANAIMO

by Ernest W. Gaffey

To sail into Nanaimo's harbor at the sunset hour is to pass through a scene of almost unparalleled beauty. Fortressed by islanded bulwarks, rising proudly on the heights beyond, with the gaily colored sails of Japanese fishing boats flashing on the sea-green waters below, and snow-crowned heights in the distance, so stands Nanaimo, framed in a loveliness all its own. It is a city with a splendid future, and a most promising present; with a position which makes it a great natural distributing centre; with resources so abundant and varied that capital will of necessity compel their development; with advantages which even in the bare recital makes a long and imposing list.

We came into port after a comparatively smooth voyage along the east coast of the island, with a panorama of ever-changing beauty all along the route. Peak after peak rose and fell to the right and left of us, their whitened crests matching in spotless hues the foam that churned in our wake. The gulls winnowed the air with a myriad of wings, and long-necked cormorants rose awkwardly from the sea waters and scrambled clumsily out of our track. Lines of rhythmic and ribbony flight marked the passing of numerous flocks of ducks, and higher than all, the eagle ringed his lofty circles through upper ether.

The entrance to Nanaimo's port through the Narrows, brought us close in to the nature fortresses which could securely guard the city in time of war, and which in times of peace lend an additional charm to the city's environments. Long before we reached the dock, the smoke from tall smoke-stacks, and the movement alongshore denoted that we were coming into a community of many and flourishing activities.

For Nanaimo is no longer "the coal city" alone. It has passed this mile-stone, even maintaining its supremacy in that particular direction. The present monthly pay-roll of The Western Fuel Company alone ranges from \$110,000 to \$125,000, and still the coal-mining operations are likely to be pressed hard in the next few years by the herring fisheries. Forty million pounds of these fish were caught last season, and new companies are being formed and going into the business from time to time. It is a lasting pity that the Japanese fishermen have so largely monopolized this industry, as it promises in the future to be of enormous value.

Nanaimo is an obviously advantageous site for manufacturing. The extension of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo railway to the Alberni District, which will undoubtedly be finished not later than the spring or fall of 1911, and possibly sooner, will bring the city into direct touch with an Oriental outlet for manufactured goods, while the extension of the same railway system to the north end of the Island—which must come soon—will make Nanaimo, with its present growth and advantages, a most important and powerful link in the island railway reckoning. It is the centre of a district rich in coal, copper, iron and other minerals. Here are the essentials of manufacture. With her Oriental outlet via Port Alberni and Alberni has an immense angle of advantage. With her nearness to Vancouver, 38 miles across the mainland, she has connection with the whole of Canada, and with her direct connections with Victoria she can reach the Panama Canal and European markets.

Already the list of her larger industries total impressively. Among them are the Western Fuel Co., the Pacific Coast Coal Mines, the Hamilton Powder Co., the Vancouver-Nanaimo Coal Co., the Ladysmith Lumber Co., the Red Fir Lumber Co., the Union Brewing Co., and various canning companies and other lesser institutions. To walk through the streets of Nanaimo, and figure what her future position as an island metropolis will be, is something fascinating in the way of possibilities. Her people boldly assert that she is destined to be the largest city on Vancouver Island. They have adopted as their motto, "Nanaimo: that's the place," and to an unprejudiced observer the city only needs a spark to light it into an era of unprecedented prosperity.

Without any particular effort, Nanaimo has grown until it is the second city on the island. Its staunchest partisans say it must be the first. That is the spirit which wins. As a matter of fact, there are some features about the city which are ahead of its present general surroundings. One of these features are its stores. Some of these would be a credit to a city of 50,000 people, both in their line of merchandise, taste in display, and up-to-date management. The Nanaimo courthouse is one of the handsomest buildings on the island. The hotels are particularly excellent. The city has its own water system, and is this year spending close to one hundred thousand dollars in improving this system. Electric light, gas, and telephone companies combine to lend these modern needs to the community, and an electric tramway, for which ample water power

is assured, is now one of the necessities for which the citizens are agitating.

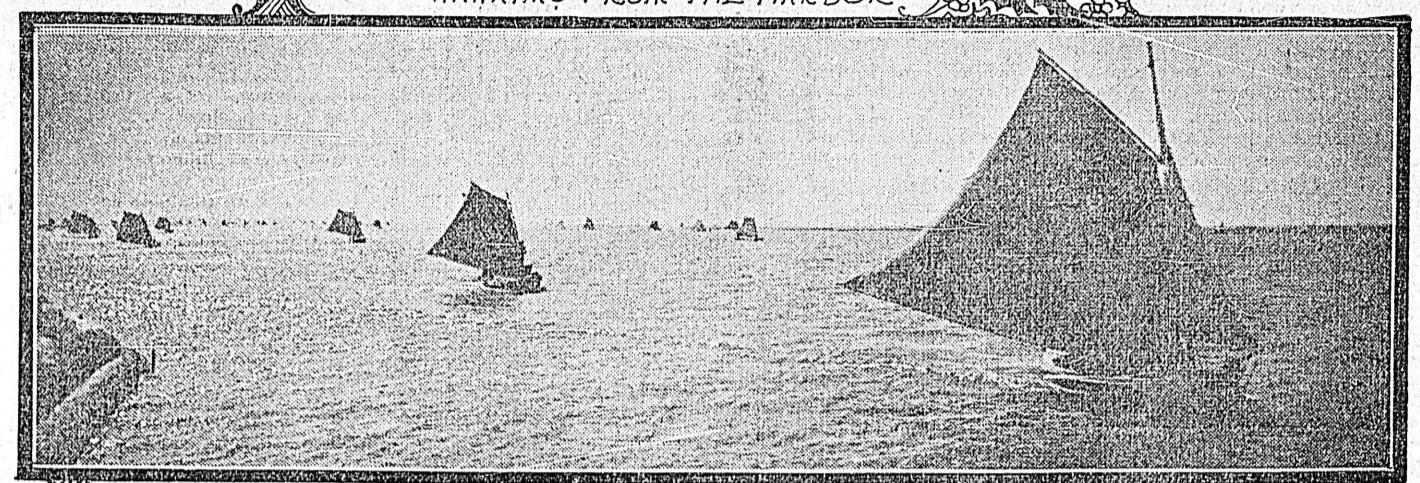
Another movement in the same direction towards which Victoria is trending, is the building of a new opera house. This will be a splendid addition to the city, and the work of bringing this movement to a successful head is being carried on with true Nanaimo vigor.

The Citizen's League of Nanaimo, in the person of its officers, met us at the Windsor Hotel, and together with a number of members of the League, gave us a hearty greeting. The meeting which we had come to attend was scheduled for eight o'clock, and during the interval we had dinner, and Mr. Chapman had an opportunity of meeting a number of Nanaimo's prominent citizens, and seeing some little of the down-town portion of the city.

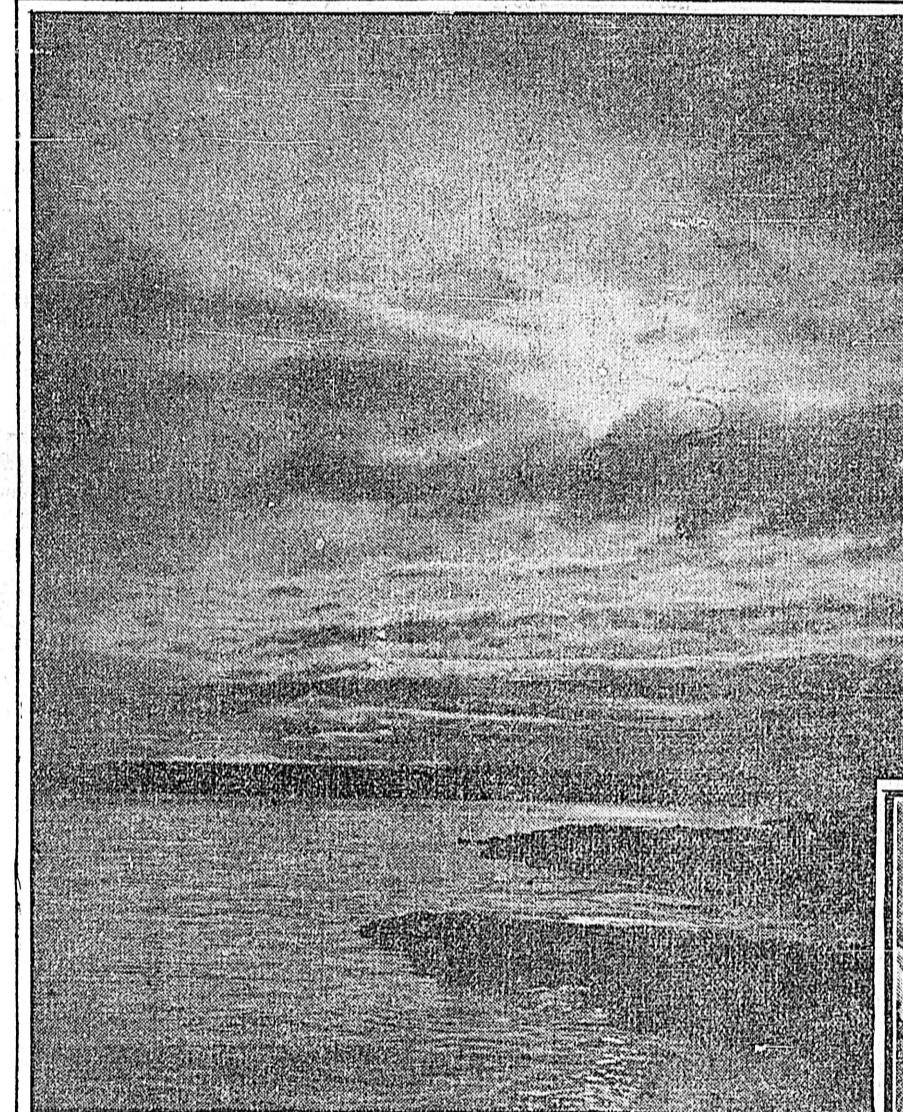
The gathering at the Opera House was a representative one, and the seats were filled early. The audience that applauded the rais-



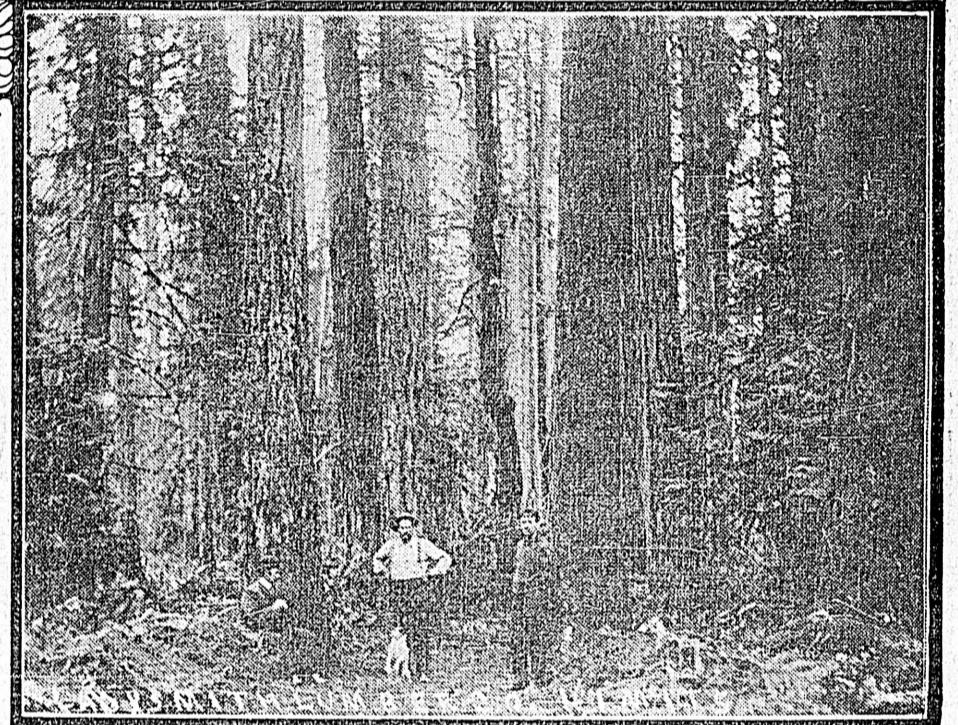
NANAIMO FROM THE HARBOR



FISHING BOATS OF THE HERRING FLEET



MOONLIGHT — NANAIMO HARBOR



TIMBER NEAR NANAIMO



POULTRY FROM NANAIMO



QUARRY NEAR NANAIMO

ing of the curtain was a first-rate one, and quite a number of ladies were present. The Orpheus Glee Club, with about fifty of its members on hand, gave a rattling chorus of "Rouse ye Comrades," to enthusiastic applause. Mr. J. W. Coburn then made a short address in his capacity of first vice-president of the Island League, and president of the Branch in his home city, "The Citizen's League of Nanaimo." Mr. Coburn's talk was a thoroughly practical one, and detailed at length the work which had been accomplished for Nanaimo by the efforts of the Citizen's League of Nanaimo. Mr. Coburn mentioned the bringing in of the dredge, the King Edward for the purpose of dredging of the harbor and improving it in every way possible, the work the Citizens' League had done in the line of establishing trails and roads, the local work it had set in motion, the aid it had given the city in bringing in settlers through advertising and co-operation with the Home Branch at Victoria, the enlargement of the local post office, and many other items of practical benefit to the people of the city, much of which, in the opinion of many with whom I talked is due to Mr. Coburn and the Citizens' League's highly efficient secretary, Mr. E. W. Crouch.

The Glee Club next gave another rousing vocal number entitled "The Soldiers' Chorus," after which Mr. Coburn introduced, in some well-chosen remarks, the speaker of the evening, Mr. C. C. Chapman, the noted publicity expert.

Mr. Chapman made one of his characteristically happy addresses, paying particular attention to the necessity of a hearty spirit of

enthusiasm and co-operation as a moving force in all development work, and laying emphatic stress on the value of an adjacent agricultural population. He detailed at considerable length the efforts of the United States to get men "on the land," declaring that agriculture after all, was the mainstay of every country's prosperity. Mr. Chapman's address was punctuated by a number of amusing stories, at which the audience laughed heartily. But all these diversions merely pointed a moral, or drove home a point. His listeners interrupted him frequently with audible evidences of their approbation, and at the conclusion of his speech he was greeted with loud applause.

Mr. Coburn then made an appeal for financial support to the Citizen's League of Nanaimo, pointing out the absolute impossibility of doing justice to the important work now on hand, and to be taken up in the future, without sufficient funds to carry on such work with vigor and success. This short address was the very core of the evening's discussion. Nanaimo has every reason to be proud of the work that her Branch of the League has been doing, and it has certainly proved itself worthy of generous financial backing. The growth of Nanaimo will be the signal for additional development of the splendid farming land lying almost at her threshold, and an additional market for her merchants. It will spell activity all along the line, and her newspapers, her hotels, and her entire business body, will all receive steady and permanent benefits from the increase in population. The mining population will not increase in proportion as the city grows, since this is work not only extra hazard-

dous, but requiring special knowledge and experience. But the growth of the city will come

from manufactures, from the population necessary to carry on these industries, from the ex-

tension and completion of new railway lines, the establishing of car-shops, etc.

The agricultural land now standing comparatively idle, except in some localities, will be changed to prosperous farms, and the prices of farm produce lowered to the people of the city. At the same time, this rural population will draw their supplies of all kinds from the Nanaimo merchants. As a residence city Nanaimo is possessed of rare advantages, and from her magnificent heights there will one day rise thousands of handsome homes. Even now the view from some of the city residences surpasses the power of description.

It is absolutely essential to go to the records to show what a vast outlook there is for this city. The foreign-going tonnage entering and clearing through the Nanaimo Custom House is second to none in the province. The city sends its own members to both the provincial and Dominion parliaments. It has won enviable reputation as a city with an athletic career famous throughout Canada. It is the centre of a sportsman's and angler's paradise. It has the finest roads imaginable, and the opportunities for the autoist to reach the loveliest and most inviting scenes in nature's gift cannot be excelled from any other portion of the Island. This is not flattery. It is simply a cold statement of fact.

As I walked through the bright and bracing atmosphere, with the sun striking across the white mountain tops at the back of the city, I was reminded that I had never seen it rain at Nanaimo during my different visits to the city. As a matter of record, the annual rainfall is 40 inches, approximating about half that of Vancouver's rainfall, and there is but little snow in the winter months.

One of the most significant things about Nanaimo's geographical position is that it is both inland and seaboard. You cannot isolate Nanaimo. With two harbors that will float the largest of sea-going vessels, and railway connection which will inevitably grow in strength and importance, Nanaimo can face the future perfectly assured that her advantages as to transportation can be denied by none. And yet, with all these main manifold attractions, with building stone and granite at her doors; with the herring fisheries and the coal mines; with vast timber belts at hand; with a fertile agricultural country close by; with a city which ought by natural rights to have 30,000 instead of 10,000 inhabitants, Nanaimo has so far been conserving her strength, and resting on her oars. But the dawn of the new day is at hand, and the trend of events is moving so surely towards her greater power and importance that Nanaimo will have to assert herself and give her resources room to grow.

Her newspapers are alert to the situation, and so are many of her merchants. A good number of her wide-awake citizens are pushing the city's claims forward, and all that is needed is an energetic campaign with the energy of the old Nanaimo football spirit, to make the city prosperous beyond the hopes of the most sanguine.

The manufactoryes are bound to come; they cannot help it. But there should be a spur of the railroad running to the harbor docks, there should be a publicity campaign adequately financed, a public support of all and every movement looking to Nanaimo's advancement and a determination to let no other city on the Island distance her in the race for supremacy. You have only to go into some of her elegant stores to see what Nanaimo can do when she takes the notion; you have only to walk through the city to see the immense, the patent advantages which she possesses, her schools, churches, public buildings, and private residences.

When Nanaimo really gets to "going" there will be nothing to stop her.

I came back in that venerable and skittish old craft, "The Charmer." She had been laid away for the season, but the "wash-outs" had rudely disturbed her senile dreams. She came back part of the way sideways, part of the way "over-hand." Every once in a while there would be a scattering below decks, and such yell as "you're carrying away her bulwarks," or "avast there, do you want to wreck the dock" floated up to the cabin. The "old girl" would be headed may be sou-sou-east and going along like a street sweeper across a pile of brick-bats, when she would take a notion and strike out on her own hook nor-by-nor-west, and never mind the man at the wheel. I think we stove about five holes in her trying to upset several decks we butted into, but as the sea was light, these only afforded additional ventilation. A fine old boat "The Charmer," an expressive name—possibly, I presume when they laded her that night they simply heeled her over and let the cargo slide out through the holes.

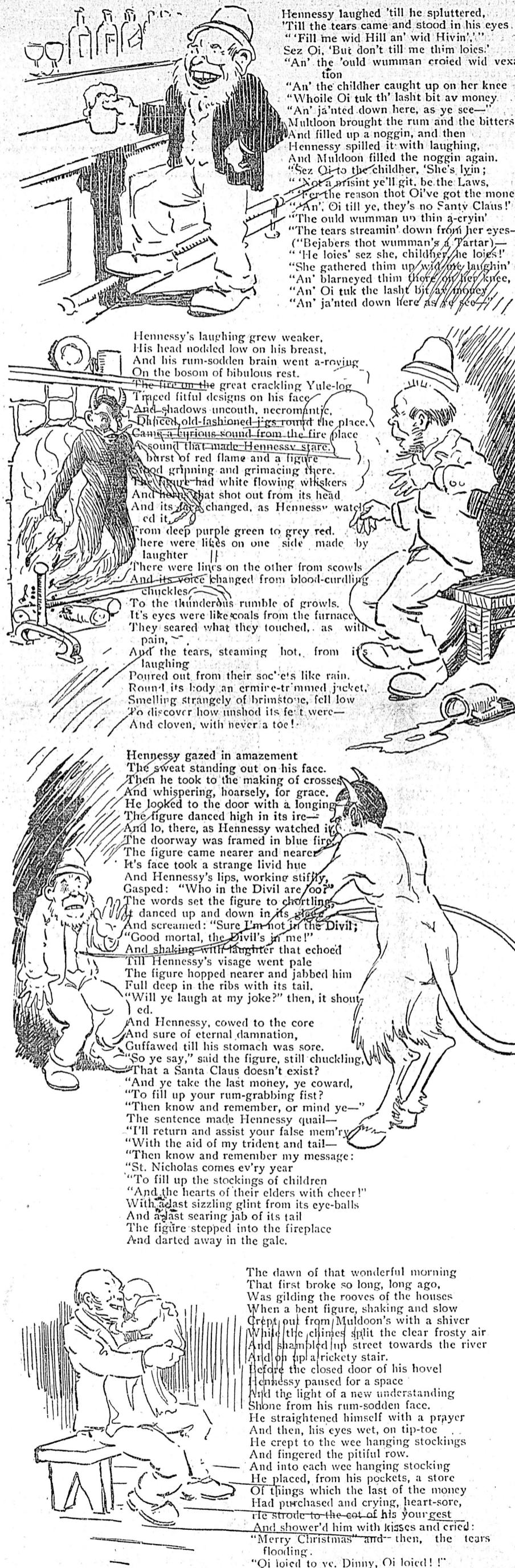
As we left Nanaimo, the little blue and red-sailed fishing boats skimmed along the harbor like winged sea-fowl. Mount Benson loomed in snowy majesty beyond the city's background, the smoke from the sawmill smokestacks wound in inky coils skyward, and the streets began to wake into the life and bustle of a busy day. Here's to Nanaimo! May she not only live long and prosper, but may she be what she can be, a banner city in every respect, a really great city, looking out from a harbor unsurpassed and on to a future truly glorious.

KEPT THE RAIN OFF.

Two young cockneys hired a horse to drive. They were told that the animal would be perfectly quiet if they kept the rein off his tail, and during their journey they paid strict attention to the advice. For when they returned they told the astonished owner of the horse that as they had had one sharp shower they had taken it in turns to hold an umbrella over the horse's tail.

HENNESSY'S CONVERSION

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG



Hennessy laughed 'till he spluttered,
'Till the tears came and stood in his eyes.
"Fill me wid Hill an' wid Hivin'!"
Sez Oi, "But don't till me thim loies."
"An' the 'ould wumman erode wid vexation."
"An' the childher caught up on her knee
"Whoile Oi tuk th' lasht bit av money."
"An' ja'nted down here, as ye see—" Muldoon brought the rum and the bitters
And filled up a noggan, and then
Hennessy spilled it with laughing,
And Muldoon filled the noggan again.
"Sez Oi to the childher, 'She's lyin';
"Not a prisint ye'll git, be the Laws,
For the reason that Oi've got the money."
"An' Oi till ye, they's no Santy Claus!"
"The ould wumman uv thin a-cryin'
The tears streamin' down from her eyes—
(Bejabers that wumman's a Tartar)—
"He loies' sez she, childher, he loies!"
She gathered them up wid me laughin'
"An' blarneyed them thore on her knee,
"An' Oi tuk the lasht bit av money."
"An' ja'nted down here as ye see!!!

Hennessy's laughing grew weaker,
His head nodded low on his breast,
And his rum-sodden brain went a-roving
On the bosom of bibulous rest.
The fire on the great crackling Yule-log
Traced fitful designs on his face
And shadows uncouth, necromantic,
Danced, old-fashioned jigs round the place,
Came a furious sound from the fire place
A sound that made Hennessy stare,
A burst of red flame and a figure
Blood grinning and grimacing there.
The figure had white flowing whiskers
And hairs that shot out from its head
And its face changed, as Hennessy watched it
From deep purple green to grey red.
There were lines on one side made by
laughter |||
There were lines on the other from scowls
And its voice changed from blood-curdling
chuckles
To the thunderous rumble of growls.
Its eyes were like coals from the furnace
They scared what they touched, as with
pain, —
And the tears, steaming hot, from its
laughing
Poured out from their soc'ets like rain.
Roun'd its body an ermine-trimmed jacket,
Smelling strangely of brimstone, fell low
To discover how unshod its feet were—
And cloven, with never a toe!

Hennessy gazed in amazement
The sweat standing out on his face.
Then he took to the making of crosses
And whispering, hoarsely, for grace.
He looked to the door with a longing
The figure danced high in its ire—
And lo, there, as Hennessy watched it,
The doorway was framed in blue fire.
The figure came nearer and nearer
It's face took a strange livid hue
And Hennessy's lips, working stiffly,
Gasped: "Who in the Devil are ~~you~~?"
The words set the figure to chortling,
It danced up and down in its place
And screamed: "Sure I'm not in the Devil;
"Good mortal, the Devil's in me!"
And shaking with laughter that echoed
Till Hennessy's visage went pale
The figure hopped nearer and jabbed him
Full deep in the ribs with its tail.
"Will ye laugh at my joke?" then, it shout
) ed.
And Hennessy, cowed to the core
And sure of eternal damnation,
Guffawed till his stomach was sore.
"So ye say," said the figure, still chuckling,
That a Santa Claus doesn't exist?
"And ye take the last money, ye coward,
"To fill up your rum-grabbing fist?
"Then know and remember, or mind ye—" The sentence made Hennessy quail—
"I'll return and assist your false mem'ry
"With the aid of my trident and tail—
"Then know and remember my message:
"St. Nicholas comes ev'ry year
"To fill up the stockings of children
"And the hearts of their elders with cheer!"
With a last sizzling glint from its eye-balls
And a last searing jab of its tail
The figure stepped into the fireplace
And darted away in the gale.

The dawn of that wonderful morning
That first broke so long, long ago,
Was gilding the rooves of the houses
When a bent figure, shaking and slow
Crept out from Muldoon's with a shiver
While the chimies split the clear frosty air
And shambled up street towards the river
And on tip a rickety stair.
Before the closed door of his hovel
Hennessy paused for a space
And the light of a new understanding
Shone from his rum-sodden face.
He straightened himself with a prayer
And then, his eyes wet, on tip-toe
He crept to the wee hanging stockings
And fingered the pitiful row.
And into each wee hanging stocking
He placed, from his pockets, a store
Of things which the last of the money
Had purchased and crying, heart-sore,
He strode to the cot of his youngest
And shower'd him with kisses and cried:
"Merry Christmas" and then, the tears
flooding.
"Oi loied to ye, Dinn, Oi loied!"

HUMORS OF PLAY PRODUCING.

Arnold Bennett, in the *Scotsman*.

The fact is, there are no humors of play-producing. I speak from the author's point of view, and I say that there are no humors of play-producing. The one amusing thing about producing a play may occur on the first night, when, on your being called before the curtain for the audience to look at you, applaud you, and boo you, the said curtain, owing to your lack of spryness of movement possessed by practised performers, comes down with a prodigious bump on your head. That, if you are not by chance killed or maimed for life, is really a great joke; and everybody appreciates it.

Otherwise, the events that accompany the production of a play are matters for sorrow rather than laughter, unless you have the peculiar sense of humor which caused the man from Wigan to double up in smiles when he saw an old lady fall out of a fourth story window.

A Miracle.

In another meaning of the word "funny," it may be said to be an extraordinary, an amazingly funny thing that a play ever gets produced at all. Because its production depends upon the goodwill and the honest endeavor of so many different persons. Each time a play is produced, a miracle, rather than a play has been performed. To begin with, it is the honest conviction of the principal people concerned—namely, the manager, the financial backers of the manager—the public never sees these haughty individuals, but their importance exceeds the importance of all the rest—the stage manager, the "producer," the stage doorkeeper, and conceivably the author, that the play is just the play of all plays that cannot be satisfactorily cast. The council of casters, it is not called that, it indeed has no name, will meet and argue for hours without food or drink, and will discuss the suitability of seven thousand and seven different actors and actresses, all favorites of the crowd, and all geniuses in certain lines, and at the end of the seance there will remain chiefly half a dozen sore throats and half a dozen parts absolutely uncast. This exciting process may continue for several days; and then suddenly the manager or the leading lady, or the stage doorkeeper will announce that such-and-such talent has been definitely selected for such-and-such roles. Everybody is staggered, and nearly everybody is sure that the selection will utterly kill whatever slender chance of success the play ever had. But everybody is so tired and so hoarse that the selection is accepted in silence, once.

The First Call.

Then there comes the first call. Now the public in its beautiful simplicity imagines that at the first meeting of the actors and the acted, the acted, surrounded by a picturesque and admiring group of the actors, reads the play aloud with appropriate gestures and intlections. Not so. That is to say, scarcely ever. Many of the performers have already perused the play, and arrived at their own peculiar notions of it; the entire business is horribly late, and those in authority deem that time must not be wasted in reading the play. Moreover, the author is usually incapable of reading his play in an intelligent manner. So that rehearsals start with no absurd preliminaries.

The author then has the spectacle of a devoted band of men and women wandering up and down the stage with little oblong books in their hands, glancing at the book, flinging a few words at one another, glancing at the book again, flinging a few more words, stopping, starting, drawing back, glancing at the producer for help, gazing at the author with a mute inquiry as to why he had taken the trouble to be born, and punctuating their feats of interpretation with apologies, exclamations, private asides, and gestures to heaven which defy description. It may be taken for granted that several performers are not present; either they can't come, or they haven't been told to come, or they have a chill on the liver, or there is a fog in the Bakerloo Tube. Their parts are read by the author or producer, or by anyone who happens to be handy. The producer is the god who is riding the storm. He knows—in his own mind—where each character is to stand at any given point in the act, where each character is to rise or fall or sit down, with which hand each character is to take hold of the door knob as he exits, and precisely where each cross-over is to occur, and, in each cross-over which performer is to have the privilege of blanketing the other.

The Producer's Mind.

He knows all this, I say, in his own mind. The mischief is that his own mind is constantly changing, so that after about an hour, during which a quarter of the first act has been accomplished, the whole multitude has reached such a state as fills asylums for the mentally infirm.

Glance, now, over the producer's shoulder, and you will see that his copy of the play is scored thickly everywhere with several layers of hieroglyphics. These hieroglyphics, which are Sanscrit to all but him, contain the secret of the play—the positions and movements of every person in it. And mark well my words—before the play reaches the first night the book is sure to be lost, and thousands of pounds offered as a reward for it. At this point in the play's career it resembles golf, "position of everything." Probably the author had never thought of position. Probably the author regards his wondrous speeches as more important than the precise geographical position of the man who speaks them. But he is wrong. He is always wrong. He is particularly wrong, he sees, in supposing that his play is a fine play. The truth is forced upon him, in the midst of this welter

of baffled humanity, that his play is not in the least what he hoped it was. He looks about him and observes that everybody is like himself, gloomy, jumpy, and disillusioned. The only calm and cool persons are a couple of stage hands who are carrying on a loud, distinct conversation in a corner, despite the commands of "Silence" printed in letters eighteen inches high all around them, and the charwomen, who, with much wringing of clothes and clanking of pail handles, are washing the floor in "the front of the house."

A Legion of Rehearsals.

The next morning you will probably receive a card to the effect that the next rehearsal cannot be held on the original stage, and that its venue is accordingly changed. It may be held on another stage, or it may be held in a studio, or it may even occur in a refreshment saloon or in a foyer. One would suppose there were enough stages in London to cope with rehearsals. But there are not. The number of rehearsals, especially of provincial companies, that take place every day of the week in London is simply astounding. Before you reach the first night you may have rehearsed on every decent stage in the West End, except the stage on which it is ultimately to be performed for the diversion of the public. And on every stage new and complicated difficulties occur. There are a hundred reasons why a play may not be rehearsed on the stage for which it is destined. Some are comprehensible, some are not. Anyhow, the dilemma created when a part of the companies assembles at one theatre, and another part at another theatre, is not among the humors of play producing.

There ultimately comes a time when the performers have surely more or less learnt by heart their positions on the stage at every point of the play. You had ceased to hope that that time would ever come. But it does come. And geography is no longer the most important element of the play. The question that then burns 'up your mind is: "Will they ever know their words?" There they are, still marching about with the little books in their hands, and glancing at the book, instead of into the lady's eyes, at the moment of declaring their love or hate. Up to now there has been no acting, nought but a mere saying of the lines. And immediately a little acting does begin, the essential and appalling wrongness of the casting makes itself apparent. Everybody sees with precision then how the play ought to have been cast. And none sees this with more awful clearness than the actors themselves.

A Frequent Dialogue.

A frequent dialogue between the author and an actor is as follows:

Actor: "I suppose you know who ought to have had So-and-so's part?"

Author: "Who?"

Actor: "Me, of course. There's simply nothing in my part, whereas I could have made a tremendous lot of—etc., etc."

Author, absently: "Ah, yes."

Actor: "I told the chief. He quite agrees."

Author: "Ah, yes."

The author who permits himself to reply vaguely more than "Ah, yes" is a fool. For whatever he says is certain to get round to every member of the company.

Even on the last days the performers are still reading from their little books. Occasionally, with great daring, they stuff their little books into their pockets. But as sure as ever they do so they will be compelled to snatch them out again. The author resigns himself to the obvious fact that the words never will be learnt, and that the truly important passages of the piece will be spoken by the prompter from the wings.

However, the importance of the words, in its turn, drops into insignificance, and the importance of the "properties" occupies its place. Such crucial points as to whether the bankrupt shall drink vermouth or whisky in the second act employ hours of cerebral activity; or whether a chair shall be a chair, an arm-chair, or a sofa; or whether a window shall have red curtains or blue. And then, finally, the properties fall into the background, and the supreme problem of problems arises. The leading lady leads you with a conspiratorial air into a corner, and murmurrs: "I have got a pink frock for the third act. Now about my hat—?"

By a series of prodigies all matters seem to get themselves arranged on the day before the dress rehearsal, and on that night the author may possibly get a quarter of an hour's sleep.

But the dress rehearsal.

What a fearful undecieving. However, a volume would be necessary to describe all that occurs between the dress rehearsal and the first night.

BEGINNERS IN BEE RAISING.

As I have handled bees for thirty years, but not extensively, would say, if you are inexperienced, commence on a small scale, as raising bees is a deep study. A man can learn as long as he lives, and yet will not know it all. I claim a man that never farmed or raised bees had better try farming. Although he may have lived near bee-iven all his life, yet he is likely to know nothing about bees.

Now let us see: Do you know the queen when you see her? What part does the drone do? Does the queen mate in the air? What do bees make comb of? Do you know when queen is dead and what to do to save the colony? What to do when two or three colonies come out at the same time and settle at one place, which they will sure do if you have many bees?

There are many more things I could ask the beginner in regard to bee-keeping, which I will not mention at this time.

Good Sport and Christmas Cheer to all Sportsmen

A LOST CHRISTMAS IN THE KOO-TENAYS.

A Yule-Tide Reminiscence: By Richard L. Pocock.

Seeing that "Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer," according to the old rhyme, it is a serious thing to lose a Christmas out of one's life, but that was precisely what happened to the tenderfoot trapper the first winter he was in Canada, and his old partner, Boise Basin Jack. You see, when you are away up in the hills of the Kootenay, at an altitude of a few thousand feet more or less above the level of the lakes, which are themselves a few thousand feet above the level of the ocean, where it starts to snow in September, as a general rule, and keeps it up steadily, with rare and short intervals, until the end of March or the beginning of April, when you have forgotten to provide yourself with a calendar to hang up on the wall, and the only breaks in the monotony of the daily round of the traps and the daily shift in the prospect tunnel are the capture of a specially fine marten or the striking of a pocket of good stuff in the working face, there is some excuse for the losing count of Sundays and holidays.

We were just two, putting in the winter together, working a copper claim, which was sure thing going to make our fortunes in the Spring, but, in case of any little accident to delay the coming of sudden wealth, we were also tending a line of traps, hoping to catch therein sufficient for a grub-stake for the coming summer's prospecting trip. Having started rather too late in the season, the job of building our log cabin the logs being green, the sap froze in them and helped to keep the cabin cool during the winter months. Before the roof was finished, the snow began to fall, and then it snowed, and it snowed, until, in a few weeks, we had to cut steps down to the door of the cabin, where at the time of the building we had one step up to the threshold.

Every morning one of us used to sally forth on bear-paw snow-shoes to visit the traps and free them of numerous over-inquisitive squirrels, and flying squirrels, and an occasional marten, while the other would take the beaten trail to the mine, and work single-handed with hammer and drill following the stringer of rich copper ore which Jack was certain was going to lead us to a mother lode, which would make the Silver King a thing of no moment by comparison with our Paragon. At midday we would meet for lunch, after which we would double up in the mine until it was time to retire to the cabin for the evening meal and a smoke, before turning in to rest and recuperate for tomorrow's repetition of the programme of today. On Sundays, as near as we could keep count of them, we would break the monotony of the week-days' work by cutting firewood and washing shirts. For neighbors we had the timber wolves, who used to serenade us at a more or less respectful distance, the porcupines, who were not so respectful, and would come right up to the rubbish heap for the grease, and the snowshoe rabbits, which used to spend the night gamboling around the door; judging by the multitude of the tracks they left in the fresh snow, but were so hard to see in the daytime, as they squatted under a bush or a tree, that they did not often help to fill the pot, but when they did were esteemed a delicious change from the regulation pork and beans; a flying squirrel occasionally would find its way down the big open chimney at night when the fire was out, and would make things lively in the cabin until one of us would brave the shock of leaving the warm blankets to light a candle and either chase it out with chunks of firewood and rubber boots, or finish it in desperation with a shot from Betsy Anne, which would leave the atmosphere even more sulphurous than the language which preceded it.

Other day time visitors were the crossbills and birds like the English grosbeak, which speedily made friends and came down regularly for their breakfast of crumbs. One fine morning towards the spring, when the sun was beginning to get back his strength, a family of fool hens foolishly settled on a tree in front of the cabin and gave us the opportunity of an impromptu imitation turkey shoot, turn and turn about at two bits a bird, a hit anywhere but in head or neck to count a miss. Extraordinary birds these foolhens—I killed one that same winter with a snowshoe, just inside the tunnel where it had come to scratch for gravel.

Such was our "simple life." Every six weeks, or so, it fell to my lot, being the younger and stronger man, to make the trip to town for mail, and that was no picnic either. Wet snow on an unbroken trail is hard going even to the experienced man, too hard it had proved for old Jack the first time when we went together, and he only just managed to make the cabin long after dark on the return trip, with the aid of kicks and rude remarks from his almost equally exhausted companion, and, although it was only six miles from the claims to the railroad track, and another seven miles of level going along the track to town, it was a good day's work for the tenderfoot even on the down grade, and all he wanted on the up journey, even though he could take the morning train to the foot of the mountain, and then had only the six mile uphill grind to plug through. It was, therefore, a matter usually of three days to fetch the mail, one day to go down in, one to rest in town, and one for the return journey.

Three days before Christmas by our reckoning, behold him then, starting out with the first daylight, under a bright, clear sky, follow-

ing the almost buried blazes to keep to the trail, which had been filled and obliterated since the last excursion. The first three miles or so were on a steep down grade, and except for a trip or two over a hidden snag, and a plunge or two head first into the soft wet white stuff the poets are so fond of, the going was comparatively easy and rapid. Here and there a squirrel would chatter a morning salute as it scuttled along a little way and stopped to survey the human intruder on its playground, before starting again to nibble its breakfast from the fir cone held between its two fore-paws, or a bluejay would scream in impudent derision of the awkward-looking monster ploughing its laborious way through the deep snow, while he could fit silently and easily from limb to limb. When the going was easier and he had more breath to spare, the tenderfoot would whistle a bit or sing a stave—where none could hear and criticise the vocal effort, to keep his spirits up, and keep down the home-sick feeling which would rise as he thought of the last Christmas spent in merry old England, and the contrast between the festivities then, among a crowd of life-long friends and the tete-a-tete Christmas dinner which was to be the lot of himself and old Jack away up in the snow-bound forest of the mountain tops of Kootenay. There is nothing like the silent forest to make a man think, and the sad thoughts will sometimes come uppermost.

The lights of town and the cheerful warmth of the big box stove in the bar room of the old Nelson Hotel, with the jovial artist on hand to dispense "Tom and Jerry" soon helped to dispel the blue feeling, and it was impossible to be anything but cheerful with the old town "tillicums" shaking one's hands and shouting "Merry Christmases" and all the good wishes of the season to one another.

The next morning it was good to rest an hour or two longer than usual in a nice warm bed, and it was not until a fashionable hour that I met the aforesaid jovial artist at the breakfast table. To his enquiries as to how long I meant to stay in town I answered that I was going to spend that day in resting, and buying the necessities for our humble little Christmas festivities in the cabin on the hills, and the next day, the day before Christmas, would be spent in plugging up the trail with the pack.

"The day before Christmas," echoed the artist, "why that is today, you must have dropped a day out of your reckoning."

And so it was, we were one day out of our count, and, if I could not hit the trail that day, there would be no Christmas dinner that year for Jack and little Willie. It was too late then to catch the train, and the whole thirteen mile trip on foot was out of the question. It was beyond my powers going light to get there before dark, and I knew that it would be simple madness to attempt it loaded with the pack of Christmas cheer, which the old man would be looking forward to, and the bundle of Christmas mail from the Old Country for which he would be watching still more eagerly. Newspapers are heavy things to pack and bottles are too, and there simply had to be some of the latter, for what would the mince-pies be without a little brandy, and what would a Christmas dinner be without something a little stronger than coffee? There was nothing for it, we had to lose that Christmas and celebrate it the day after. That night it snowed, as of course it should on Christmas Eve, to satisfy the traditions of Christmas literature; it looked very pretty, but my thoughts were on that trail, and I thought of the way the snow was filling it, and undoing the work of the down journey. The trees would be dropping great masses of it here and there, and my Christmas day's work beating my way back promised to be no pleasant little jaunt by any means.

I think, as a matter of fact, it proved to be about the hardest day's work I ever put in in my life, but I made it somehow, almost I was tempted once or twice to throw away the liquid part of the Christmas cheer, the heaviest part and most uncomfortable to pack (outside), but I made it eventually just after dark, when the old man was beginning to get anxious and make preparations to come and meet me with a lantern. I did not break the news to him that day, but in the morning, when he started in the preparations to make the mince-pies and roast the sirloin in our little "tin" stove, and had sampled the quality of the best part of the cheer to pack (inside) I told him that we had lost count of a day, and that Christmas Day had gone behind us. Do you think it made any difference? Not much! We celebrated Boxing Day instead, in the good old way, and the roast beef was just as good a' change from the old stand-by beans, and the baker's bread from the sour-dough bannocks as if it had been Christmas Day, and the substitute for coffee—well, that helped a little, too, I must admit.

THE FALL OF PRIDE

At last I know what is meant by anyone who speaks of the value of life's discipline. I have often before wondered, vaguely and mildly, at the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, which seemed to be spent upon rather a lowly quarry. Now I understand. Failure to grasp the bubbles of life, such as fortune, reputation, social position, and so forth, was merely part of a necessary hardening process, to prevent one from utterly collapsing under irretrievable disaster. Disaster came! Was repeated ad nauseam! I am chastened, but still alive; and not using more violent language than, I trust, the Recording Angel may feel able to summarize under the general heading of "Tut! Tut!" Really I suspect that I felt

an honest pride—possibly what among members of the medical profession might be diagnosed as "caput succedaneum." I am cured, but my nerves are a trifle shaken, as by experience I know that they generally are after an earthquake, which one cannot prevent from recurring, and cannot do much to avoid.

In the course of my life I have killed a dozen salmon, varying between 7lb. or so, and 18lb. I know men who have done as much in a day, and made no fuss about it. Still, considering my limited opportunities, the dozen fish were not to be sniffed at—or did I sniff. And I realize now that I was pleasantly aware of not having lost any fish once hooked.

The spring of this year on this river has been notorious for lost fish. My angling acquaintances whom I met now and then by the waterside said that with one voice. They are men, too, who have known the river for years, and fish it well and regularly. Day after day I heard of fish raised, hooked, and lost after being played for various lengths of time. Of course I was polite and sympathetic. I reminded them, from my store of (bookish) experience, that these things must happen. If A. had lost two in a day, I was sometimes able to assure him that B. had owned to four fruitless battles. I knew, too, that these discomfited men would, fishing any season through on equal terms with me, take three or four fish to my one. Still, while I listened, condoned, and philosophised, I believe a little devil was whispering, "Queer! You never lose them. What a pity you cannot try your luck at these short-rising tender-mouthed miracles!" Well, through the kindness of someone, I did try my luck, for a day. Three fish came, and were fought under quite sufficiently exciting conditions—one I know had all the line off my reel, and performed gymnastics a hundred yards away, while I, wading deep, did not know which was the one safe way ashore. They were all landed, and the little demon whispered, "There!" One likely spot, which I could not get my fly over that day in the high wind, I asked my shivering companion to try. He threw a beautiful line across it, the fly dropped precisely where he said it should, a visibly big fish dashed at it, splashed and kicked on the top of the water, floundered, and was gone—and the little demon said "There!" again. I was out for another afternoon, and got two fish, and continued mutely to wonder at other people's misfortunes. It was roughly estimated that one rod, in about a fortnight's fishing, had lost about forty fish. Then my turn came.

It began quite quietly—a mere diversion, an amusing episode. I proposed for myself an hour or two of trout fishing on the loch which I had to pass in my day's business. The Good Samaritan, to whom I have owed most of my sport in the last few years, suggested a spot, and a modest trout fly, which together might possibly result in a salmon. The salmon actually came, found me alone with my boat's anchor down, and a good wind up. I had pulled against the wind, and then found that the only way to fish was to drop the little anchor, cast for a few minutes, weigh anchor, drift, drop anchor, and cast again. Well, I had several exciting minutes, and three or four good rushes, which made my reel scream. But at last the gut gave just above the hook, and I, not at all surprised or ashamed, was pleased to have had such an experience. That was episode number one, and I did not fish again for several days. The next reverse was not so easy to bear.

A week or two later I found myself at the Fall Pool in the late afternoon. The river was dead low, and I was told that since there was very little breeze this was almost my only chance of a fish. I had never fished this pool before, and was amused to find myself hanging over a bridge and watching a small double-hooked Black Fairy playing immediately below me, worked altogether by the stream. It hardly seemed serious business, and reminded me of far-off days, when I leant over a parapet and watched bleakly about my paste bait in the Lea at Tottenham Marshes. However, when a salmon came from the depths, as he did, and threatened the Black Fairy, though without touching it, I began to take things seriously. "Try a bigger yin o' the same," my mentor suggested, but the "bigger yin," as I anticipated, did nothing. My companion asked for my flies, and calmly offered me a larger still, "a sort o' a eagle," he called it. I suggested doubt. It seemed more likely to prove a scare than a lure, but he was unshaken, and the "sort o' a eagle" had only worked twice or so across the fall when up came the fish again in the same place, and took the fly under my nose.

The next twenty minutes or so gave me new sensations. The fish, which we often saw clearly, and which my companion judged at about 10lb., seemed bent upon going up the fall beneath us. Strong though the current was, he kept right in the middle of it, boring up, and making my grilse rod bend in almost its whole length. Now and then he rose with a swirl, or crossed from side to side of the narrow stream, but always returned to head up under our feet. After ten minutes or so of constant strain I suggested getting off the bridge and trying to drag him down. That, however, I was told, meant a very long line out, and almost certain loss. "He's droonin' himself fast," I was told. "He canna go on like that. No! Something'll give, if you pit on mair strain!" Could not he go on like that? He did for apparently another ten minutes, then we saw a silvery streak as he turned over. "We'll ha'e him soon," was the remark made.

Incautious remark! The fish at once left the stream for the first time, and, tearing down the pool to the tune of a screaming reel, leapt twice far away. Still on! I was surprised.

There he was, on his side again. "A fine fish—and a fine fish for the mistress," said my friend. "He's fair done." Was he? The words were no sooner said than the fish flashed up again till right under my feet, leapt twice at the fall, and—the "sort o' a eagle" played once more in the stream, alone.

"Well!" I said. My friend supplied an emphatic rhyme, and we leant over the bridge together, peering into the dark pool for what we were never to see again. "A good fighter. He deserved it," was all that I could say. To my surprise, only two or three minutes later, in spite of the racket that plucky fish had made, another came at the still larger Mar Lodge which I was advised to try. Came, and came well, but seemed to miss it owing to an eddy in the stream, and would not come again. So ended my second reverse, but I was not sufficiently humbled. That was reserved for my next day out.

That day I went alone. The river was very low, and it seemed likely that I should not raise a fish at all. A gillie seemed superfluous, and, besides, the lower water where I went was so small that it could all be fished from either bank. If I saw the rod opposite, I meant to slip away and leave him in undisputed possession. I sneaked along, therefore, in very poacher-like fashion, spying the water now and again with my glasses. Fate meant me to have my lesson, and gave me a free hand. My possible vis-a-vis kept to the upper water, and actually was kind enough to leave my old battlefield, the Fall Pool, unvisited, because he thought I might go there.

Let me tell my sorrows briefly. In the Otter Pool, that romantic pool hidden among the firs and edged with heather, where the Merganser flaps away before you, and you may sometimes see, as I have, the red stag standing watchful in the wood, in the Otter Pool, from a likely lie, which I could barely reach, came my first fish, and took hold. Him I played for some four or five minutes, and was beginning to look for a convenient place at which to use my little gift, when the small double-hooked Black Doctor came away. Half an hour later, in the Ford Pool almost under the bridge, stalking along the low water, and hiding at that moment half behind a big boulder, I raised another fish, had him on for a minute of two, and then my small Dusty Miller also returned to me, for no reason that I could guess.

Then followed hours of patient tramping and casting and useless changes of flies, until late in the evening. By that time I had fished all the fishable water twice without moving another fin. Then about 9 p.m., throwing a long line across the stream of the Rawlin (haunted for many of us now by the shade of the best and keenest of gillies) I thought I saw the fly checked for a moment, where there should be nothing but a fish to check it. I had my "sort o' eagle" on for the dusk, and, feeling nothing, I let it come round, and cast carefully again. Again the check, and this time the least possible pull. I struck firmly; my third fish for the day wallowed on the top of the water, the fly came back, and my fifth consecutive failure was achieved. I plodded sadly home through the dusky summer night, quite sufficiently humbled. I don't know how to kill fish, and if anyone will kindly tell me how to hold them when I've got them, I shall be obliged.

I thought my jeremiad had ended, and I hoped my misfortunes had ended, too. But listen! Meeting F. G. G. after I had finished writing this, I was invited to join him for an hour or two for trout on the loch. I told him that I had set down my tale of woe, at which he chuckled, and suggested that even now I might possibly raise a fish and change my luck. Presently, close to the boat, showed a huge fin. I held my breath, and my hand, till I felt a pull, then struck. "That is a big trout!" quoth my host carelessly. "Trout!" I gasped. "A big salmon!" There was a flurry, the flourish of a mighty tail, a strain, which I tried hopelessly to relieve by pulling line off the reel—then a smash.

The big fish had rushed under the boat, smashed the top joint, and carried off the fly. The rest is silence.—R. S. in The Field.

AN ADVENTURE WITH BEARS.

We were at Sprinkle's camp when the events I am about to relate took place. We were all three griffins—that is Anglo-Indian for greenhorn, new chum, snooker—and I hope this explains the term clearly enough. The three were Sprinkle, my brother and myself. Sprinkle was camped in a beautiful top—or grove—of mango trees, which provided a very grateful shade at that time of year—that is the month of April. We were a very youthful and inexperienced trio, but we were very keen on shikar, very anxious to slay something big, which up-to-date none of us had succeeded in doing. We were in very good country for all sorts of game, from tiger downwards, and our men were out holding the hills for bears, etc., while we had several buffaloes tied up in likely places for tigers. It was about eleven o'clock in the day, we had had breakfast, and were enjoying our pipes when Cassim, Sprinkle's head shikari, appeared, and, salaaming low, informed us that he had got a bear marked down. You may be sure that this news excited us not a little, and we were soon on our horses, and on the way. Before starting we drew lots as to who should have first shot—a very great mistake, as will be seen later on. It was a terribly hot day, and we felt the sun considerably as we proceeded to look Bruin up. We had to

ride at a walk, to allow our shikaries, gun bearers, etc., keeping up with us, and we had a distance of some four miles to get over. On drawing near the spot where the game had been marked down we dismounted and proceeded on foot. Cassim had left two men to watch the place and to see that our quarry did not move, and these men now met us with the information that all was going well; Bruin had not stirred from under the thick bush in which he had ensconced himself when the day began to warm up, and was still enjoying his siesta.

He had chosen a most shady and retired nook, a narrow, deep ravine about halfway up the side of a chain of low hills, over-shadowed by small trees and high bushes, and thus completely protected from the rays of the sun. Sprinkles had won the right to fire the first shot, and as it was decided by Cassim that no beating was necessary, we proceeded to walk the bear up, Cassim showing the way, Sprinkles next, and my brother and I bringing up the rear. We went forward very cautiously until Cassim came to a stop and pointed to his front. It was then that we found out what a mistake we had made in drawing lots as to who should fire the first shot. Sprinkles had drawn the longest straw, and was therefore entitled to open the ball; but unfortunately he was extremely short-sighted, and he could not, for the life of him, make out what Cassim was pointing at. It was the bear. Rather difficult to make out in the dark shadow of the bush under which he was lying, even to a man of ordinarily good sight, his color being black, and therefore blending in with his surroundings. "What is it?" asks Sprinkles in a whisper. "The bear." "Where?" "There." The colloquy naturally got louder and louder, and equally naturally, woke up the bear. My brother and I could see the beast all the while easily enough, and could have killed it as it lay, had it not been for that unlucky drawing for first shot. When Bruin at last discovered our near approach, up he got. Sprinkles saw him then, and fired at once, whereupon the beast turned, and, rushing up the hill, was over a slight rising and out of sight in a minute, Sprinkles giving him another shot to hurry him up as he went.

We followed in hot pursuit, and on gaining the crest of the slight rising alluded to, we saw our game lying apparently dead a little way down upon the other side. Sprinkles gave vent to his feelings in a wild yell, and forgetful of the fact that he had not reloaded after firing off both barrels, and that he was consequently defenceless in case of anything happening, dashed down on to our seemingly defunct foe.

When he had got about halfway down the slope, and was only about ten yards off, up jumped the bear and went for Sprinkles, who promptly turned to come back again; but alas, in turning, his foot slipped, and down he came right on to his face. Luckily the bear gave me a broadside chance as he made his rush, and I bowled him over dead with a curious shot, which we found, on cutting up the carcass afterwards, had raked him almost the whole length of his body, smashing up his liver and heart and various other internal arrangements in the most wonderful way, and eventually lodging in the brain. Sprinkles did not seem to mind much and soon recovered both his wind and his equanimity.

We were still talking it over when a messenger arrived from another party of watchers, to tell us of still another bear that had been marked down. It was now past one o'clock, but we determined to push on at once, and getting back to our horses, we set off in search of the new game. After going about two miles we met some of our men, who told us that the present object of our search was a she bear, with two young cubs, and that she was lying up in a valley on the other side of the hill we had now reached. The hill was fearfully steep and the grass on it very slippery, consequently we found our guns uncomfortably heavy to carry. Sprinkles, indeed, found his so heavy that he handed it to a native. On we went till we got to the top of the hill, and here the place where the new bear was lying up was pointed out to us. It was a cluster of rocks and bushes near the foot of the hill, on the further side of the valley we had opened up. Delighted with our success so far, we began to descend, when bang, bang, went both barrels of Sprinkle's rifle. He had handed it over, as I have just mentioned, loaded, to a native, who was devoured with curiosity to find out how the gun that broke in half—it was a breech loader—was worked, and in fumbling about with it, he had inadvertently touched both triggers, with the result described. The poor fellow was horror-struck at what he had done, and in his panic fell over, not doing much good to the rifle thereby. Sprinkles naturally used much bad language over the incident, and I rather think my brother and I spoke very feelingly to Sprinkle about being more careful with loaded weapons. The bear woke up and went for her life up the opposite hill, up which we watched her go with her two cubs on her back, and that was the last we saw of her. However, we had bagged one good bear, anyhow, and had quite a thrilling time of it. We went back to camp that evening three fairly happy griffins after all. I don't know how we should have contained ourselves had we bagged both bears. —D.F.B.



A Merry, Merry Christmas to every boy and girl, big and little, in Victoria this Christmas morning.

It is the Children's Day and one of its lessons is that new life came to the world through a baby, and that still children are the most precious of the world's gifts.

When the Babe of Bethlehem, of whom you have all learned such beautiful and wonderful stories, grew to manhood, He never turned himself away from the sufferer. No disease was too loathsome for Him to cure; no sin too terrible for Him to help men or women to free themselves from. He showed them that God was their Father, and that they were brothers. Over and over again he taught this lesson of love. Just one thought more. The most beautiful life ever lived on earth, the purest, the strongest and the tenderest was not that of a woman—but of a Man—the Man who on Christmas Day long, long ago was born in the manger at Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Alice, Helen, you must run off to bed at once, or Santa Claus will not come while you are not there."

"All right, mother."

"Now, are you quite sure that you have your stockings ready?"

"Yes, mother; you gave them to us right after tea."

"Well, then, good-night, girls."

"Good-night, mother."

The children went up the steep staircase to their little room in the east gable.

"Oh!" said Alice, "lets have a peep at our presents to see that they are safe. Now, where did you put them?"

"In the lower drawer," replied Helen.

"Don't my handkerchiefs look nice," said Alice.

"And doesn't my little bug look lovely," said Helen.

"I am so glad I got that pipe tray for father. I think it is very pretty."

"I am sure that father will be delighted with his tie. Now let's go to bed. Quick, Alice, put the things away. I hear mother calling."

"Alice and Helen, aren't you in bed yet? It's half past eight."

"No, mother, but we will be in a minute."

Alice and Helen were awakened next morning by "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" ringing all over the house.

"Let's run and get our stockings."

"Such lovely things were found in those stockings, dolls, toys, books, fruit, and candies, just what each wanted. There was such a bustle all through the house. The girls ran and got their presents for mother and father. After breakfast the happy children started for grandmother's, to take the presents they had bought for grandma and grandpa and aunts and uncles. There was to be a Christmas tree there. The air was crisp, the snow was falling, and everybody was calling 'Merry Christmas!'

M. FRANCES NORRIS.

A PIONEER'S CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas Eve, the wind was screeching and the snow was falling about the strong old house in the country where the Mackay family dwelt. The children were playing about the fireplace, in which a roaring fire was burning. Mr. and Mrs. Mackay were in the children's playroom arranging the things on the Christmas tree which was to be the great event of the morrow. Grandma Mackay was sitting by the table knitting. Grandpa was sitting in his favorite chair drawing long and evenly at his pipe, and gazing into the fire.

"It was the summer of—"

The rest of his words were drowned by the wild shout of joy with which the Mackay children always greeted a story from grandpa.

At last they got settled as close to grandpa's knee as they could crowd, and grandpa began again.

"It was the summer of '67 when my chum Bob and I got a grant of government land in one of those fertile valleys in the Rockies on the side that is now in British Columbia.

"There were very few white men on the Pacific side of the Rockies in those days besides a few at the trading stations which were scattered about the country.

The first thing we did on our land was to erect a strong log cabin, with strong wooden shutters for all the windows.

"We had got along all right so far with the Indians. There was one fellow called Silverpine who regarded our strong little cabin and patch of garden with considerable hostility, while Blackfoot, the chief of a nearby tribe, was very friendly. His little son, Whampole, used often come and visit us.

"After we had been there for about six months, an event took place which caused a lot of excitement around our shanty. It was the 20th of December. Whampole had been at our place for a couple of days, and he intended to go back the next day, as there was to be a great feast, and his father was expecting him to attend.

"During the day I had seen several of Silverpine's warriors sneaking around the clearing, but I had thought nothing of it. About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the growling of Hector, my huge Dane. Jumping out of bed, I went to the window, and looked out. Not seeing anything, I was just getting back to bed when I heard a loud noise just outside the door, at which Hector began to bark furiously. This awakened Bob, who bounded out of bed and went to the window and took a good look around. He was just going to draw his head in again when he saw something moving outside. 'Who's there?' he yelled. He was answered by a volley from the edge of the clearing. He immediately drew his head and locked the shutter, while I ran and double-bolted the door. Joe was putting on a few clothes, so I did the same. By this time the air was resounding with wild yells, and we had no doubt that it was Silverpine and his band. As soon as they saw that we were awake, they began trying to batter down the door with their clubs and tomahawks.

"We had better make them quit that," said Bob, seizing a musket loaded with buckshot, and going to a loophole, he fired into the group of savages without. After I had fired into them from the other side, and Bob had emptied a couple more muskets into them, they retreated to the edge of the clearing until daylight.

"Bob proceeded to cook some breakfast, while Whampole and I kept watch. During the morning they didn't attack and we engaged ourselves in putting a plentiful supply of powder and ball at all the loopholes. Occasionally we would take a chance shot at an Indian, as we would see one in ourings between the trees. At about twelve o'clock the Indians attacked the house on all sides, but we pelted them with buckshot so hotly that they were glad to retreat. They never showed themselves again that day.

"About ten o'clock at night we saw lights approaching, and fired in their direction, but they came

Silverpine with his own hand. Bob and Whampole and I sallied out of the cabin and added our numbers to Blackfoot's, and helping them to hurry the enemy in their flight.

"It was now only two days to Christmas, so we persuaded Blackfoot and his warriors to stay and have Christmas dinner with us.

"The next day we all went out on a grand hunt to get the supplies for our Christmas dinner. The next day I spent one of the best Christmases in my life. Bob cut down a fir tree, and we stuck it up in front of the door, and decorated it with bits of colored cloth and paper. Each Indian received as his present from the tree a string of beads or a looking-glass, and they were as well pleased with it as a boy with his first peashooter.

"The next day the Indians departed, each carrying a simple gift."

GERALD STEVENS.

Age 13.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Two little children called Willie and Jane, lived with their mother, who was a widow, in the old seaport town of Portsmouth. Their mother had been ill for some time, and only able to do a little sewing. Willie had done the best he could and carrying parcels for a grocer's shop; but it was now Christmas Eve, and cold and wet. They had hardly any money to buy food with, and nothing at all for Christmas presents. Just before it was dark Willie and Jane were looking out of their window at the man lighting the street lamps, and watching the people carrying home their parcels and wishing they could go and see the Christmas shops, and that Santa Claus would bring them some presents. Then they saw a sailor coming

PLAYING SANTA CLAUS.

One Christmas Eve there were two little boys, one was ten and the other eight. After the youngest boy went to sleep, the eldest thought he would like to play Santa Claus; so he waited till Santa Claus brought their presents. Then he got up, and dressed. He put on his sister's opera cloak, and made himself look as much like Santa Claus as he could. He got a basket, put the toys into it, then got a ladder and climbed upon the roof. He got into the chimney, and was going to slide down, but he stuck fast. There was just a little fire in the fireplace, and the smoke that came up almost choked him. His arms were sore and his eyes were goggly, too, with the smoke. He cried out, and his mother heard him. She and his father got up and tried to get him out. But they had to get some men from the village to help them. They at last got him out. He didn't need a scolding, for he was all bruised up. When he got well, he never wanted to play Santa Claus again.

ROBINA ISABEL EVANS.

KOKSILAH, B. C.
Age, 12 years 3 months.

ESSAY ON CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is Jesus' birthday. The Saviour of the world was born in a stable at Bethlehem over 1900 years ago, and the angels sang with gladness "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of goodwill," and a bright star shone in the heavens. Christmas is a happy day. Children always think it is.

Santa Claus will come on Christmas Eve to fill all good little children's stockings with such a lot of nice things.

VIOLA ROBERTS.

Age 7 years.

alone. But the children tried to make their mother and themselves happy. Wishing the editor a Merry Christmas and a bright New Year.

MARGARET HENRY.

CHRISTMAS IS NEAR.

Three wise men saw a wonderful star; and they followed the star wherever it went. And at last it stopped over a shed, where Christ was born. And the three wise men gave their gifts. Christ was born in Bethlehem in a manger, for all the houses were full of people. That is why we celebrate Christ's birthday. Christ, when he was on earth, healed the sick. On Christmas we hang up our stockings and give each other presents, and go to church and celebrate by singing of the birth of Christ. We always try to give good will and peace on Christmas.

LAURA LEES.

Age 9.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

When Santa Claus came to a certain house, he saw a little mouse.

"Hello!" said the little mouse, "A Merry Christmas to you."

"The same to you."

"I thought you wouldn't mind if I stayed up to watch you," said the mouse.

"You are very welcome, sir."

"Oh! what a lot of things you have," said the little mouse. Skates, sweets, and all things that children like."

Santa filled the stockings, then he went up the chimney again. Then the little mouse gnawed a little hole in each stocking, and the things fell out on the floor, and when the people came down next morning they saw the things on the floor, and they saw the holes. The little mouse was up on top of the Christmas tree all the time watching them. Kate saw him and told Tom to go and catch him. Then the mouse began running all over the Christmas tree. In a little while the children forgot to see where the mouse was, and they went on playing with the toys that Santa Claus had brought. There is no Santa Claus, at least for little children to see.

MAURICE HUMBER.

Age 9 years.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

We keep Christmas because Christ was born on the twenty-fifth of December, 1909 years ago, in a manger in Bethlehem. He was weak and sick, just as you and I were. And there was a great star that led three wise men from afar. And the angels told the shepherds not to fear, and told them to go into Bethlehem, where the Saviour was, and then brought gifts with them, of gold and ointments, and they went down on their knees and worshipped Him. And that is why we give and receive gifts, and go to church and sing carols.

W. H. RYAN.

Age 10.

CHRISTMAS ONCE AGAIN.

Christmas comes but once a year, and on the 25th of December. Every child looks forward for Christmas presents and toys. But some little boys and girls in great cities never know what it is to have a present given to them.

Christmas is the birthday of Our Lord. Nearly all children have a Christmas tree, and upon it their parents put hosts of presents, and the children receive their presents from it. About two or three weeks before Christmas our mothers begin to make their Christmas cakes and puddings for the merry day. On Christmas Eve all the children go to bed early, and try to lie awake till Santa Claus comes, but they generally fall asleep, and in the morning, when they awake they find all their presents, and they think it is a mystery now they came there. On the morning of Christmas the children play with their toys, and in the evening they look forward for the good old Christmas dinner of plum-pudding, mince-pies, nuts, etc., and after dinner they play games and crack bon-bons. After that they look forward for New Year. They also have a dinner on that day, but it is not the same as the Christmas dinner.

I wish the editor a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

WILFRID L. GOUGE.

Age 12 years.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas means Christ's birthday. I like Christmas. It is 1909 years since Christ was born. He was born in a manger in Bethlehem. He is the son of God, and the woman who was his mother was called Mary. When Christ was watching the sheep he was called the Good Shepherd. So on Christmas we all celebrate and give presents to each other for his memory.

P. BAINBRIDGE.

Age 9½.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

In England there are very many poor people, who have sons, and they send them out to sell papers. I know of one boy, who was out selling papers on Christmas day. His clothes were in rags. He was very cold, and was trying very hard to sell his papers. Just then a tall lady came and said, "Little boy, would you like to come with me and have a Christmas dinner and see Santa Claus?" "Oh, yes; and can mother and father come too?" "Yes, of course."

Now I must tell you this lady belonged to the Sunday school, so she took his mother and him to the place. Never before had the mother and the son seen such a beautiful place. They had soup and turkey and a plum pudding, and at the end Santa Claus came and gave them all a present. The mother got some money. Every Christmas they went and had a good feast.

OSMOND BORRADALE.

Age 11.

A STORY ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is the birthday of Jesus Christ. He was born in a manger in Bethlehem 1909 years ago. On Christmas day we invite our friends to dinner. We have turkey. On Christmas day we go to church and sing Christmas hymns. We give each other presents. We have a Christmas tree and at night we light it up and have fun. And when we are playing we wonder why we keep Christmas. Just before we go to bed we hang up our stockings.

C. GREENSHAW.

Age 9.

A STORY ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

We keep Christmas because Christ was born on that day, the 25th December. It is 1909 years ago since Christ was born. We have a very good time on Christmas day. We hang up our stockings on Christmas Eve, and they are full of good things. Sometimes we have a Christmas tree. We set it near the fireplace. Then when we wake up the things are on the tree, and in the evening we have a big dinner of turkey, plum pudding, and everything that's good; and that ends the story.

ARTHUR DAVEY.

Age 9 years.

AT CHRISTMAS.

When Christmas comes everybody has a very happy time; some people don't have as happy times as others have, but they make it as pleasant as they can for the children. We send presents to our friends. We gather money to send to the poor in London. We hold Christmas since ever Jesus was born. That was 1909 years ago. He was born in a manger in Bethlehem. Mary was the mother. Joseph was the father. They were very poor people.

A. MOFFAT.

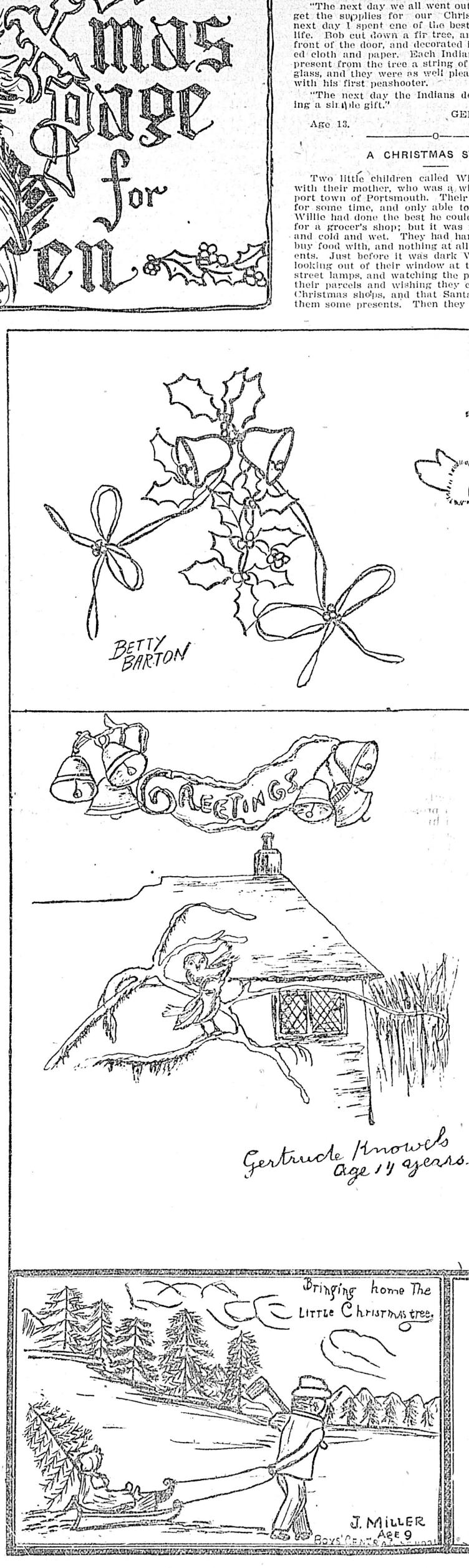
Age 9 years.

SANTA CLAUS.

Santa Claus is a jolly old man; a jolly old man is he. He is hundreds of years old. I often wonder how he comes down the chimney. I think he must be pretty near squashed, coming through that small space. I tried to see him one Christmas night; but I couldn't see him anywhere. But when I was sitting quiet, suddenly I heard some bells, and then I was glad when I knew he was there. Then under the blankets I hid myself for fear he would see me. The next morning I woke up, and there I saw all my toys, and just the very things I wanted.

JACK MILLER.

Age 9.



on so rapidly that we could not possibly stop them. The Indians came right up to the house and threw the burning brands upon the roof. It was the work of a minute to knock a hole in the roof and pour water on it with which we had a great abundance, there being a well in one corner of the cabin. While I threw water over the roof Bob and Whampole fired charge after charge of buckshot. After several more unsuccessful attempts they retreated, only to return about an hour later with bows and flaming arrows. This attack also was unsuccessful.

Blackfoot, surprised at the non-appearance of his son, sent three of his chief warriors to our cabin to see what was delaying him. Hearing firing when they were about a mile away, they came forward cautiously. On nearing the edge of the clearing they saw a number of Silverpine's warriors, so they started back for their own village. When Blackfoot heard the news he gathered a number

Samarkand—The Beautiful Garden of Asia

Far away, perhaps, and yearly growing dimmer in our memories, but ineffaceable till death, are a dozen or so of childhood's mental pictures. We all have them, and it is in these sudden and rather bewildering understandings of the realities of the outer world that education begins. They must be due to some flash of imagination that came unbidden to light up a dreary page of dates or boundaries or staple products; some thrill of sympathy, some first understanding of what the meaning of even the cold paragraphs of a school book must be. Among these outstanding catch-phrases there is one, the fascination of which many grown men feel today. There is something in the very solemnity and slowness of the syllables of "The great Hunger Desert" that brings home even to a childish mind the horror of a vast world in which no man lives, no beast, no bird: wherein is no tree nor shrub, not even a few scanty bents of desert grass hiding at the bottom of the dry watercourse. Worse than all, it is a land wherein there is no respite from the sun, not even the shadow of a great rock. Over the hot, white, merciless expanse of broken sand, the hot, blue, merciless heaven fits closely; one can picture the foolhardy adventurer creeping across the seared waste, thinking of, praying for, intent upon nothing except that four-day distant patch of stagnant moisture, the untimely evaporation of which means for him and his camels inevitable death. But behind this childish picture of the Hunger Desert there always lay a rich and splendid city stretched out at her ease among green gardens and gallant walks embowered in orchards and forest fringed lawns. The catastrophe of failure and burial in the dry, ever-creeping sands was tenfold the bitterer for the knowledge that all the time beyond the cruel horizon that mocked the traveller's agony with wide stretches of lapping mirage lakes, lay Samarkand, with her blue and silver minarets, her luscious fruits, and, above all, her real fountains and her trickling watercourses.

Today the Hunger Desert lies out as insatiable as ever. There is no other road to Samarkand, for behind her there lies the uprooted cataclysm of impassable Himalayan snowfields and iron peaks. Across the desert the traveller still must go, either through the Red

Waste to the north, or through the Black Desert to the west. But today—if you have the special permission of the Russian War Office—you may run through both the one and the other almost as comfortably as if you were merely travelling from Moscow to Odessa. It is, however, a matter of "almost," not "quite." The famous Orenburg-Tashkend railway was not built for the comfort of inquisitive tourists. It is a military line first, last and always. The permanent way is no where metalled. Only a slight causeway of desert sand is heaped up a foot above the surrounding desert, and to the sleepers, which are placed athwart this crumpling way, the scanty rails are tied by knocking the heads of tenpenny nails down upon their lower flanges. The slowness of the train is excessive, even for Easterly Russia, and the dust is a never-ending plague, which at the end of three or four days is apt to get on the traveler's nerves. Yet even this is a pleasanter line than that which runs west from Samarkand to the Caspian Sea. Here there is no river course to follow, and the burning waste of ochre is scarcely relieved here and there by a suggestion of trees and greenery. Only to the south is the horizon's level edge broken by the faint blue outlines of the last of the western spurs of the mountain ranges, whose distant snows stand sentinel behind Samarkand. Today it is merely slight discomfort; in old days it was danger to life itself. But even that must have been worth facing if the goal were Samarkand.

The Gardens of Samarkand.

She is the green emerald in the crown of Asia, and the gardens of Samarkand have provoked more eulogies from travellers than all the verdure of all the other paradises of this world. The old proverb runs true: "A Passage Perilus maketh a Port Pleasant." Ibn Haukal especially is enthusiastic about this oasis. For him, and he was a mighty traveler, for his day, there are but three perfect precincts on earth. One is Damascus, another is the Valley of Aifeh, and the third—and the best of the three—is the Sogd of Samarkand.

He gives us a picture of eight days' travelling through gardens and orchards and villages, where both on the right hand and on the left there were pleasant cornfields and handsome villas, and, what must have been far more pleasing to his parched eye, streams and foun-

tains and reservoirs everywhere. In these early days, the people of Samarkand would seem to have been as kindly as their surroundings. Ibn Haukal tells us that throughout the oasis, which extends from Bokhara to Samarkand, the doors of some houses were nailed back against the walls, and had been so from time immemorial, so hospitable were the people of the land. This is a pleasanter picture of the place, than that which is called up by the brutal murder of two unhappy Englishmen in Bokhara so late as 1842.

There are few more curious pictures of human development or the reverse than that which the attitude of Central Asia towards strangers affords us. Early travellers give, on the whole, a similar account of the kindly reception which they met with in these remote parts of the earth. The journeys of the Polos and Ibn Batuta and Rubruquis and the other great Asiatic travellers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries would have been an impossibility two or three hundred years later, and there is visible, even to this day, the same slow but universal tendency on the part of Asiatics to shut up hitherto accessible regions in Central Asia. It is a fact that Tibet, Afghanistan, and Nepal are all less penetrable now than they were a hundred years ago. The intrusion of Russia into Central Asia has indeed broken down barriers which would otherwise exist in Turkestan, but it is only within the last fifteen or twenty years that it has been safe for Europeans to show themselves unattended in the bazaar at Bokhara. In old days—apart from the risk of spending twenty years as a Paynim slave—travelling, though intensely slow, dirty, and disagreeable, was rendered dangerous by nature rather than by man. Now man is taking his part in keeping intruders out, and it is not entirely creditable to our boasted civilization that the mere report of our coming should so effectively dry up before us the ancient well-springs of Oriental hospitality and kindness.

The Tomb of Timour.

Samarkand consists of gardens and orchards on the one hand, and on the other of the ruined remains of the great Timour. One can well understand that the thirsty travelers of old days thought more of the former than of the latter. Today, however, thanks to the com-

ing of the railway, the mosques and tombs of Samarkand are of the greater interest. Among them one building stands out supreme. The tomb of Timour ranks with Fatelpur Sikri of Akbar, or the Ta Mahal of Shah Jehan, as one of the most suggestive relics of Asia. You may travel through and through Samarkand in all directions; you may buy silks from the placid and contemptuous merchants in the bazaar; you may steep yourself in the color and life that throbs and burns all day long in the courts and corridors of the Registan; you may sketch among the trees that have grown up all round the mosque of the Lady Princess; you may contrast the east and the west at Chai-Sinda; but at the end of every day it is to the Emir's tomb that you will inevitably return. Here, in the quiet shadow, you will recall to yourself the most brilliant career that any monster of mingled cruelty and shrewdness has ever lived. Richard III., crippled like Timour, has earned an ugly reputation for brutality, but he is a mere child in crime compared with the splendid savagery of Timour the Lame.

With what looks like an anticipation of Western symbolism, his plain block of marble stands out black under the dome among the surrounding white cenotaphs of his wives and relations. The vault rises above the little platform littered with plain cut stones. To the eye of some it may seem but a dingy place. The translucent belt of jasper that runs round the walls at shoulder height, crying forth the nine and ninety names and the ineffable glory of God, is darkened with centuries old grime. You hardly distinguish it at first from the time-darkened lime-stone of which the walls of the tomb are built. Yet there is both in the jasper and the limestone as beautiful a play of tints as ever was taken on by the walls of a human shrine. Color there is in profusion. Mauve purples lurk in the recesses of the stalactite masonry that here and there clings to the corners of the tomb like a gigantic wasps' nest of amber and dull stone. Here in the light the belt of jasper is translucent umber—there in the shadows smalt, grey, and over the plain, undecorated surface of the walls, there are flashes of nameless colors, that change from minute to minute as the sun's mole-laden gnomes of light wheels slowly over the quiet tombs. The windows are heavily tracered,

and the sun's intrusion is but a pastime of the late afternoon. At mid-day the light creeps in through the unglazed gratings, so tempered by the rich verdure of the forest trees outside that you may see three mysterious and changing tints of green underflushing the sombre coloring of the vault overhead. There is silence absolute within the chamber. Silence such as this does but remind one the more of the stormy life of him who sleeps below. Timour had no punishment for fault or shortcoming but death or mutilation, and he stretched his red hand in conquest as cruelly and almost as far as Ghengiz Khan. One could imagine that the very foundations of his tomb were laid upon the bodies of the millions that he killed. As one sits in the twilight beside his resting-place, one cannot fail to recall the splendid story of how Tamour and the Frost King met at last by the side of the frozen Oxus and bandied taunts as to which of the two had slain more human beings. The Spirit of Cold sneers at his human rival: "If thou art a fiend of hell, why, so am I. We have both grown old in the self-same work. But thou shalt pass and I shall endure. Go on with thy task, sweep the unhappy world with fire and sword; wipe out mankind beneath thy feet. Yet, for all thy skill in slaughter, my cold fingers kill more surely and more widely still. Set all the earth in a blaze about thee, and yet in the midst of thy fires shall my chilled right hand find thee out." And Timour presently died.

This was in 1405. He was buried at once in the tomb which he had long prepared. But those about him played out a hideous comedy for many months. No whisper of his death was allowed to circulate. In his name the government of Central Asia still went on. Some Europeans, who by some ill chance were present when the news of his death came, were sent away under heavy threat of punishment should they breathe a word of the disaster. Indeed, so real and enduring is his personality, as one sits in the dusky hush of Timour's tomb, one could almost believe that his counsellors had been successful beyond their expectations, and that there still heaved below that gloomy black marble oblong, wrapped still in linen and still scented with musk and roses, the blood-stained form of the first of this world's butchers.—Percival Landon.

The Battle of Quiberon Bay

Today is the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Quiberon Bay, says the London Times of Nov. 20. That famous action in which Hawke "came swooping out of the west" to shatter the flying fleet of Conflans and finally to frustrate the French projects of invasion which had kept this country in a turmoil of anxiety all through the year. The year 1759 was the annus mirabilis of the Seven Years' War. The campaigns which marked it extended from the banks of the St. Lawrence, where Wolfe fell on September 13 and Quebec surrendered a few days afterwards, to the banks of the Weser, where on August 1, Ferdinand of Brunswick checked the advance of the French into Hanover at Minden, and even to the banks of the Oder, where on August 12 Frederick the Great sustained one of the most crushing defeats of his life at Kunersdorf, from the Straits of Gibraltar which La Clue passed on August 17 intending to join Conflans, only to be overwhelmed a few days later by Boscombe at Lagos, to the North Sea, where Thurot, having escaped from Dunkirk in October and taken shelter in Scandinavian ports, had to be watched by a British squadron all through the winter. Of this vast theatre of war the central position, the pivot of all the French projects of invasion, was occupied by the fleet of Conflans at Brest. There he was closely watched by Hawke throughout the summer, and, being further hampered by difficulties of supply and equipment, was only able to get to sea on November 14, when Hawke had been driven off by a gale. In the ports and estuaries of Quiberon Bay a large body of troops had been assembled under D'Aiguillon and transports had been collected for their embarkation. These were watched by a small squadron under Duff, one of Hawke's most capable captains, and, so long as Conflans was sealed up in Brest, their exit was thus rendered impossible. Such was the situation when Hawke at the most critical moment was driven by a gale from his station off Brest and compelled to take shelter in Torbay.

Quiberon Bay lies on the south-eastern coast of the great Breton peninsula some 150 miles southeast of Ushant. Its shores extend from Croisic northwestward of the mouth of the Loire to the long peninsula of Quiberon which stretches out to the southward. The mainland of the Quiberon peninsula is extended some fifteen miles to the southward through a series of detached rocks and shoals until it ends in the dangerous rocks known as the Cardinals. Between the Cardinals and another series of dangerous rocks known as the Four some five or six miles to the eastward lies the principal entrance to the bay. The whole bay is also beset with many other impediments to navigation, and these were very imperfectly charted in the days of Hawke, who had, moreover, no local pilots to assist him. We have already seen that Hawke was absent from his station when Conflans finally made his escape from Brest; but the same wind which carried Conflans out of Brest also enabled Hawke to

get away from Torbay. Conflans, of course, was making for Quiberon, intending to drive off Duff, to pick up D'Aiguillon with his troops and the transports, and to make away forthwith in order to carry out the concerted project of invasion. Both commanders were hampered and driven to leeward by adverse easterly gales, and though Hawke never completely lost touch of Conflans, it was not until the morning of November 20 that the two fleets sighted each other, when Conflans was already rounding the Cardinals and hastening to the pursuit of Duff, and Hawke was still hull down astern. Then in the twinkling of an eye the whole situation was changed. A hard gale was blowing from the westward, and the French Admiral might fairly anticipate that Hawke would never venture into those dangerous and uncharted waters and fight a desperate action, with darkness quickly coming on and a lee shore close at hand. But Hawke never hesitated for a moment. He ordered a general chase so that his fastest ships might press on with all the sail they could carry, and directed his leading ships to form a fortuitous line as they came up and to attack the enemy without waiting for the lagards astern. Even his sailing-master protested, and received the memorable reply, "You have done your duty, sir, in showing the danger, you have now to comply with my order and lay me alongside the Soleil Royal"—which was the flagship of Conflans. The French fought bravely, but they could not withstand the furious onslaught of their relentless foe. Their ships were scattered in all directions, some on the shoals, some on the shore, and two of them were sunk either by the razing of the sea or by the crushing broadsides of the British ships opposed to them. Conflans himself, unable to weather the Four, anchored his ship off Croisic, where next day she was driven on shore and burnt together with the Heros, which had struck during the action but had managed to make her escape. Seven other ships fled to the northward and eastward and anchored off the Vilaine, where, having cast their guns overboard, they managed to crawl next day over the bar and never got to sea again for hard upon two years. The remainder succeeded in getting away to the southward and ultimately reached Rochefort, where they were forthwith blockaded. Hawke lost two ships east away on the Four. "Night was now come," says Hawke in telling the tale, "and being on a part of the coast among islands and shoals of which we were totally ignorant, without a pilot, as was the greatest part of the squadron, and blowing hard on a lee shore, I made the signal to anchor and came to" in a position about midway between the Cardinals and Croisic.

Thus ended one of the most desperate actions ever fought by a British fleet. So intense was the anxiety felt at home for many weeks before Hawke's victory relieved it, that on the very day that the fleet of Conflans was destroyed, Hawke was burned in effigy at home. There were some excuses, although no very good reasons, for this state of apprehension and depression. Only a few days before Wolfe conquered and fell on the Heights of Abraham he had written home a most desponding despatch, in which he announced to Pitt the breakdown of his health, the failure of his plans, and the small hope he had of eventual success. At the same time it became known that Hawke had been driven away from his station off Brest, and shortly afterwards the news was received that the blockade of Dunkirk had been broken, thus allowing Thurot to escape. Then came a sudden but transient reaction, when the glorious news of the fall of Quebec was received and the weather once more allowed Hawke to resume the blockade. But not even Hawke could keep the ships of those days at sea in all the stress of November weather in the Atlantic. Early in November he was again back at Torbay, and, as we have seen, Conflans got away in his absence. In the eyes of the groundlings and alarmists, who had not even then learned what manner of man they had in Hawke, all now seemed to be lost. Conflans was known to be at sea, Hawke had disappeared from sight, and for many days none knew what had become of either. This was how Hawke came to be burned in effigy on the very day that he won immortal fame and saved his country by his own splendid persistence and the intrepid valor of his fleet. Never had a victory been more decisive or more opportune. Never had a British Admiral shown a more superb contempt for dangers which no seaman could ignore. Never had British seamen more triumphantly vindicated his confidence in their prowess and their seamanship to overcome them. The unexampled steadfastness of Hawke's blockade of Brest was scarcely even bettered by St. Vincent and Coromandel in later days. The splendid audacity of Nelson's attack at the Nile was hardly as brilliant a feat of arms as Hawke's irresistible swoop upon Conflans in Quiberon Bay. For this reason it is worth while, after the lapse of a hundred and fifty years, to recall for a few moments the memory of one of the greatest of British seamen and the achievements of one of the most glorious days in the annals of the British Navy. It is also worth while to recall, if only to point a contrast, the treatment that Hawke and his heroes received at the hands of their countrymen and their rulers. Carlyle tells the story in his "Frederick the Great," at the close of what is perhaps the most graphic and concise account of the battle that ever was penned. Hawke's fleet kept the sea for some time after the battle, engaged in watching the fugitive French ships in the Vilaine and the Charente. "Supplies of fresh provisions," says Carlyle, "had come to him from England all summer; but were stopped latterly by the wild weather. Upon which in the fleet arose this gravely pathetic stave of sea poetry, with a wrinkle of briny humor grinning in it:

Till Hawke did bang Monsieur Conflans
You sent us beef and beer;
Now Monsieur's beat, we've nought to eat,
Since you have nought to fear."

Laffan—"You are rich enough to buy an automobile. Why don't you do it?"
Groat—"Because I'm not rich enough to own one."—Chicago Tribune.

Expert's View of Rockies vs. Alps

A generation ago the Alps offered to the true mountaineer all the joys of the world; but that day has gone forever, and while the beauty of the peaks remains untouched and will forever draw to their slopes those who love nature, the charm for the real climber has passed never to return. There remains no field for conquest in the Alps. It has all been done, and the best the most ambitious climber can hope to accomplish is to follow in the footprints of some pioneer. The Alps remain the school in which the climber becomes initiated, but soon when discovery and conquest call to him, he will turn his back on Switzerland. He may roam in Norway or the Caucasus; he may try the Himalayan or the Andean snow, where, if he seeks hardship, he will be content, but the true pleasures of mountaineering are not to be found on these immense heights.

The Undiscovered Peaks

Where, then, shall the climber turn? There are only two great Alpine fields for him to open out, and the London Times declares that the greater of these is the Canadian Rockies, the other being the New Zealand Alps. Comparing the Swiss mountains with those of British Columbia, it is found that the latter are, on an average, 2,000 feet lower, most of the peaks being from 10,000 to 12,000 feet, and Mount Robson, the highest known at present, being just short of 14,000 feet. However, the actual work of the climber and the impression of height on the eye are much the same as in the Alps, and the snow line is not so high. Taken range for range, the Times' expert holds that the beauty of the Alps is superior, but says that individual peaks in the Rockies, like Robson or Assiniboine, can be compared with anything in Switzerland.

Rocky Mountain Lakes

Another advantage possessed by the Rockies is in the more direct rise from the valleys. Often the peaks seem to spring starkly out of some lonely little mountain lake, while the Alpine valleys, as a rule, are narrower and deeper, cut away under lower slopes which tend to hide the summits themselves from view. Switzerland has nothing to equal the beauty of such lakes as Louise or O'Hara, and though these are the best known of the Rocky Mountain lakes, there are many like them, of which the public has not yet been informed. In one respect, the Canadian mountain climber has not the advantage of his Swiss colleague. The rocks here are usually bad, and make climbing more difficult and dangerous. Like a poor track for horses, they put really brilliant record-breaking exploits out of the question. In the Selkirks, however, the rocks are better.

The Real Problems

In the matter of weather, the Times authority finds little difference. In the main chain, the number of fine days between the beginning of July and the middle of September is probably somewhat greater than in the Alps. In the Selkirks the climbing season is rather shorter. A Rocky Mountain drawback that is unknown in Switzerland is the haze

often caused by forest fires, which obscures the beauty of the peaks. Another disadvantage is that the problems of accommodation, transport and supply are much more serious in the Rockies than in Switzerland. For the climber who is content to follow in the footsteps of others, one who is satisfied with beauties upon which crowds of others have gazed, these problems are solved by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which has good hotels and trained Swiss guides. These conveniences, however, extend to only a mere handful of peaks, compared with those which must be reached by long, hard marches. For a mastery of many of the peaks one must travel hundreds of miles, carrying with him his supplies, often caused by forest fires, which obscures the beauty of the peaks. Another disadvantage is that the problems of accommodation, transport and supply are much more serious in the Rockies than in Switzerland. For the climber who is content to follow in the footsteps of others, one who is satisfied with beauties upon which crowds of others have gazed, these problems are solved by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which has good hotels and trained Swiss guides. These conveniences, however, extend to only a mere handful of peaks, compared with those which must be reached by long, hard marches. For a mastery of many of the peaks one must travel hundreds of miles, carrying with him his supplies,

A Spur to Endeavor

Yet no one would say that the conquest of Mount Robson by Rev. George Kinney last summer was not ample recompense for the difficulties that this climber had to surmount before the real ascent began. Any mountain climber worthy the name would gladly have undergone larger hardships for the honor of going on the rolls as the first to scale so famous a peak. Dr. Coleman, of Toronto, might speak feelingly on this point. It is not, however, the hardships, but the time required, that tends to discourage climbers in the Rockies. It is true that they can get from Liverpool to the field of action in less than a fortnight, but it may require a month of tramping before the base of the coveted mountain is reached; and making a small allowance for the time consumed in the actual ascent, the round trip might well consume a couple of months, time in which a man might circle the globe. But difficulties were made to be overcome by climbers, and the lure of virgin peaks in the Canadian West will exercise a fascination unknown in Switzerland. Moreover, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern will open up new mountains, and will remove much of the tedious preliminary work that is now considered a drawback.—Exchange.

HE WAS NO JUDGE.

The force of natural and instinctive pride in one's country has been endlessly expressed in literature of all times and climes, but rarely more dramatically than in the following little incident.

Greig, as everybody knows, is the musical idol of all Norwegians, although it has been the fashion of less talented outsiders to underrate him. One of his detractors was the German composer, Bargiel, a man of an instinctively jealous nature.

One day, one of his pupils, a Norwegian girl, brought for her lesson a concerto of Greig's. Bargiel took it from her with a smile of most superior disdain.

"But I told you to bring your music, and Greig is no music!" he said, scornfully. "What! Greig no music!" was the indignant reply. "Adieu, Herr Professor!" and she swept out of the studio, never to return.

Pan and the Automobile

By Grease Paint.

The Shepherd sat under a tree, and his sheep grouped themselves around him, contemplative. He had a new pipe, and was waiting for Phyllis. She was late.

The Shepherd was a goodly youth. For all his raiment he had a wisp of goatskin about his supple loins and a spray of myrtle twisted in his hair. He was tall, broad in the shoulders, excellently shaped. His clear, appealing eyes were luminous grey. His hair was the color of burnt gold. His teeth were perfect, and his mouth was fine. The little vagrom winds caressed his brows and fluttered on with whetted appetites. It did not seem, all things considered, that Phyllis could be long. The cloudless sky was of singing blue.

Phyllis came. Her nut-brown hair rippled about dimpled shoulders, and strayed sunbeams caught in those dark tresses died happy. Her hands and feet were small, her whole lithesome body seductive as a symphony of seraphs. Her mouth was an incarnate kiss that thirsted exquisitely for its twin. Her happy eyes were velvety and deep. Her costume was of the Golden Age: a costume especially effective in those green shadows where the sunbeams wantedon.

Corydon (that was, of course, his name) produced the pipe, and after some premonitory nervous flourishes, made music. The melody was a trifle reedy and vague, but it had atmosphere. Phyllis smiled contentment, and the white sheep sighed in concert. Corydon moved his head to the right a shade, so that the nymph's face might be really comfortable. The distant hills were soft against the sky, like a vapor of pearl.

"Honk! Honk!"

The automobile whirred down the road beneath them. A shaggy figure moved swiftly through the covert of the curve. A man in the motor swore. Men in motors are always swearing. I don't know why. Corydon laid aside his pipe. Phyllis gave certain furtive touches to her hair. The sheep smiled gently as they commenced to nuzzle the herbage. A grey film of cirrus crept across the sun.

A moment later they saw the Princess coming up the slope toward them from the road.

Phyllis pouted; but Corydon looked and—

said nothing.

The Princess had hair of shimmering gold, eyes of a subtle scintillating green, a petulant mouth that coaxed and flickered over tiny gleaming teeth, and a voice of liquid moonlight made blood-warm in the sun of evening. She wore American shoes, an ample motor-costume, made half-transparent by the adroit costumier's art, and a roguish cap and veil that strangely gave the crowning flavor to her so disturbing sweetness. She was altogether winsome and unusual, and Phyllis (idly in her innocence) blushed, and looked again, and blushed—and wondered.—But the Princess only smiled inscrutably as she gave the shepherdess a piece of gold. Her name was Yvonne, but she was born in New York and lived mostly on steamships.

"My good girl, is so fortunate that I should come across you!" The Princess paused a moment here as she looked at Corydon; and her eyes went into shadow. "I want you to go down to the village and get me a postage-stamp. Don't hurry yourself; we are likely to be around here for quite a time."

The docile Phyllis left them.

"What is your name?" asked the Princess.

"Corydon, lady."

"Then tell me, Corydon; who is the shaggy loiterer, so confident and so uncouth, who sent me up to you? He has yellow eyes that expand and recede, that glow and darken, and a red mouth that flashes strangely on one through the tangles of his beard."

Corydon looked at her—looked and marvelled. His eyes were eloquent, and his gaze enwrapped her.

"That can be no other than Pan," he said.

"But why should he send me up to hill to you?"

"I know not, lady; unless it be that you are beautiful, and we both are young."

The Princess blushed. She knew not why. It was not her habit.

"You—you think me beautiful?" she faltered.

"Beautiful! You are divine. Your eyes are flames from which Love's fires are fed. The bees of Hybla toil right gladly through all the drowsing days to bring stores of honey to your peerless lips. Your hair is a sea of gold in which the sunset burns—the sunset and the innumerable night of stars!"

The sheep and all the breezes were asleep. A train boomed along through the remote haze over against the hills. Only the birds saw—the birds and the bees that paused in full flight with their fragrant cargoes till her lips should be disengaged.

"You put things so well!" murmured the Princess. "It must be a gift."

Corydon laughed, and Pan laughed in joyous echo below there in the road.

You may make a picture of the Princess to be a constant glory of your dreams. You may sigh in gladness of sympathy as you think of the sheep that slept, the breezes that were still, and the bees so oddly patient on the wing. You may rejoice over these Arcadian trifles as you will; but you shall not

a forget

the

road.

In the dusty roadway by the bend the big red automobile was standing; and on his back, under the automobile, the Prince, ver' hot and red in the face, was lying with his mouth full of little screws and oddments. The Prince wanted to swear some more; but because his mouth was full, he could not; and this was a grievous torture. Pan sat on his haunches in the road, and he appeared to have great joy in the situation.

"Tis a strange conveyance," he was saying. "Egad! Of old, man went slower, with some comfort and some place by the way. But now they have harnessed the lightning and the vapor; even by own breath have they harnessed in a measure. Methinks you are in pain. Have no fear, man. Such slight mishaps kill not. Your lady is resting on the hill beyond there. Young Corydon, the best of all my shepherds, hath her in charge, and will see to it that no harm befalls her. You are overaged and fat to have a wife so winsome and so fair."

The Prince made an apoplectic noise.

Corydon laughed on the hill, and Pan, from the roadway, sent up a reverberating echo. At the same moment, the Prince wriggled from under the machine. Whereupon Pan nodded to some invisible servitor, and the fore-tire on the driving side burst with vehemence.

The Prince snarled.

"This comes of touring with a drunken chauffeur," said he.

Pan only chuckled as the Prince went back to work. The patching of the tire was a matter of time; but when matters were finally righted, the Princess arrived. She came smiling down the hill, with many covert glances back across her shoulder.

"Most interesting young shepherd there," she told the Prince, as they drove away. "Quite an authority on bee-keeping."



CHRISTMAS MORNING

procession today?"

"No, my boy."

"Oh, such a lot of men carrying flags. They looked so cold and hungry. They were dressed in rags. I saw them from the nursery window, and they stood outside the house and shook their fists, and sang a song about paying taxes and starving poor old England. What were they?"

Pan laughed.
"Honk! Honk!"—attenuated by distance this time.

The automobile whirled out of sight in a cloud of its own dust.

The cloudless sky was of a singing blue.

INSULT TO INJURY

"Move on, there!" cried the driver of the smart carriage to the loiterer in the narrow street—"move on, there!"

"Move on yerself, then!" called the loiterer, whose burly form prevented all vehicular progress.

An authoritative gentleman in a top hat popped his head out of the carriage window.

"Go and boil your face," derided the loiterer.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" shrieked the top-hatted one. "I have M. P. at the end of my name."

"Right-ho!" retorted the loiterer. "That's nothin'! Every blooming shrimp has that!"

Mrs. Buggins (sniffing suspiciously)—John, you've been drinking.

Mr. Buggins—Well, you see, I walked home so fast I had to stop in the saloon on the corner to get my breath.—Philadelphia Record.

"No, my boy, they deserve to starve. They are a disgrace to London."

A murmur of approbation went round the table. Her ladyship rose as a signal it was time to leave the gentlemen to their wine.

The children were taken back to their nursery, and his lordship entered into an animated conversation on the chances of his colt in next year's Derby.

* * * * *

Huddled up in one of the stone recesses of the Thames Embankment rested a tattered form, whose only indication of life was a shudder at intervals, as some biting breeze, laden with fog, drifted up from the river and wound its clammy folds around the object. The object was a man—one of the unemployed. No food had passed his lips for three days. Hugging his knees, he sat, the hundred thousandth part of the human flotsam which littered London that Christmas night. What was he thinking of? Was it of his old home on the

banks of the river which he could hear stillly flowing past him tonight? Was it of his happy childhood, of the glorious days at Oxford when he won his blue and stroked his eight to victory? Was it of his start in life as a barrister, of the accumulation of events which had made his career a failure, of his tramps up and down London in search of work, day after day, week after week, month after month? Was it of his descent lower and lower in the social scale, until he had become what he was now, a human derelict? Only that day he had stood before Lord—'s house, and his family sat round a table laden with Christmas dainties. All the costly viands and wines which money could procure were there. Light conversation mingled with gay laughter, glasses clinked, noiseless footmen hurried to and fro anticipating the wishes of the diners.

The Christmas dinner hour had arrived and Number 75 was a blaze of light. Lord— and his family sat round a table laden with Christmas dainties. All the costly viands and wines which money could procure were there. Light conversation mingled with gay laughter, glasses clinked, noiseless footmen hurried to and fro anticipating the wishes of the diners.

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The Growth of University School—Its Purpose

In the educational economy of Victoria there is no more characteristic institution than the University School. It is a school that is building up clean, worthy, traditions—a school with a future. On Friday last the school held its first speech day.

The guests assembled in the gymnasium of the school, which had been very tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the proceedings opened with the warden's report, which was as follows:

"My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen—We welcome you most heartily to this our first Speech Day. Whilst University School has been very many years in the making, dating back, as I may safely say, to the days at Esquimalt in 1888, our voice has not hitherto been publicly raised; we have preferred to work quietly, letting our work for the boys tell its own tale; but now a stage in our evolution has been reached when we can no longer remain a silent force, when a large and ever-increasing number are looking upon us with great interest, and when our well-wishers are no longer possible to count.

To me, then, it falls, as the First Warden of this school, to lay before you certain facts which will doubtless prove of interest, and show you that University School is in our fair province of British Columbia to stay.

"Our Numbers"

"Omitting the preliminary stages of our growth, I come to February first of this year, when, after much hard work on the part of many, our business friends, our workmen, our workwomen and ourselves, we took up residence in the present building. We then had 74 boys in attendance, 41 being boarders, 33 being day boys. When we opened this the third term of the same year we had reached the century mark—there being on September 1st 63 boarding pupils and 37 day boys, and we have passed that mark since then.

"The beginning of things is ever the hardest pull, but now that we are well started and have such a host of willing helpers to push the good work ahead, there can be no doubt that it is only a question of time—and that a short one—when we shall test the full capacity of the buildings, which is a double century, 120 boarders and 88 day boys.

"Our Aim"

"For, as I said when the foundation stone was laid, we are not going to be content with this one building. This is to become the supremely great boarding school of the West. It is to have no peer. It is to have its name ringing from Winnipeg to the sea in the West, from the Northern climes of Alaska to sunny California. It already draws from far as well as near. And here I may rightly say that the real test of a school's worth is what it can draw, not from hundreds of miles away, but from its own locality. In the home city all is known, lynx-like eyes are ever on one: if a school can stand that test and find such splendid support as we have, there can be no shadow of doubt that the school is good.

"We are happily strong in provincial boys. Vancouver, throb-bing as it is with eager business life, looks, with ever-increasing numbers, to us to educate her sons; and from Winnipeg and Edmonton, from Portland, and even far-off Honolulu, they come; with more, far more, to follow.

"And so we are looking forward to other houses and the laying of other foundation stones. Our principal, Mr. Harvey, has so eloquently and graphically described our future by another generation, as can be read in the last issue of our school magazine, that I dare not venture to compete with him in that line. But I do not say, may his prophecy come true, but the rather, I know that it will come true.

Improvements.

"Since we entered into residence in February last, I may be allowed to note the improvements made on the property:

"The gymnasium, in which we are now gathered built, and fitted up with all essential necessities, some secured locally, others brought from England by Mr. Harvey; the Sergeant-Instructor's cottage erected, with the boy's tuck shop attached. This latter is evidently greatly appreciated by the boys, seeing that at all times and all seasons, save Sunday's, it seems to be fairly

besieged by eager buyers. Whilst it is under the management of Sergeant and Mrs. Adye, and run financially wholly apart from the school, yet it is under the control of the Principals, and its laws, whilst unwritten, are unalterable. "No credit. No chewing gum," and of course, neither strong drink nor the fragrant weed find entrance there.

"Then, after many difficulties, we have solved the water problem. Our first well not proving sufficient, we have bored a second well 140 feet through solid rock, finding an abundance of water of the finest quality—no impurities here, neither microbes nor sprouts. Both wells are worked by two powerful pumps, driven by electric motor, which are set up in an engine house standing well

beside the main building, and our children's children will sit under the pleasant shade thereof.

"We hope to plant an avenue of trees along the drive way, and in many other ways give evidence that we believe in the uplifting character of beautiful surroundings and the gifts of nature.

"Not least in the way of buildings I call your attention to this stage, which we owe to the genius of Capt. Cullin, whereon you are about to see actors move and speak. Victoria has been for some time past talking theatre; we, or rather our Bursar and Mr. Harvey, have done deeds and the Mount Tolmie Theatre is a fact today. Here we intend to develop the latent talent of future Irving's and Macready's: here eloquence will have its earliest

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will grow in all good time, and our children's children will sit under the pleasant shade thereof.

"Health of the School."

"The health of the school has been excellent. This is ever a matter of great concern to those entrusted with the care of others' children. From all serious sickness and injuries we have been graciously spared; and though

curing the prize by a very narrow margin.

The English subjects were good, on the whole, geography being the best subject. It must be remarked that in English grammar the weak spot is parsing. Creery's work in these subjects deserves great praise.

In Chemistry, about half the class obtained the pass standard; the work of the rest showing a distinct falling off from the results obtained at half term. The papers sent in by Creery and Emmanuel were very good.

Form III.

The Arithmetic of the Third Form was well done, showing careful and correct tuition, the neatness and arrangement of the work being noteworthy. Chaloner's paper was really excellent, gaining 100 per cent. The Euclid was satisfactory, Palmer being easily first with 90 per cent. The work in algebra, with a few exceptions, is not strong. All the mathematical papers sent in by Wyld deserve credit for neatness and good arrangement.

The Latin papers were extremely good, the first half of the class obtaining over 77 per cent, Chaloner being first with 95 per cent.

The results in French were also highly satisfactory, Palmer, Cave and Robertson sending in excellent papers.

The English work of this form was in every way satisfactory. Palmer was easily first; Shaw i sent in a good history paper, while Mackinnon was bracketed first with Palmer in geography.

The Composition prize was won by Henderson for a vivid description of "A Trip Across the Rockies," his style and vocabulary being most creditable for a boy of his age.

The standard in Drawing was good, being much higher than that of last year.

The Writing of the form is, on the whole, good, Woodward ii and Stanley deserving particular mention.

Form II.

The Arithmetic papers of this form were excellent; 85 per cent of the class passed, Thorey, Burton, Kingham and Costerton all obtaining over 75 per cent. The answers were generally neat and well arranged.

The Latin was decidedly good, only five boys failing, while eight boys obtained over 70 per cent, Woodward iii being first, with 93.

In French, the results were not so satisfactory; Woodward iii, Shaw ii and Burton did well, but more than half the class failed. The translation was good, but more repetition of the earlier grammatical rules is advisable.

The papers in History and Geography were well done, but no little attention was given to neatness and arrangement of the answers. Bell-Irving ii got 80 per cent in History, and Shaw ii 90 per cent in Geography.

The Spelling of the form is exceeding 90 per cent of the marks. Composition generally was good, the prize being won by Holms.

The Science paper was too much for most of the form; Rickards was easily first with 60 per cent, being the only one to show any real grasp of the subject.

In Drawing, every one obtained carefully taught. Taylor ii and awarded 100 per cent.

Form I.

The Arithmetic was well done, the elementary work having been carefully taught. Tailor ii and Errington were best.

In Latin the declensions have been well learnt. Williams i and Matson i deserve special mention.

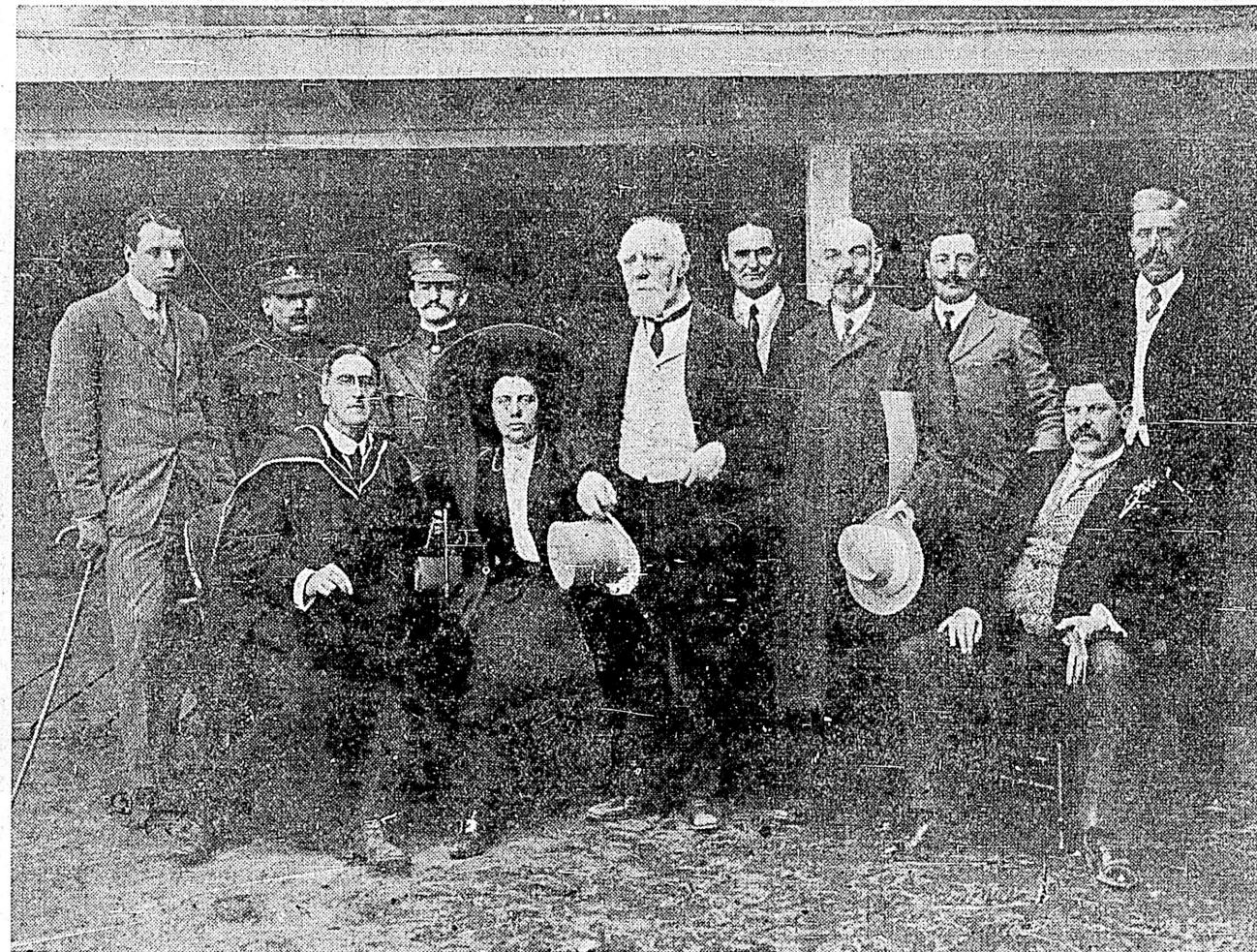
The French work shows a good grasp of fundamentals. Williams i and Evans were first and second.

English Grammar and Geography were not so satisfactory, but Evans and Marr did good papers in the latter subject. The History was fairly well done; Evans and Matson i were best.

The Spelling was distinctly good, half the class obtaining over 80 per cent. The Reading was good, particularly Rand ii and Matson ii. The Recitation work was highly satisfactory, Evans and Henderson ii displaying considerable aptitude.

This form deserves special mention for good Writing, Evans and Matson i being highly commended.

The report on the athletic side



Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal during his visit to the University School last summer.

"The Fifth Form devotes its entire attention to preparation for these, and to the boys of that form we look for our record. For teaching is no sinecure. There can be no apathy about the successful teacher. He must throw an immense amount of nervous energy into the work, and cannot spare himself. But this he considers well spent when he sees the boys responding, and himself richly rewarded when his pupils come out successful in examinations. It is, therefore, with unfeigned pleasure that I am able to record the credit several of our boys have during the past year brought to themselves, their teachers and their school. Two—A. B. Irving and Macdonald—passed into Kingston, Irving being thirteenth out of all Canada. R. Bell-Irving and M. Bell-Irving both passed the McGill matriculation. K. Corsan and T. Corsan passed the preliminary matriculation for McGill. Bowser became a conditional student at that seat of learning.

"Pearce, who passed from this school into McGill, is doing extremely well. At the close of his first year he stood second in his class, with splendid averages. We shall watch with great interest the progress of all these boys, for their success is our success, their advance our pleasure and our pride.

Improvements.

"Since we entered into residence in February last, I may be allowed to note the improvements made on the property:

"The gymnasium, in which we are now gathered built, and fitted up with all essential necessities, some secured locally, others brought from England by Mr. Harvey; the Sergeant-Instructor's cottage erected, with the boy's tuck shop attached. This latter is evidently greatly appreciated by the boys, seeing that at all times and all seasons, save Sunday's, it seems to be fairly

apart from the main building. Not content with our own water supply, we have started a farm, possessing chickens of a high order of merit, but no great layers of eggs; and in our stable two cows, whose record of milk is as remarkable as own progress; also a horse which leaves Maud S.'s record for pace far in the shade when he starts down town on his errands for grub.

"We have also secured for our mail service an option on Halley's Comet, having compressed that formidable and fiery monster within the confines of a motor cycle. Imperturbable our Postmaster sits as he rushes through space, leaving behind him flying hens, shrieking women and horses making madly for the Saanich pound.

"A laundry has been erected in the rear of the grounds, and a small carpenter's shop, changing rooms for the boys, which contain over 100 lockers, wherein are kept the uniforms, the cricket and football clothes.

"We have also to record a much appreciated gift of a flag pole 140 feet in length. I cannot say in height, for it has not yet been erected, but when it is, and the good old flag unfolds to the breeze (and we have breeze to give away to any and all), Victoria need only glance towards Mount Tolmie to see that we are alive. To Mr. Winch, of Vancouver, we owe this specially acceptable gift.

"The playing fields, which, in February were undulating hills and dales of soil have been absolutely transformed. At a very large cost they have been levelled and are now covered with verdure. We shall next football season have a full sized field of play, besides room enough for intermediate and junior games to be carried on at the same time. We have even ventured on a little gardening. The shrubs are as the boys are—young as yet, but they

flights; and the sweet voices of boys pour forth their first nervous lays.

"Our Workers."

"In all these matters it would have been impossible to succeed so well, had we not been blessed with a band of assistant workers such as any heads of labor may well be proud of. Not a part of the staff, but the entire staff from the highest to the lowest, have full well that in Miss Charlish they find no formal nurse, but sympathy, and the little deeds that mean so much to us all.

"One officer we have, whose title and duties puzzle many. I refer to our genial and courtly Bursar. There is a close similarity between bursar and purser, and though of a truth our bursar is our purser, and has an exceptionally keen eye for a dollar, yet his duties by no means stop there but are of a most cosmopolitan character, touching every side of our life, to all of which Captain Cullin brings an enthusiasm which is helpful and inspiring.

The School Chapel.

"I cannot refrain from mentioning one matter which we have much at heart, and that is our school chapel. We have at present the good offices of Mr. Collison, of St. Luke's, Cedar Hill, who has warmly welcomed us among his congregation, but we shall not be the ideal school till we have raised our own House of God on our own grounds. With so capable a hand at architecture as our Bursar possesses, there is no doubt of its chasteness and beauty, when it is erected, and we are looking to do the main part of the building with our own hands. No wooden House of God must this be—but stone for everlastingness, and as soon as we can see our way financially we shall begin. We shall raise and train our own choir, and with white-robed singers leading the way, shall regularly "Enter His courts with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise."

"Assistants."

"One of the essentials of a successful school is the type secured of assistant masters. We have been highly successful in our quest. With very great regret we had to part with Mr. Yates, who was a capable teacher, and one who had the highest ideals as an educationalist, but who felt so strongly the inward call to other work that we could not say him nay. In his place we have welcomed Mr. Thomas, who, with Mr. Sparks, make a team that we hope may be spared to us and the boys. In teaching and in play they are whole-hearted, and I am here as the spokesman of the boys to bear witness to the love they bear them.

confess that I am useless as a matchmaker. Therefore we have welcomed amongst us Matron and Assistant-Matron, who have been all we could have wished for to the boys. In times, too, of aches and pains, the boys know full well that in Miss Charlish they find no formal nurse, but sympathy, and the little deeds that mean so much to us all.

"One officer we have, whose title and duties puzzle many. I refer to our genial and courtly Bursar. There is a close similarity between bursar and purser, and though of a truth our bursar is our purser, and has an exceptionally keen eye for a dollar, yet his duties by no means stop there but are of a most cosmopolitan character, touching every side of our life, to all of which Captain Cullin brings an enthusiasm which is helpful and inspiring.

"All this work, it may be mentioned, is that prescribed for the entrance examinations to McGill University and the Royal Military College, Kingston.

Form IV.

In Mathematics, the papers were quite satisfactory, with the exception of Euclid; it would be better if we attempted less in this subject and did it more thoroughly. The papers sent in by Tatlow and Emmanuel in algebra were excellent, while Woodward's paper in Euclid is worthy of mention.

In Arithmetic, Macdonald, Tatlow and Potts obtained 80 per cent. In Latin, on the whole, the results are hardly satisfactory; but six or seven boys did really excellent papers. Otter, Creery, Bagshaw and Gordon did well in the upper division, while Crawford deserves mention for obtaining 97 per cent in the lower division; Cooper, 89 per cent, being second.

In French, the results are decidedly better, only five boys failing out of 27. Otter and Mackay were easily best, the former se-

ing the leading of the boys to knowledge. From Mr. Harvey we shall also expect to hear concerning the cadet corps, of which he is the moving spirit; and from Mr. Barnacle we shall as naturally expect to hear of the athletic side of our life.

"Health of the School."

"The health of the school has been excellent. This is ever a matter of great concern to those entrusted with the care of others' children. From all serious sickness and injuries we have been graciously spared; and though

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of the school was then read by Mr. Barnacle, and follows:

"My lord, ladies and gentlemen:—Mr. Bolton has told you in his report of the progress the school has made, and of the work that is done at the school. He purposely omitted saying anything about games. He asked me to say a few words about the games of the school, and he asked Mr. Harvey to tell you of the work the cadets are doing. I gladly take this opportunity to tell you something of the games of this school, and of the value we place upon them.

Aims of Education.

"It is generally agreed that the real aims of every worthy system of education are: first, a sound character; second, an active intelligence; 3, a healthy physique; and that these three essentials are mutually dependent. The physical powers, therefore, of every pupil must be cultivated.

"Every one of the staff of the University School thoroughly recognizes the value and importance of games, and assists daily in carrying out a time-table just as conscientiously as he works in the class-room.

"We do not consider that our work is done when school is over. We devote daily from 3:30 to 5 to the physical side of education. Every boy that is physically fit must take part in the games.

"Will it weary you, if I give you some idea of our daily time-table?

"First, then, the boys are arranged in three divisions, according to size and strength: seniors, intermediates, and juniors, and every day each division must play football, do gymnastics, drill or school.

One Day's Programme.

"Monday: Seniors take gymnastics under Sergeant Adye, an ex-gymnastic sergeant of the Wilts Regiment.

"Intermediates change into their football clothes and play Rugby football.

"Juniors take drill to fit them for the cadet corps when they are big enough, and so on throughout the week.

"I think you will gather from this that the school is endeavoring to live up to its motto: 'Mens sana in corpore sano.'

"A certain gentleman once said to me, 'Are you not giving too much attention to games? If you do not take care, the school will be looked on as a good place to learn football.'

"I told him that we do not allow games to interfere with lessons, and also I might say, that we do not allow lessons to interfere with the games. What we want to strive to get is the best out of a boy when he is in school, and the same when he is on the field, and, as I said before, one depends on the other.

"I should like to tell now something about each of the games played:

"The great game in the winter is Rugby football. Under proper conditions and supervision, I venture to say that this is the king of games. Next term we hope to have our football ground in shape, and then I think we shall play under perfect conditions.

The Team.

"The school first fifteen this year is fairly good. They have beaten the Collegiate twice; drawn with the Victoria High School, and been beaten once by them; beaten by the Vancouver High School, but not badly, considering their weight.

"Here let me say a word about the captain of the school—I mean McGuigan. He makes an excellent captain. He is keen, and has that faculty of getting everybody else keen. He is a really good player. Victoria have offered him a place on their team against Vancouver, and we are all proud of this.

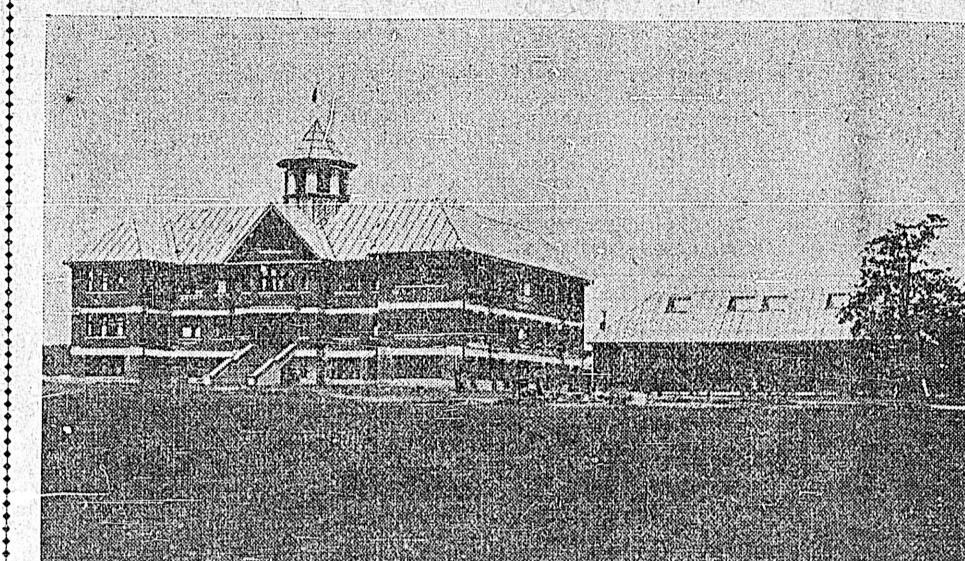
"I do not think that McGuigan's head is at all affected by the honors conferred on him, or that he thinks that football is the only thing worth considering. He is not conceited, and he works hard in school. We shall have great pleasure in seeing his name painted on the shield of football captains.

"McGuigan is ably seconded by Rich, who is a glutton for work in every match; also, he does mathematics well.

"I have not time to tell you how the 'under 14' team were beaten by that good little team from the Collegiate School. The 'under 14's' will have to practice hard to wipe that off the slate.

"Col. Peters, D.O.C.

"The Warden then called upon Col. Peters, D.O.C., to say a few words to the boys. His remarks



The University School

boys will be as keen as they are at football. It is a fine game after you learn to play with a straight bat.

"Mr. Harvey will tell you of the work of the cadets, and of the boxing, fencing and gymnastics.

"I hope I have shown you, ladies and gentlemen, that we are doing something to develop the physical powers of every boy in the school, not as some people think, at the expense of their lessons, but so as to increase their mental activity.

Corps Number.

"Mr. Harvey, who has taken such deep interest in the cadet corps, then read the following report on Corps No. 170:

"I must ask your indulgence for a few moments longer, in order to give you some particulars about the work of our cadet corps.

"At a time like this, when Canada is beginning to feel the responsibilities of nationhood and the necessity of being prepared for any emergency, we are proud to feel that we are doing our share as good citizens. We have trained our boys now for two years to stand straight, to shoot straight, to honor the king, and be loyal to their country. But apart from this primary object, of a cadet corps, there is no doubt that this training does as much for the boy himself as his other games. Not only does he acquire a steady hand and eye, and a good carriage, but he learns a very useful lesson, namely to take orders unquestioned from those who are his own age and size, or even less, and what is even more important, he learns to give orders and exact obedience from those under him.

"Turning to the actual work done, we have been able this year to do a great deal more than the ordinary company drill. In the spring and summer considerable time was devoted to skirmishing and scouting practices, culminating with an instructive field day on October 8th, the anniversary of the laying of the foundation stone of our school. All the year regular attention has been paid to musketry instruction at our thirty yard range in the gymnasium, whilst the senior boys have been assiduous in their practice at the Clover Point Range.

"Last May we entered a team in a competition open to all cadets in Canada, and took eighth place, beating all the teams which entered from points west of Ottawa.

"There is a regular system of instruction leading up to magazine firing and snap shooting from behind cover. The general improvement is shown by the fact that whereas last year the percentage who passed in musketry was less than 25, it is now 40, with nearly twice the number of cadets, namely 71.

"Two cups, presented by Mr. Barnacle and myself, led to very keen competition. Mrs. Marr also kindly presented a special medal.

"I must lastly refer briefly to the gymnastic work. This is in the charge of Sergeant Adye, who has brought the boys on exceedingly well. They do regular work not only in free gymnasium, but also in the use of the vaulting horse, horizontal and parallel bars. There is a large boxing class, which is doing excellent work, while about half a dozen boys are making good progress in fencing, a form of physical training I venture to say, second to no other indoor sport.

"Col. Peters, D.O.C.

"The Warden then called upon Col. Peters, D.O.C., to say a few words to the boys. His remarks



Principal J. C. Barnacle, London University

were frequently and most heartily applauded.

After referring to his long-time friendship with the Warden, he spoke of the supreme importance of military training.

He was glad to note that the school possessed an efficient cadet corps, and he trusted that the youthful soldiers weren't slack in their rifle practice. The time might come when learning would not stand them in as good stead as the ability to shoot and to shoot straight. Not enough attention was devoted to the development of strong and capable cadet corps in Canada. This didn't apply, however, so much to British Columbia and he was very much pleased to be in a position to make this assertion. But he wished to impress on the uniformed lads that their duty did not end in the learning of drill, the acquirement of proficiency in marching, or of a thorough theoretical knowledge of infantry movements. They must learn how to handle their rifles with good effect. It was not without promise for the future. He impressed upon the boys the importance of the point made by the present one. There was a breeziness about it that was both unusual and refreshing. He congratulated the Warden and Principals upon the growth of the school, and the results already achieved, which were so full of promise for the future. He impressed upon the boys the importance of the point made by the Warden, that school meant more than learning lessons; it meant the building up of a manly Christian character in every boy who attends the school. He went on to compare the excessive strictness which prevailed in schools of his own day, illustrating by an amusing experience of his own boyhood, with the tendency in modern days to let boys have a good time. At the same time, he was sure that the discipline of the University School did not err in either of these respects.

At the conclusion of his address a very hearty vote of thanks, moved in a few appropriate remarks by the Warden, was accorded His Lordship.

Bishop Perrin Speaks.

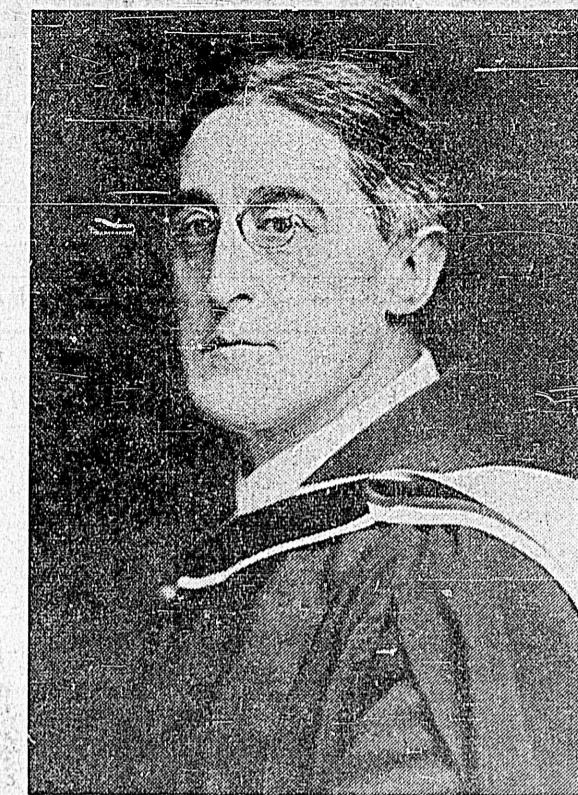
At the conclusion of the prize giving His Lordship addressed the boys. He opened with the remark that he had been present at many prize givings, and had presented many prizes, but never had he attended such a speech day as the present one. There was a

breeziness about it that was both unusual and refreshing. He congratulated the Warden and Principals upon the growth of the school, and the results already achieved, which were so full of promise for the future. He impressed upon the boys the importance of the point made by the Warden, that school meant more than learning lessons; it meant the building up of a manly Christian character in every boy who attends the school. He went on to compare the excessive strictness which prevailed in schools of his own day, illustrating by an amusing experience of his own boyhood, with the tendency in modern days to let boys have a good time. At the same time, he was sure that the discipline of the University School did not err in either of these respects.

At the conclusion of his address a very hearty vote of thanks, moved in a few appropriate remarks by the Warden, was accorded His Lordship.

Amateur Dramatics

The boys then gave a short dramatic performance in costume. The first item was a scene from Sheridan's "Rivals," including the well-known duel scene. The part of Bob Acres was very well done by C. Spence; K. Creery was good as Sir Lucius O' Trigger, while the other parts; Jack Absolute and Faulkland were satisfactorily filled by V. Sutherland and S. McGuigan respectively. The



The Warden, W. W. Bolton, M.A., Cambridge



Principal R. B. Harvey, M.A., Cambridge

boys were word-perfect in their parts, and their enunciation was admirable. The second piece was a selection from Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fourth."

The scene was laid in The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, and represented an ancient half-timbered room, with beamed ceiling and heavy oaken door.

It may be mentioned that the whole of the scenery was designed, built and painted by the school staff, ably directed by the Bursar, Capt. H.

J. R. Cullin. In this play, R. Crawford, as Prince Hal, looked

the true Prince, and acted his part well. Rich and Otter, as Bardolph and Poins, played with vigor and animation, especially in the sword

play, but the honors of the even-

ing undoubtedly rested with Sir John Falstaff. G. E. Ambrey not

only looked the ideal of the fat knight, but he put into his acting an amount of spirit and humor not often to be obtained from a boy actor.

When all the guests had gone,

the remaining boarding pupils and masters, to the number of 60, sat down to a regular Christmas feast of turkey and plum-pudding, winding up with Auld Lang Syne

—hands around the room—and the National Anthem, before dispersing for a well-earned three weeks holiday.

The following were some of the guests of the school:

Hon. R. and Mrs. McBride, Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Young, Hon.

Thos. Taylor, Right Rev. Bishop

and Mrs. Perrin, Rev. and Mrs.

Baugh Allen, Rev. H. A. and the

Misses Collis, Capt. and Miss

Elliston, Mr. Justice and Mrs.

Irvine, Mr. and Mrs. Lugrin,

Mrs. Shaw, Capt. Combe, Mr.

and Mrs. Henry Croft, Mr. B. H.

Drake, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Eberts

Col. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and

Mrs. Nelson, Capt. and Mrs.

Garrard, Mr. Evans, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Le Maistre,

Mr. and Mrs. Barton.

Miss Wyld, Mrs. Creed, Mrs. Tuckie, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Amberry, Capt. and Mrs. Tatlow, Mr. and Mrs. McAnalley, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Palmer, Mr. and the

Misses Tolmie, Mr. and Mrs. Currie, Mr. and Mrs. McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, Mr. Alexis and Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Bass, Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, Mr. and Mrs. Bone, Col.

Peters, D. O. C., Dr. and Mrs. Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, Mr. C. Lowenburg, Dr. H. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. J. Manning,

Miss Saunders, Mr. Dobson, Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Miss Frampton, Mr. and Mr. John Douglas, Mrs. Stanley, Lady Heron, Judge and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Bagshawe, Mr. and Mrs. Galer, Mr. and Mrs. Munro, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Whittome, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Rogers, Capt.

and Mrs. Worsfold, Mr. Challoner, Mr. and Mrs. Bridgeman, Mr. C. A. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Kingham, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Ker, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Errington, Mr. and Mrs. B. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Rattenbury, Mr. and Mrs. H. Young, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. May, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Marr, Mr. and Mrs. Greer, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Rebbeck, Mr. and Mrs. Matson, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Garrard, Mr. Evans, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Le Maistre, Mr. and Mrs. Barton.

Harry Lauder, before he departed after his third American tour, was asked at a dinner given him what he regarded as his funniest stories.

"They are not what you might call the funniest," he answered, readily, "but I'll tell them to you with pleasure. The humor in a story is in the point of view of the hero or heroine of it, I say. For instance, there's the canny Scot, whose neighbor met him flitting. The Scot had wife and children and household furniture piled atop a wagon, and he was solemnly driving his one horse along the street.

"So ye're flittin'," says the neighbor.

"I am; I want to be near my work."

"And where's yer job?"

"I haven't got one yet."

"And the woman who paid a visit of condolence to her widowed neighbor. She carried a parcel of consolation, and when she opened it up, this is what was in it: 'You belong to a benefit, and they paid up didn't they? Well, then, you have a dead man and \$100. What more d'y'e want?'

think that when they speak, their words would be with wisdom fraught, and not be frivolous and weak. I heard a rhyme not long ago, dictated in a darkened room, and was assured that Edgar Poe was beating his own "Ulalume." O, it was simply awful junk, the fiercest that you ever read! If Edgar's work is now so punk, he should have quit when he was dead. A message came from Tom Carlyle, who used to wear a mighty brain; he talked and mooned for quite a while about the likelihood of rain. He said that next year's crops will fail, and we'll be stuck to pay our tax, and hail like some of last year's almanacs. King George the Third then talked a spell, and said some very tawdry things; he said that he was doing well, but didn't like his pair of wings; he has, he said, a pleasant berth, a million miles behind the sky, but he would like to visit Earth, and paralyze a mutton pie. And so it was with all the bunch; they recited off statements by the mile, but never handed us a hunch on anything that was worth while.—Walt Mason.

THE SCION AND THE COMMON PEOPLE.

The Scion of a noble house had consented to address a meeting of working men on the merits of "Tariff Reform and the Villainies of the Budget." The meeting is described by the London Chronicle, without names, and we quote a part of it.

The Scion had a mild tenor voice, a debonair manner, and a really charming smile. But there was more than a slight nuance of condescension in his tone. It was as if he said: "Forget who I am, dear people. Think of me—for this night only—as being human like yourselves, in all things—save only in that god-like quality of omniscience which sets me and my race apart. Believe me, I regard you as most admirable creatures. I cannot enter into your piffling social ambitions, of course, and your apeing of gentility is a trifle grotesque. But as the class that bolsters up my class, that votes for us, and looks after our property, and so on, I feel most amiable toward you." All this interpreted into terms of political commonplace.

He was subjected to interruptions, to impertinences. He began to feel that he had been wantonly misled. A sense of injury, of grievance, of resentment swelled and rankled in his breast.

He suddenly altered his tone. "It may surprise you to know," he said, "that I am a working man myself. Indeed, I daresay I work as hard—"

"Well, it is hard work, making bricks without straw," said some one, in mock sympathy.

"Besides my ordinary profession—"

"And your extraordinary professions!"

Some of the Coming Events at the Victoria Playhouses

Max Figman and "Mary Jane's Pa" are two very delightful names to conjure with in comedy dramatic circles, and will probably mean capacity audiences at the Victoria Theatre on Wednesday, December 29. Mr. Figman is a sincere and winning artist, and has only needed a great play to establish him the best drawing card among American comedians. In Edith Ellis' story of Indiana "Mary Jane's Pa" he has a vehicle that will bring out his best efforts and demonstrate his remarkable versatility. Furthermore, he will be supported by an unusually strong company, including that brilliant young lady, Miss Helen Lackaye, and Messrs. Edwin Chapman, Franklin Seagrave, Tony West, Charles Merrifield, Thomas C. King, Ernest Warde, David Marlowe, G. H. Stewart, the Misses Dorothy Phillips, Nina Ainscoe, Helen Hartley, and last, but no means least, the wonderfully clever child actress, Gretchen Hartman.

"Mary Jane's Pa" by all accounts is a very lovable fellow, and made friends by the thousands in New York City for six months, in Chicago for three months, in Philadelphia for one month, and since, in a number of cities and towns has become a great favorite. Described by Edith Ellis, he is a tramp printer from a small town in Indiana, and bears the prosaic name of Hiram Perkins. His ambitions are too closely confined in the dwarfed Indiana village, so, in answer to the call of the wanderlust in his nature, he departs one day from his home, wife, and children, and wanders around the world for eleven years. When he returns to another village, he finds his wife a woman developed with remarkable business capacity; his children grown up, and his own memory almost dead to them. His wife, though true to him for all these years, has begun to form other attachments, which his return so unexpectedly seriously complicates. Her woman's instinct of charity prevents her turning him out when in need and yet she does not feel justified in acknowledging him as her husband either to the children or to the world. Remembering that he was an expert in the kitchen, she offers to let him remain as cook at stated wages, and with certain conditions, thinking he will refuse. Struck by the audacity of the proposition, and with a keen appreciation of the possibilities, he accepts. With this as a beginning, a story is developed that is full of strong heart interest and delightful comedy. The scenes are laid in the Perkins' home and in the print shop of Mrs. Perkins, where the great newspaper scene is enacted. The locale affords opportunities for some splendid character sketches, and Edith Ellis has made the

most of them. They are all true to life, and lend to the picturesque completeness of the play. The character of little Mary Jane, whose love and sympathy are the ultimate cause of the reunion of the parents, is admirably played by Gretchen Hartman, and has aroused the enthusiasm of the

region called "The Land of Nod," with its castle of cards, its peppermint river, and candy bridges, its mushroom trees and curiously shaped hills and mountains in the background. The palace of the Sandman, which is astonishingly unique in its formation and furnishing, is another quaint

among these curious personages are "The King of Hearts," "April Fool," "The Welsh Rabbit," "The Weatherman," "The Jack of Hearts," "The Sandman," "The Telephone," "The Alarm Clock," "The Man in the Moon" and his wife, "Rory, Rory Alice," and "The Chorus Girl," full of

their graceful dancing and rhythmic evolutions. In this general setting of splendor, the spectator is entertained by plenty of bright, wholesome, and genuinely good comedy, and a musical score rich in melody.

The company this season is said to be even larger than last

"The Motor Girl" and Eddie Foy's company; William Morgan, Adilaide Harland, George Fox, Lillian Boyd, E. D. Coe, else Riley, and Robert Lalonde. Many new scenic novelties will be introduced, and the musical score is almost entirely new. From all accounts, it will be the best performance of "The Land of Nod" ever given on any stage.

"Why not let him try it, if he thinks he can do it?"

"Do you want to have the boy killed?" snorted Holman. "We haven't time even to give him a rehearsal."

"I don't want a rehearsal," I replied; "I know the part as well as Ben does."

"I played Alessio that night. It was, of course, a slavish imitation of Ben Holman, but I got just as much applause as Ben ever did, and I never stumbled or faltered once. Ben played the next night against the doctor's orders, had a relapse, and died in Utica. The company didn't play for two weeks, and then Ben's costumes were all made over to fit me, and I took his place permanently."

PIRON AND VOLTAIRE

Some dead author is always the man of the hour in France, and now it is the turn of Piron, to whose memory a monument has just been unveiled at Dijon. He is chiefly famous for the epitaph which he composed for his own tombstone:

"Ci-git Piron, qui ne fut rien, Pas meme Academicien."

He also said of the Academicians that there were forty of them, and that they had about enough intelligence for four; but it was not on account of his gibes that he failed to be elected. The forty fully meant to invite him to join them; but Montesquieu had the unpleasant task of telling Eiron that the King had interfered, and, having heard that he was the author of certain indecorous verses, would not hear of his being admitted to so select a company. Piron and Voltaire were great rivals, and one may even say great enemies. They assailed each other with jests and epigrams during their lives, and Piron was afraid that Voltaire would attack his memory after his death. He, therefore, took his precautions, and wrote 150 epigrams against the Sage of Ferney, instructing his literary executors that, if Voltaire breathed a word to his discredit, they were to be posted to him, at the rate of one a week, until the stock was exhausted.—T. P.'s Weekly.

"Although I was nearly eighteen years old then," said Mr. Crane, "I burst into tears, and took on so terribly about it that my mother, who was secretly flattered by the offer, even though she didn't entirely approve of the stage, interceded in my behalf, and I was apprenticed to the Holmans.

"I got into comedy entirely by accident. Benjamin Holman, brother of the prima donna, was playing the comedy part of Alessio in the opera 'La Sonnambula.' And, by the way, the Elveth of the company was Senor Perugini, who afterwards married Lillian Russell. It was really an excellent company all through.

"Well, Ben Holman became sick at Williamsport. The house was sold out; there was no understudy for him, and his father, who was manager, didn't know what to do.

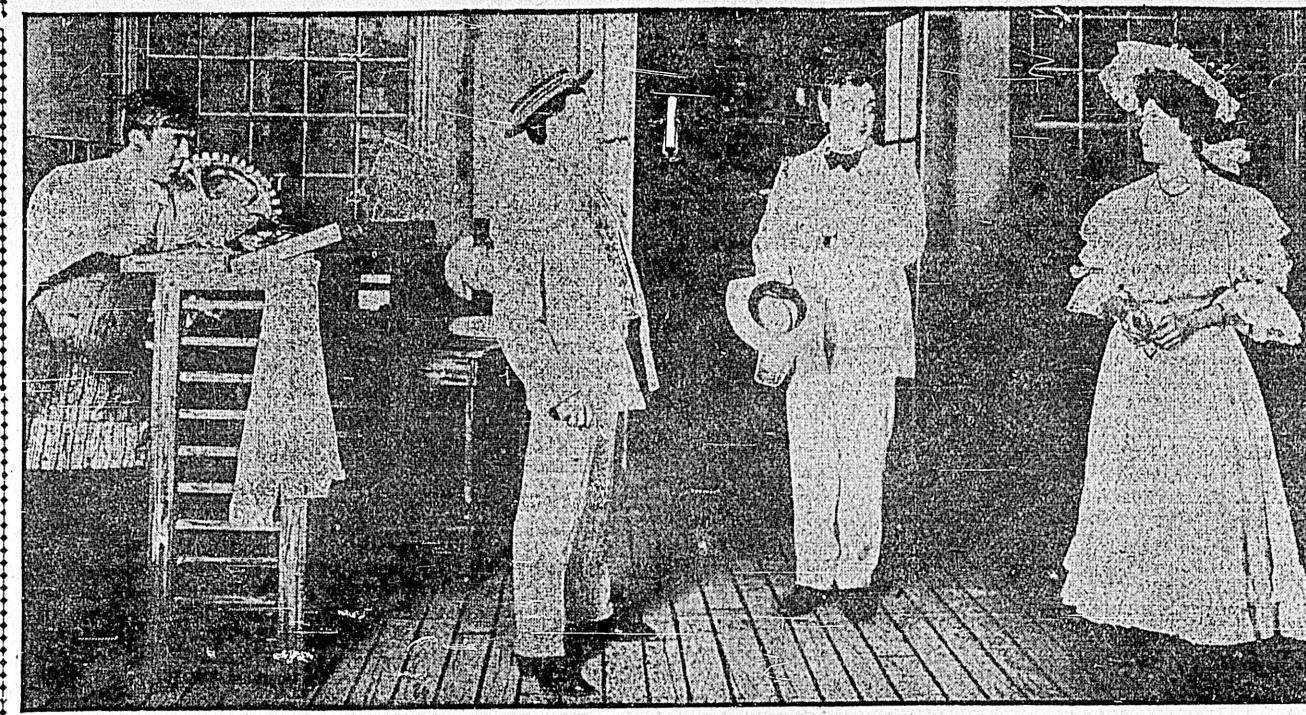
"I can play the part," said I, with great assurance. There was nothing of the trembling young apprentice about me. I was as full of gall as a wet sponge is of water.

"Mr. Holman looked at me with unspeakable disdain, and didn't condescend to answer. His wife seemed to have confidence in me, and she was not anxious to lose all the money in the house, so she said to her husband:

President Ross, of the Dominion Coal Co., has to sleep sitting up. The presidents of most coal companies, however, are in the habit of making the public do any of the sitting up that there is to be done.

Emperor William is satisfied to let the Wright Brothers be monarchs of the air. If he can be lord of the land and of the seas that will be enough for him.

The Canary Islands have been shaken by several earthquakes. Canaries should never be shaken; any bird fancier knows that.



Max Figman, in scene from the big New York-Chicago comedy success, "Mary Jane's Pa."

press and public everywhere. Mr. Figman is under the management of Mr. John Cort, who is now regarded one of the most important and liberal producers in the country.

LAND OF NOD."

Samuel E. Rork's original production of the musical extravaganza, "The Land of Nod," will be the offering at the Victoria Theatre on Monday, December 29. This announcement will be received with more than ordinary interest by those who witnessed the performance last season, and by those who were unable to secure seats. No attraction seen here last season made a more distinct hit than did "The Land of Nod," and the unusual interest manifested this season is thoroughly justified. The production is massive, beautiful, and fashioned upon absolutely original lines, not only as to scenery, costumes, and electrical effects, but in the matter of character creations. The whole performance, after the introductory prologue, in which the child Bonnie, falls asleep and dreams, depicts an imaginative



The Madcaps with the Musical Extravaganza "The Land of Nod."

and fantastic conception. The people who inhabit these strange places emphasize and preserve the odd characteristics of the author's scheme. Distinguished

laughter and animation, and the current Broadway slang. A stage full of beautiful girls, clad in all manner of dainty, vari-colored costumes, enliven the scenes by

year. Prominent names in the cast are Neil McNeil, and Anna McNabb, who were featured with "The Red Mill" last season; Jessie Merrill, late prima donna of

HOW LANDMARK GOT ITS NAME.

When tourists come by hundreds to Victoria every summer to see and admire the many beauty spots of this city and the surrounding districts, there is no place that excites more admiration than Beacon Hill, where is situated the naturally beautiful park.

And yet there are few of them who know how the Hill got its name. And even among the residents of Victoria there are many who could not do more than make a shrewd guess if they were asked.

Back in the time of men who are now grandfathers, on a certain Christmas morning, a bark swung in from the Strait bound for Victoria. On board there was a skipper and a crew who had been away from home for months. They were almost within the clasp of their families, and it Christmas morning! But the weather was thick and the bark moved slowly.

"Tarnation! I wish it would clear enough for us to see the beacon," exclaimed the skipper.

The look-out strained his eyes anxiously. Then he made out the beacon on the top of the hill, the upper beacon. He called out to the men below, and they waited for him to sight the triangle on the foreshore. Suddenly he picked that up too. Then getting the two in line, the helmsman steered his course true, and brought the homeward bound bark safely into port.

The hill on which this beacon or mark in truth, stood, was called Beacon Hill. The name wasn't born; "it just growed." But it has stuck and it is an agreeably appropriate name too.

Some of the old timers tell humorous stories about the beacon on the hill top, the upper beacon. It consisted of a large barrel set up on a post. The barrel made an excellent mark when a hunter desired to try his sights, and it was sighted almost as often by hunters as it was by mariners.

Eventually it became literally riddled with

shot holes and finally had to be removed and replaced by a new barrel which, however, soon became as much of a sieve as its predecessor.

DE LEMON CHRISTMAS DAY.

J. E. Newman
"So dis is Christmas mornin."
Called an urchin from his cot;
"Seems like any other mornin,'
When der's nuttin' in me sock.
Seems dat Santa's always busy,
Dat he can't call once on me,
And as long as I can 'member
He's been kinder mean to me."

I've tried wit all me might to leave,
Dat smoking gag alone,
And I did it just fer Mudder
Yes, just fer her alone,
But she said I'd be rewarded,
And I tot dat Santa'd come,
But once again he missed me,
An' I tink dat kind of bum."

"We've lived in dis here bedroom,
Just me Mudder and meself,
Since de day me drunken Fadder,
Laid his tickets on de shelf,
And I'll tell yu dat we've worked some,
To meet all de little bills,
But now were doing dandy,
Wid a little left for frills,
But again old Santa missed us,
So we'll have to cut de play
And its kind of tough to always
Get a lemon Christmas Day."

HE CURED THEM.

There was nothing old Pomp enjoyed more than telling stories of the importance of his position in the days "befo de wah," when he was a conspicuous figure on a Southern plantation of the best sort. "I brung up Marse Charlie an' Marse Williard," he often said solemnly. "Deir own fam'ly 'lowed I saved bofe

deir lives once, besides all de res' I done fo' em."

"Twar jes' like dis—Marse Charlie an' Marse William, dey bofe tuk de mos' 'grejus fancy to a young lady d'nt come a-visiting de house, an' somebody had fill deir foolish heads all up wid talk about duels; an' dey jes' promulgated to hab one, an' find out which ob 'em was to hab de young lady."

"Marse Charlie he was sebenteen, short and fiery, an' Marse William he was sixteen, slim an' cool; but dey was bofe sot an' 'termined on de duel."

"Course dey didn't tell me 'bout it, but I spected it, same as I always did, 'kase I looked up to where dey was beginning to take p'sition fo' de duel, an'—an' I jes' broke it up."

"How did you do it, Pomp?" each listener is sure to ask.

"How did I do it, chile? Why, I jes' emptied a pail o' water right on Marse Charlie's head, an' I tuk an' spanked Marse William—dat's how."

UNUSUAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The past week was not without its unusual news. The News Editor found time amid the recording of Christmas cheer in many places, to make notes of several items that are not ordinary.

At Toronto the Newsboys' Union held a meeting and decided to vote \$25 as a Christmas gift to the Sick Children's Hospital of that city. They also took up a collection amounting to \$16.22 for the same charity.

When one of the long transcontinental trains pulled into Winnipeg with its crowds of returning easterners bound home for Christmas it was discovered that there were no less than fifty-eight babes in arms aboard as well as almost one hundred infants under five years.

A skeleton was found in the attic of an in-

sane asylum at Newark, N. J., and the investigation resulting recommended the removal of the superintendent as incompetent. The skeleton was that of a woman who probably died in the attic without having been missed.

In the Russian village of Voiskaya on the island of Saghalin smallpox broke out and the ignorant villagers, thinking it a "Holy Sickness" did nothing to combat it. Sick people and healthy mingled together. Finally the disease gripped the whole community and when news of the epidemic reached the outside only one man remained of the population of 1,100. The "village of death" will be burned to the ground.

At Spokane when Harry Dunwoody was accidentally shot by his father his mother sat beside him in the hospital while a bloody operation was performed and her assistance probably saved his life.

At Kingston, Ont., a son has been born to Bombardier Hardwick with two perfectly-formed thumbs on each hand.

Just prior to sailing for Europe Dr. Horace Fletcher, the food expert declared that in five years it will not be respectable to be sick. He added "You may feel like ridiculing the idea that it is well to chew your soup. I will, however, ask you to try it. It will improve the soup and help you."

The Dominion museum at Ottawa has been made a present by Wilson Foster, a Klondike prospector, of 10,000 specimens of Klondike minerals, including many precious stones found in the gizzards of ptarmigans and grouse.

At Muncie, Ind., when the will of the late Mrs. Sarah Ditto was probated it was found that she had requested that she be buried in a cream-colored satin or silk robe.

Charles Farr waited at the Dominion land office in Regina from Thursday night until Saturday morning with his hand on the knob of the door handle. On Friday night friends brought him a chair and an oil stove and blankets to ward off the bitter cold. Farr

was the first to reach the counter when the time arrived to throw open a certain home-stead for settlement. He secured the plum which is worth about \$1,600 at the present time.

THE BALLAD OF THE OTHER WOMAN

(Written for The Colonist)
Earth's marriages, in Heaven made
(The bonds unblest are tied in Hell)
Suggest that seraphs tire of trade
And fling the series out pell-mell,

Results are quaint! Mere men rebel
Or squirm beneath their spouses' thumbs,
But stand secure (where David fell)

—Until the 'Other Woman Comes!
The Youth enamored wins the Maid;
The Sexton jerks the marriage bell;
Oh sweetly is the bride arrayed,
And richly rolls the organ-swell!

The honeymoon scarce breaks the spell
(Dear period of sugarplums!)
He's good as little Samuel
—Until the Other Woman Comes!

So honestly our plans are laid,
We scarcely catch the funeral knell
Of bridal passion. Prim and staid,
We half forget the Paphian dell,
Primordial promptings men may quell,
Count him a craven who succumbs,
Temptations righteously repel

—Until the Other Woman Comes!

L'Envoy

Penelope! We love thee well
When brisk at eve thy spindle hums!
Sincere our spousal vows we tell;
But then . . . the Other Woman comes

G.

Whatever you may be sure of, be sure at last of this, that you are dreadfully like other people.—James Russell Lowell.